



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

11442.15.14

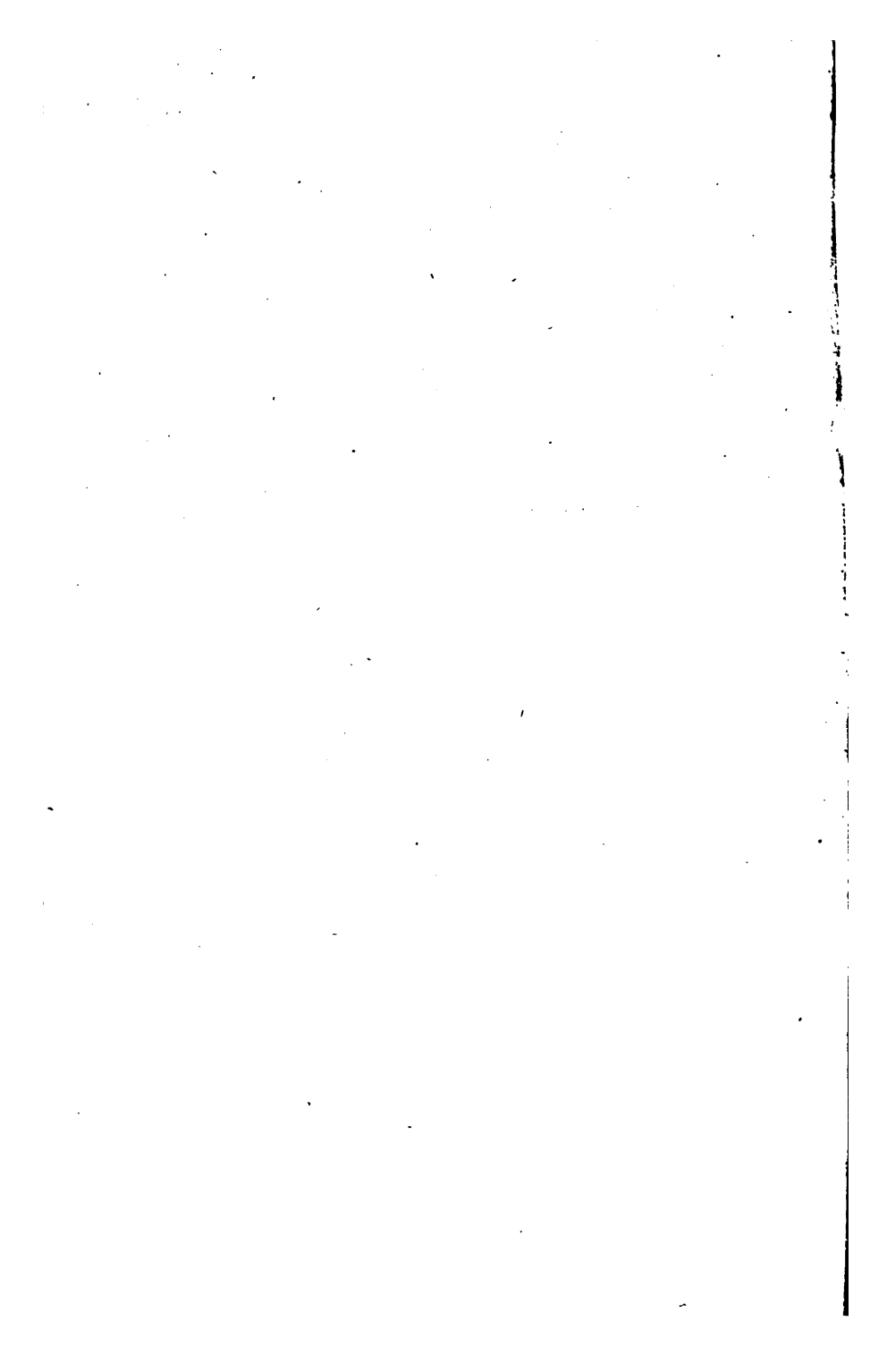
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



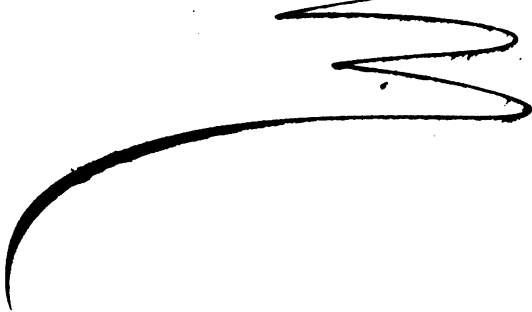
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

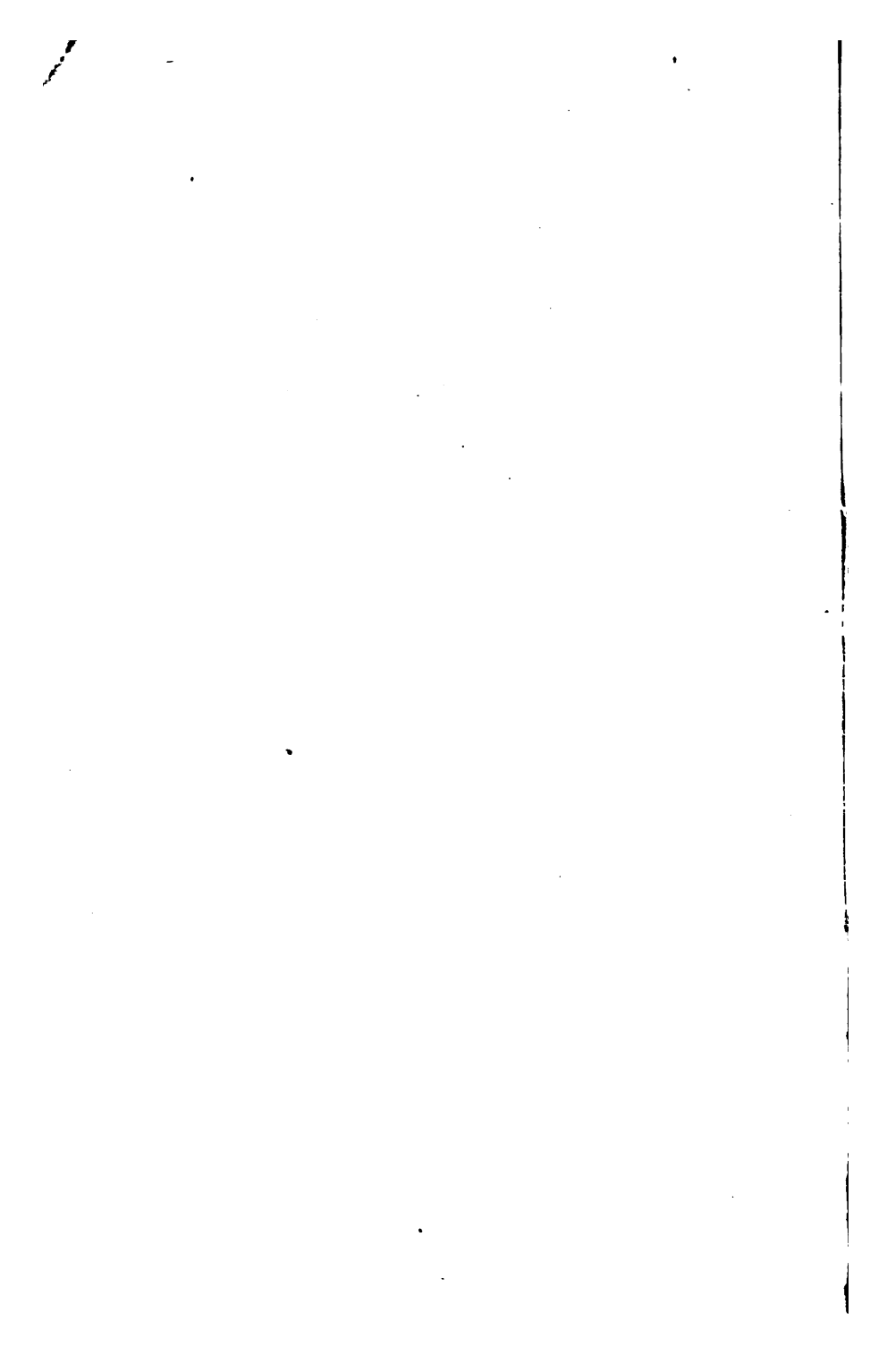
1918





Chas. A. Wharton







BOOKS BY SAME AUTHOR.

HUMOROUS PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS:

PROSE AND POETRY

**FOR THE USE OF READING CLUBS, AND FOR PUBLIC AND
SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT.**

326 pp. 12mo. Cloth, \$ 1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS:

PROSE AND POETRY

**FOR THE USE OF READING CLUBS, AND FOR PUBLIC AND
SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT.**

362 pp. 12mo. Cloth, \$ 1.50.

**LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON.**

6

PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS:

FOR THE USE OF

DRAMATIC AND READING CLUBS,

AND FOR

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, AND SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

DIALOGUES AND DRAMAS.

EDITED BY

LEWIS B. MONROE.

BOSTON:

LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK:

LEE, SHEPARD, AND DILLINGHAM.

1875.

11442.15.14

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JACOB WENDELL
1810**

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873,
BY LEWIS B. MONROE,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

**UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co.,
CAMBRIDGE.**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A GENIUS FOR THE STAGE	Carey 1
THE LITTLE WOMEN'S CLUB	<i>Adapted from L. M. Alcott</i> 3
IDLE HANDS	" " <i>T. S. Arthur</i> 6
A FASHIONABLE CALL	" " <i>Harper's Bazar</i> 10
A FOOTMAN WANTED	<i>Colman</i> 11
A ROMANCE OF THE WAR	<i>Adapted from "Spirit of '76"</i> 14
TROUBLE ABOUT MISS PRETTYMAN	" " <i>Jerrold</i> 21
MARY MALONEY'S PHILOSOPHY 25
RECIPE FOR POTATO PUDDING	<i>Adapted from F. M. Whicher</i> 26
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY SEEKING A SITUATION	<i>Dickens</i> 32
TAKING THE CENSUS	<i>Dr. Valentine</i> 36
A PROMPT MESSENGER	<i>Colman</i> 37
CROSS FIRING 40
THE WILL	<i>W. B. Foote</i> 41
OBTAINING HELP IN THE COUNTRY 44
QUARREL OF SAIREY GAMP AND BETSEY PRIG	<i>Dickens</i> 46
SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE	<i>Dickens</i> 49
SCENE FROM THE SPANISH GIPSY	<i>George Eliot</i> 53
WAITING FOR AN INTERVIEW	<i>Colman</i> 56
PAUL PRY AT DOUBLEDOT'S	<i>Poole</i> 62
THE DOGE'S SENTENCE	<i>Adapted from Byron</i> 65
THE RIVAL ORATORS 68
LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD	<i>Adapted from T. Hood</i> 72
A THOUSAND A YEAR 79
WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY 82
KEEPING IN REPAIR 85
THE CLOWNS' FIRST REHEARSAL	<i>Shakespeare</i> 90
THE CLOWNS' SECOND REHEARSAL	<i>Shakespeare</i> 92
MR. BUMBLE AND MRS. CORNEY	<i>Adapted from Dickens</i> 95

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE	<i>W. B. Fowle</i>	99
MR. GREGSBURY AND THE DEPUTATION.	<i>Dickens</i>	106
SCENE FROM THE LOVE CHASE	<i>Knowles</i>	109
MRS. WRIGHT'S CONVERSATION WITH HER		
IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.		112
ARMADO AND MOTH	<i>Shakespeare</i>	116
CINDERELLA; OR, THE GLASS SLIPPER	<i>Mrs. Geo. McDonald</i>	117
SCENE FROM VIRGINIUS	<i>Knowles</i>	129
TOBIAS TURNIPTOP IN GENERAL COURT.	<i>Subject from Haliburton</i>	132
CORIOLANUS AND AUFIDIUS	<i>Shakespeare</i>	141
SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE	<i>Shakespeare</i>	143
EXPULSION OF CATILINE	<i>Croly</i>	146
IRISH COURTESY		149
BEHIND THE SCENES		151
THE IRISHMAN'S LESSON	<i>Oulton</i>	157
EH! WHAT IS IT?	<i>Adapted</i>	161
SCENE FROM "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP"	<i>Taylor</i>	174
DESCRIPTION OF THE CHASE	<i>Knowles</i>	183
MY NEW PITTAYATEES.	<i>Adapted from Hood</i>	185
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS	<i>Adapted</i>	191
ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH		201
COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES		202
THE FRENCHMAN'S MALADY.		207
AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE		
WIND	<i>Dickens</i>	208
DR. ARNOLD'S PRESCRIPTION	<i>Adapted</i>	212
BOUND FOR DETROIT.		223
BILL WAINWRIGHT'S ADVENTURE		224
A FAMILY JAR	<i>Adapted from L. M. Alcott</i>	226
CRAB VILLAGE LYCEUM	<i>Adapted</i>	234
AFTER SCHOOL, WHAT?		238
THE PICKWICK TRIAL	<i>Adapted from Dickens</i>	244
GOLDEN PIPPINS	<i>Adapted</i>	266
SCENE FROM HENRY IV.	<i>Shakespeare</i>	274
THE PURSUIT	" <i>Ladies' Battle</i> "	279
A SEA OF TROUBLES.	<i>Geo. M. Baker</i>	298
THE TRUTH-SPEAKER	<i>Adapted</i>	314
MONSIEUR JACQUES	<i>M. Barnett</i>	318

PUBLIC AND PARLOR DIALOGUES.

A GENIUS FOR THE STAGE.

"PATENT," *the Lessee and Manager of a Theatre, is applied to by a country clown, DOWLAS, for an engagement.*

PATENT. Walk in, sir; your servant, sir, your servant.
Have you any particular business with me?

DOWLAS. Yes, sir; my friends have lately discovered that I have a genius for the stage.

PAT. O, you would be a player, would you, sir? Pray, sir, did you ever play?

DOW. No, sir; but I flatter myself—

PAT. I hope not, sir; flattering one's self is the very worst of hypocrisy.

DOW. You'll excuse me, sir.

PAT. Ay, sir, if you'll excuse *me* for not *flattering* you. I always speak my mind.

DOW. I dare say you will like my manner, sir.

PAT. No manner of doubt, sir,—I dare say, I shall.—Pray, sir, with which of the ladies are you in love? (*looking round.*)

DOW. In love, sir!—ladies!

PAT. Ay, sir, ladies,—Miss Comedy or Dame Tragedy?

DOW. I'm vastly fond of Tragedy, sir.

PAT. Very well, sir; and where is your forte?

DOW. Sir?

PAT. I say, sir, what is your department?

DOW. Department? Do you mean my lodgings, sir?

PAT. Your lodgings, sir? no, not I; ha, ha, ha! I should be glad to know what department you would wish to possess

in the tragic walk, — the sighing lover, the furious hero, or the sly assassin.

Dow. Sir, I would like to play King Richard the Third.

PAT. An excellent character indeed, — a very good character; and I dare say you will play it vastly well, sir.

Dow. I hope you'll have no reason to complain, sir.

PAT. I hope not. Well, sir, have you got any favorite passage ready?

Dow. I have it all by heart, sir.

PAT. You have, sir, have you? I shall be glad to hear you.

Dow. Hem — hem — hem — (*clearing his throat*).

“What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground — I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death;
Oh! may such purple tears be always shed
For those who wish the downfall of our house;
If there be any spark of life yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,
I that have neither *pity*, *love*, nor *fear*.”

PAT. Hold, sir, hold, — in *pity* hold! Za, za, za, sir — (*mimicking his voice and manner*) — sir! Why, sir, 't is not like humanity. You won't find me so great a barbarian as Richard; you said he had neither *pity*, *love*, nor *fear*. Now, sir, you will find that I am possessed of all these feelings for you at present, — I *pity* your conceit, I *love* to speak my mind, and — I *fear* you'll never make a player.

Dow. Do you think so, sir?

PAT. Do you think so, sir? Yes, I know so, sir! Now, sir, only look at yourself, — your legs more awkward than a clown's; and your arms dingle dangle, like the fins of a dying turtle! (*Mimics him.*) 'Pon my word, sir, 't will never do. — Pray, sir, are you of any profession?

Dow. Yes, sir, a shoemaker!

PAT. A shoemaker! an excellent business, a very good business, — you'll get more by that than by playing, — you had better mind your waxed ends and your shop, — and don't pester me any more with your Richard and your — Za, za, za. This is a genius! — plague upon such geniuses, say I.

THE LITTLE WOMEN'S PICKWICK CLUB.

ADMISSION OF A NEW MEMBER.

MEG, as *Pickwick* ; JO, as *Snodgrass* ; BETH, as *Tupman* ; AMY, as *Winkle* ; LAURIE, the new member, as *Sam Weller*.

A table, with the President's chair behind it, and three chairs arranged before it. Club badges, marked P. C. in large letters, are lying on the table. The members enter and put on their badges.

MEG, in the President's chair, puts on a pair of spectacles without any glasses, raps on the table, and hems. The Club will please come to order. (*Stares hard at Jo, who is tilting back in her chair, till she arranges herself properly.*) I shall proceed to read from the "Pickwick Portfolio," as appropriate to this occasion, the

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

Again we meet to celebrate,
With badge and solemn rite,
Our fifty-second anniversary,
In Pickwick Hall, to-night.

We all are here in perfect health,
None gone from our small band ;
Again we see each well-known face,
And press each friendly hand.

Our Pickwick, always at his post,
With reverence we greet,
As, spectacles on nose, he reads
Our well-filled weekly sheet.

Although he suffers from a cold,
We joy to hear him speak,
For words of wisdom from him fall,
In spite of croak or squeak.

Old six-foot Snodgrass looms on high,
With elephantine grace,
And beams upon the company,
With brown and jovial face.

Poetic fire lights up his eye,
 He struggles 'gainst his lot ;
 Behold ambition on his brow,
 And on his nose a blot !

Next our peaceful Tupman comes,
 So rosy, plump, and sweet,
 Who chokes with laughter at the puns,
 And tumbles off his seat.

Prim little Winkle, too, is here,
 With every hair in place,
 A model of propriety,
 Though he hates to wash his face.

The year is gone, we still unite
 To joke and laugh and read,
 And tread the path of literature
 That doth to glory lead.

Long may our paper prosper well,
 Our club unbroken be,
 And coming years their blessings pour
 On the useful, gay "P. C."

(*Applause.*)

Any business that may properly come before the Club is now in order.

JO (*rising*). Mr. President and gentlemen, I wish to propose the admission of a new member, — one who highly deserves the honor, would be deeply grateful for it, and would add immensely to the spirit of the club, the literary value of our paper, and be no end jolly and nice. I propose Mr. Theodore Lawrence as an honorary member of the P. C. Come now, do have him ! (*Laughter from the others.*)

MEG. We'll put it to vote. All in favor of this motion please to manifest it by saying "Ay." (JO and BETH respond "Ay.") Contrary-minded say "No." (MEG and AMY say "No.")

AMY (*with great elegance*). We don't wish any boys ; they only joke and bounce about. This is a lady's club, and we wish to be private and proper.

MEG. I'm afraid he'll laugh at our paper, and make fun of us afterward.

Jo (*bouncing up very much in earnest*). Sir, I give you my word as a gentleman, Laurie won't do anything of the sort. He likes to write, and he'll give a tone to our contributions, and keep us from being sentimental, don't you see?

BETH. Yes; we ought to do it, even if we *are* afraid. I say he *may* come, and his grandpa, too, if he likes. (*Jo leaves her seat, and comes and shakes hands with BETH approvingly.*)

Jo. Now, then, vote again. Everybody remember it's our Laurie, and say "Ay!"

BETH, MEG, and AMY. Ay! ay! ay!

Jo. Good! bless you! Now, as there's nothing like "taking time by the *fetlock*," as Winkle characteristically observes, allow me to present the new member. (*Throws open the door of a closet, and displays LAURIE sitting on a rag-bag, twinkling with suppressed laughter.*)

BETH, MEG, and AMY. You rogue! you traitor! Jo, how could you? (*Jo leads LAURIE forth, puts a badge on him, and gives him a chair.*)

MEG. The coolness of you two rascals is amazing. (*Trying to frown.*)

LAURIE (*rising with a graceful salutation to the Chair*). Mr. President and ladies, — I beg pardon, gentlemen, — allow me to introduce myself as Sam Weller, the very humble servant of the club.

Jo. Good, good! (*Pounding with the handle of an old warming-pan, on which she leans.*)

LAURIE. My faithful friend and noble patron, who has so flatteringly presented me, is not to be blamed for the base stratagem of to-night. I planned it, and she only gave in after lots of teasing.

Jo. Come now, don't lay it all on yourself; you know I proposed the cupboard.

LAURIE. Never you mind what she says. I'm the wretch that did it, sir. But, on my honor, I never will do so again, and henceforth *devote* myself to the interest of this immortal club.

Jo. Hear! hear! (*Clashing the lid of the warming-pan like a cymbal.*)

AMY and BETH. Go on, go on! (*The President bows benignly.*)

LAURIE. I merely wish to say that, as a slight token of my gratitude for the honor done me, and as a means of promoting friendly relations between adjoining nations, I have set up a post-office in the hedge in the lower corner of the garden ; a fine, spacious building, with padlocks on the doors, and every convenience for the mails, — also the females, if I may be allowed the expression. It's the old marten-house ; but I've stopped up the door, and made the roof open, so it will hold all sorts of things, and save our valuable time. Letters, manuscripts, books, and bundles can be passed in there ; and, as each nation has a key, it will be uncommonly nice, I fancy. Allow me to present the club key, and, with many thanks for your favor, take my seat. (*Great applause.*)

MEG. I propose three cheers for the new member.

MEG, JO, BETH, and AMY. Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

MEG. The meeting is adjourned.

IDLE HANDS.

MR. THORNTON ; MRS. THORNTON ; EFFIE, *their daughter.*

SCENE, *a room in a dwelling-house. MRS. THORNTON, sitting at a sewing-machine.*

MRS. THORNTON (*letting her foot rest on the treadle, and straightening herself up*). O, dear ! This pain in my side is almost beyond endurance.

MR. THORNTON (*entering unperceived*). Then why do you sit killing yourself there ?

MRS. T. What's the matter ? Why do you look so serious ?

MR. T. Because I feel serious.

MRS. T. Has anything gone wrong ?

MR. T. (*with some impatience*). Things are wrong all the time.

EFFIE enters unobserved.

MRS. T. In your business ?

MR. T. No, nothing especially out of the way there ; but it's all wrong here at home.

MRS. T. I don't understand you, Harvey. What is wrong at home, pray?

MR. T. Wrong for you to sit, in pain and exhaustion, over that sewing-machine while an idle daughter lounges over a novel in the parlor. That's what I wished to say.

MRS. T. It is n't Effie's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see the child put down to household drudgery. Her time will come soon enough. Let her have a little ease and comfort while she may.

MR. T. If we said that of our sons, and acted on the word, what efficient men they would make for the world's work, how admirably furnished they would be for life's trials and duties! You are wrong in this, — all wrong. If Effie is a right-minded girl, she will have more true enjoyment in the consciousness that she is lightening her mother's burdens, than it is possible to obtain from the finest novel ever written. It is a poor compliment to Effie to suppose that she can be content to sit with idle hands while her mother is worn down with toil beyond her strength. Hester, it must not be!

EFFIE (*with a quick and firm voice, at which MR. and MRS. T. start*). And it shall not be! It shall not be, father. It is n't all my fault. I've asked mother a great many times to let me help her, but she always puts me off, and says it's easier to do a thing herself than to show another. Maybe I am a little dull. But every one has to learn, you know. Mother did n't get her hand in fairly with that sewing-machine for two or three weeks, and I'm certain it would n't take me any longer. If she'd only teach me how to use it, I could help her a great deal. And, indeed, father, I'm willing!

MR. T. Spoken in the right spirit, my daughter. Depend upon it, Effie, an idle girlhood is not the way to a cheerful womanhood. Learn and do, now, the very things that will be required of you in after years, and then you will have acquired facility. Habit and skill will make easy what might come hard, and be felt as very burdensome.

MRS. T. And you would have her abandon all self-improvement? Give up music, reading, society —

MR. T. There are some fifteen or sixteen hours of each day in which mind or hands should be rightly employed. Now, let us see how Effie is spending these long and ever-recurring periods of time. Come, my daughter, sit down. We have this subject fairly before us. It is one of life-long importance to you, and should be well considered. How is it in regard to the employment of your time? Take yesterday, for instance. How was it spent? You rose at seven, I think.

EFFIE. Yes, sir; I came down just as the breakfast-bell rang.

MR. T. And your mother was up at half past five, I know, and complained of feeling so weak that she could hardly dress herself. But, for all this, she was at work till breakfast-time. Now, if you had risen at six, and shared your mother's work until seven, you would have taken an hour from her day's burdens, and certainly lost nothing from your music, self-improvement, or social intercourse. How was it after breakfast? How was the morning spent?

EFFIE. I practised on the piano an hour after breakfast.

MR. T. So far, so good. What then?

EFFIE. I read "The Cavalier" until eleven o'clock.

MR. T. (*shaking his head*). After eleven, how was the time spent?

EFFIE. I dressed myself, and went out.

MR. T. At what time did you go out?

EFFIE. A little after twelve o'clock.

MR. T. An hour was spent in dressing?

EFFIE. Yes, sir.

MR. T. Where did you go?

EFFIE. I called for Helen Boyd, and we took a walk down Broadway.

MR. T. And came home just in time for dinner? I think I met you at the door.

EFFIE. Yes, sir.

MR. T. How was it after dinner?

EFFIE. I slept from three till five, and then took a bath and dressed myself. From six until teatime I sat at the parlor window.

MR. T. And after tea?

EFFIE. Read "The Cavalier" until I went to bed.

MR. T. At what hour?

EFFIE. Eleven o'clock.

MR. T. Now we can make up the account. You rose at seven, and retired at eleven, — sixteen hours. And from your own account of the day, but a single hour was spent in anything useful, — that was the hour at your piano. Now, your mother was up at half past five, and went to bed, from sheer inability to sit at her work any longer, at half past nine, — sixteen hours for her, also. — How much reading did you do in that time? (To Mrs. T.)

MRS. T. Reading! Don't talk to me of reading! I've no time to read!

MR. T. And yet you were always fond of reading, and I can remember when no day went by without an hour or two passed at your books. Did you lie down after dinner?

MRS. T. Of course not.

MR. T. Nor take a pleasant walk down Broadway? Nor sit at the parlor window with Effie? Now, the case is a very plain one. You spend from fourteen to sixteen hours every day in hard work, while Effie, taking yesterday as a sample, spends about the same time in what is little better than idleness. Suppose a new adjustment were to take place, and Effie were to be usefully employed in helping you eight hours of each day, she would still have eight hours left for self-improvement and recreation, and you, relieved from your present overtasked condition, might get back a portion of the health and spirits of which these too heavy household duties have robbed you.

EFFIE. Father, I never saw things in this light. Why have n't you talked to me before? I've often felt as if I'd like to help mother. But she never gives me anything to do; and if I offer to help her, she says, "You can't do it," or, "I'd rather do it myself." Indeed, it is n't all my fault!

MR. T. It may not have been in the past, Effie, but it cer-

tainly will be in the future, unless there is a new arrangement of things. It is a false social sentiment that lets daughters become idlers, while mothers, fathers, and sons take up the daily burden of work, and bear it through all the busy hours.

EFFIE. I see that you are right, father. And I already begin to feel a new self-respect at the thought of being useful to mother, to you, and to myself.



A FASHIONABLE CALL.

MRS. PRATTLE ; MRS. TATTLE.

MRS. TATTLE. I heard it !
MRS. PRATTLE. Who told you ?

TAT. Her friend (!).

PRAT. You don't say !

TAT. 'T is dreadful !

PRAT. 'T is awful !

TAT. Don't tell it, I pray !

PRAT. Good gracious !

TAT. Who 'd think it ?

PRAT. Well, well, well !

TAT. Dear me !

PRAT. I 've had *my*
Suspensions.

TAT. And I, too, you see !

PRAT. I 'm going.

TAT. Don't ! Stay, love !

PRAT. I can't.

TAT. I 'm forlorn !

PRAT. Farewell, dear !

TAT. Good by, sweet ! —

I 'm glad she 's gone !

A FOOTMAN WANTED.

DEPUTY BULL; THOMAS; LOONEY MACTWOLTER; JOHN LUMP.

DEPUTY BULL *at home.* Enter THOMAS.

THOMAS. Here's a man, sir, come after the footman's place.

BULL. I hope he is civiler than the last fellow. Does he look modest?

THOMAS. O yes, sir; he's an Irishman.

BULL. Well, we are used to them in the Bull family. Let me see him. (*Exit THOMAS.*) I hope I shall be able to keep a servant at last. They are all so confounded saucy to me, because I have been a grocer.

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

So you want a place?

LOO. You may say that, with your own ugly mouth.

BULL. My ugly mouth! — You have been in service before?

LOO. Does a duck swim?

BULL. Whom have you lived with?

LOO. I lived with the Mactwolters nineteen years, and then they turned me off.

BULL. The Mactwolters! Why did they turn you off?

LOO. They went dead.

BULL. That's an awkward way of discharging a servant. Who were they?

LOO. My own beautiful father and most beautiful mother. They died of a whiskey fever, and left myself, Looney Mactwolder, heir to their estate.

BULL. They had an estate, it seems?

LOO. Yes; they had a pig.

BULL. Umph! But they died, you say, when you were nineteen. What have you been doing ever since?

LOO. I'm a physicianer.

BULL. The deuce you are!

LOO. Yes; I'm a cow-doctor.

BULL. And what brought you here?

LOO. Hay-making. I've a fork below; hire me, then I'll have a knife to it, and prettily I'll toss about your beef, Mr. Bull.

BULL. I don't doubt you. This fellow would ram a cart-load of chuck-steaks down his throat with a paving-rod. What can you do as a footman? Can you clean plate?

LOO. Clean a plate! Botheration, man! would you hire me for your kitchen-maid? I can dirty one with anybody in the parish.

BULL. Do you think now, Looney, you could contrive to beat a coat?

LOO. Faith can I, in the Connaught fashion.

BULL. How's that?

LOO. With a man in it. (*Assumes a boxing attitude.*) Och! let me alone for dusting your ould jacket, Mr. Bull.

BULL. The deuce take you, I say!

LOO. Be aisy, and I'll warrant we'll agree. Give me what I ax, and we'll never tumble out about the wages.

Re-enter THOMAS.

THOMAS. Here's another man come after the place, I believe, sir.

BULL. Another man! Let me see him. [*Exit THOMAS.*]

LOO. Faith, now, you'll bother yourself betwixt us. You'll be like a cat in a tripe-shop, and not know where to choose.

Enter JOHN LUMP.

LUMP. Be you Mr. Bull, zur?

BULL. Yes; I am the deputy.

LUMP. Oh! if you are na' but the deputy, I'll bide here till I see Mr. Bull himsen.

BULL. Blockhead! I am himself, — Mr. Deputy Bull.

LOO. Arrah! can't you see, man, that this ugly ould gentleman is himself?

BULL. Hold your tongue. — What's your name?

LUMP. John.

BULL. John what?

LUMP. No, no, not John What, but John Lump.

BULL. And what do you want, John Lump?

LUMP. Why, I'se come here, zur — But as we be upon a bit o' business, I'll let you hear the long and short on't. (*Drawing a chair and sitting down.*) I'se comed here, zur, to hire mysen for your sarvant.

BULL. Ah! but you don't expect, I perceive, to have any standing wages.

LOO. (*drawing a chair and sitting down*). Are n't you a pretty spalpeen, now, to squat yourself down there in the presence of Mr. Deputy Bull?

BULL. Now here's a couple of scoundrels!

LOO. Don't be in a passion with him. Mind how I'll larn him politeness.

BULL. Get up directly, you villain, or —

LOO. (*complimenting*). Not before Mr. Lump. See how I'll give him the polish.

BULL. If you don't get up directly, I'll squeeze your heads together like two figs in a jar.

LUMP (*rising*). O, then, it be unmannerly for a footman to rest himsen, I suppose!

LOO. (*rising*). To be sure it is; no servant has the bad manners to sit before his master, but the coachman.

LUMP. I ax your pardon, zur; I'se na' but a poor Yorkshire lad, travelled up from Doncaster Races; I'se simple, but I'se willing to learn.

BULL. Simple, and willing to learn? Two qualities, Master Lump, which will answer my purpose. [LUMP retires.]

LOO. Mind what you're after going to do, Mr. Deputy Bull. If you hire this fellow from the Donkey races, when Looney Mactwolter is at your elbow, I'll make free to say, you're making a complete Judy of yourself.

BULL. You do make free with a vengeance. Now I'll make free to say, Get out of my house, you impudent cow-doctor!

LOO. You're no scholar, or you'd larn how to bemean yourself to a physicianer. Arrah! is n't a cow-doctor as good as you, you ould figman?

BULL. Old figman! This rascal, too, quizzing my origin! Get down stairs, or —

LOO. Don't come over me with the pride of your staircase, for had n't my father a comfortable ladder to go up and down stairs with? Take Mr. Lump into your dirty service, and next time I'm after meeting him I'll thump Mr. Lump, or Mr. Lump shall thump Mr. Looney Mactwolter.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

MISS FLORA FAYAWAY; MISS PRIM; TARBOX.

FLORA'S drawing-room. FLORA seated, absorbed in reading a letter.
Enter MISS PRIM.

PRIM. Miss Flora! the cook has given warning! Says she wants a wider range, and means to try California!

FLORA. O, Miss Prim, don't trouble me about cooks now!

PRIM (*excited*). But what are we to do?

FLORA. O, do without eating! To-day, of all days, I don't want to be worried.

PRIM. Why, is it to-day that you expect Mr. Tarbox?

FLORA. Yes; but I wish, Miss Prim, you would n't pronounce his name that way. Can't you say "Mr. Tarbox" softly? It sounds much prettier.

PRIM (*sitting down to her sewing*). Well, it is n't a very pretty name anyway. However, I'll try. By what train do you anticipate Mr. Ta-arbox?

FLORA. His letter did n't say, O, Miss Prim, how little I thought, when, just for fun, I pinned my name and address on a pair of blue woollen socks for the Sanitary, — how little I thought that my fate was rolled up in them!

PRIM. Yes, it's fortunate that such a delightful person as *you say* Mr. Tarbox is should have been the one to get them. He wrote to you at once, did n't he?

FLORA. O yes! I never shall forget my feelings when I received his first letter, dated Camp Stanton. I could n't

help answering, — it was *so* touching. That was three months ago, and we have corresponded ever since !

PRIM. It's strange what luck young girls always have in such matters, to be sure ! It shows what fools men are. They overlook women of matured mind and experience, to run after any chit of a girl, just because she has a pretty face !

FLORA. Well, Miss Prim, he did n't run after *my* face, for you know he has never seen it.

PRIM. No, and for my part, I think it *very doubtful* how such a match will turn out. Do you know anything of his position or antecedents ?

FLORA. No, *nothing*, — and that's just what makes our engagement so delightfully odd and romantic. We know each other *only* through our letters, — and O, Miss Prim, he does write such *lovely* letters ! Did you ever have any love-letters, Miss Prim ?

PRIM. Ahem, — no. It so happened that *every one* of my admirers offered himself by word of mouth, and was rejected immediately.

FLORA. What a pity !

PRIM. And have n't you told this Mr. Tarbox anything about *your* social position either ? Does *he* think it “delightfully odd and romantic” to be kept in the dark, or does he know that you are an orphan, and your own mistress ?

FLORA. I told him nothing whatever. (*Aside.*) I wanted him to love me for myself.

PRIM. Are you *quite sure* he is not aware that you are *rich* ?

FLORA. O Miss Prim, you don't suppose I wrote about such things as money ? I had n't room. I never wrote *more* than six or eight pages crossed at a time.

PRIM. He's nothing but a private, is he ?

FLORA (*with enthusiasm*). No, and that's all the more noble in him ! Not to wait to be made Major-General, or Commander-in-Chief, as I know he deserves, but to volunteer at once to defend his country, even in the ranks ! I've not the least doubt that he left a princely home, adorned with every-

thing that makes life beautiful, at his country's call! When I think of such devotion, my heart beats, my cheeks burn —

PRIM (*rising*). Well, Miss Fayaway, I sincerely *hope* you may be happy. But if you want my candid opinion, I think you would be more *sensible* if you were not in such a hurry, but were to wait till you are forty or forty-five years of age, and have some *experience*, before you think of matrimony! [*Exit.*]

FLORA (*alone*). How disagreeable Miss Prim is sometimes, to be sure! She always seems annoyed when she hears of any one going to be married. And asking such tiresome questions, too, about *money*, and *position*, and *antecedents*, — things that are not of the *slightest* consequence! Ah! there'd be no need of asking that, if she had ever seen one of *his* dear letters! (*Takes out letter and reads.*) "When your lovely image floats before the mind's eye of your adorer, he feels that for the unspeakable bliss of your smile he would gladly sacrifice his life!" Any one could see at once that this was written by a person of the most exquisite refinement of feeling, with the fire and imagination of a poet! (*Kisses letter and puts it near her heart.*) I should be perfectly happy if it were not for his name! How I do wish it was n't Tarbox! But then I've no doubt he has a lovely Christian name, — one suited to his noble self, — and of course I shall call him by that. He always signs "H. J. Tarbox," — "H" stands for Herbert, — O, I hope it is Herbert! I know it's Herbert! (*Bell rings.*) Hark! there's a ring! Perhaps it's he! How my heart beats! (*Flies to the window.*) O no! it's not Herbert, it's a very common-looking person, — an expressman, I should say.

Enter TARBOX, in *private's* uniform, with light blue overcoat, very shabby.

TARBOX. Mornin', marm. I want to see Miss Flora Fayaway.

FLORA (*coldly*). I am Miss Fayaway.

TARBOX. *Be ye?* Jerewsalem! I'd no notion you was sich a highflyer. Wal, my lovely gal, here's your soldier, tired of war's alarms.

FLORA. What — what do you mean?

TARBOX. Mean? Why, ain't I the feller you 've been writin' to these three months? My name's Hezekiah J. Tarbox, at yer sarvice; come back to marry you, accordin' to agreement.

FLORA (*aside*). O heavens! what shall I do? Engaged to this *horrid* creature! It's impossible! I don't believe it! (*Aloud*.) Sir, I am sure there must be some mistake.

TARBOX. Mistake? Not a mite. Did n't you jest tell me you was Miss Fayaway?

FLORA. It's quite impossible that *you* ever wrote those letters. You don't sound like them!

TARBOX. Lord bless you, you don't suppose I got all that stuff out of my own head, do yer? I bought a "Complete Letter-Writer," price 62½ cents, second-hand, and copied off the love-letters in reg'lar succession. I've got it in my pocket now. Like to see it? (*Takes out shabby book and turns over leaves.*) Let's see No. 6 that's called "Formal Declaration," — after that they keep pilin' up the agony, don't they? There, here's the last one I copied. (*Reads.*) "When your lovely image floats before the mind's eye of your adorer," — and a lot more.

FLORA (*aside, tearing the letter from her heart*). The very letter I was kissing just now! (*Flings it in the fire.*)

TARBOX. It's pretty lucky I got my discharge when I did, for I'd got as far as No. 11, — and there's only thirteen on 'em. Wal, we've done with all that rubbish now. (*Looks around.*) Fixed up pretty slick here. Pictures, — pianner-forty. Where are the old folks?

FLORA. The old folks?

TARBOX. Yes, — yer father and mother.

FLORA. I am an orphan, sir. I am alone in the world.

TARBOX (*sitting down*). Du tell!

FLORA (*standing*). And you, — where is your home?

TARBOX. I live in Skowhegan, Maine. I've got a little from down there. Pray, miss, air you acquainted with butter and cheese makin'?

FLORA. No, sir, I am not.

TARBOX. D'ye understand fattenin' pigs?

FLORA. No, indeed I do not, Mr. Tarbox, and I am surprised at your asking such a question!

TARBOX. Wal, what *can* ye do then? What d'ye 'stow yer time on? Can't yer do *no* kind o' work?

FLORA. Certainly, crochet and worsted work.

TARBOX. Wal, what else?

FLORA. O, I play and sing, and make calls, and play croquet, and in the evening I go to the opera, unless there is a party.

TARBOX. We don't do none o' them things down to Skowhegan.

FLORA. No, of course there are no amusements in such a place as that!

TARBOX. I bet you! In winter we have quiltin' frolics,—and spring and fall there's maple-candy scrapes and parin' bees,—and we go to meetin' all the year round.

Enter Miss PRIM.

FLORA (*confused*). My friend, Miss Prim, this is Mr. —

TARBOX. Tarbox, marm. Hezekiah J., at your sarvice.

PRIM. Indeed! I hope I see you well, sir. You have lately returned from the army, I believe? (*Sits down near Tarbox; Flora sinks into a chair behind them.*)

TARBOX. Yes, marm. I got kinder rheumaticky down there to Washington City,—all doubled up,—and the surgeon of our regiment said I warn't no good anyway, and might as well come home.

PRIM. We girls feel a deep interest in our brave defenders. Tell us of your sufferings.

TARBOX. Wal, marm, I was *orfle* sea-sick on the Sound, both goin' and comin'.

PRIM. O, I did n't mean that. I meant your dangers.

TARBOX. Wal, twice I come plaguy near shootin' myself with my own gun.

FLORA (*aside*). I wish he had!

PRIM. I did n't mean *that*, either. Tell us of the camp, — the midnight attack, and the hand-to-hand conflict !

TARBOX. Wal, as fur the camp, I d' know as I did more nor cook my vittals, — and poor enough they was, — if it had n't a been for the sutler's pies, I should a been a'most starved. And when I was n't eatin' them I was whittlin' or playin' checkers or dominoes with the fellers, — leastways when we was thru' with that air darned drillin'.

PRIM. But the battles ? — the deeds of arms ?

TARBOX. Can't tell ye nothin' about them. I got took down with the rheumatiz, and left, — *jest* as the fightin' was goin' to begin. I had the luck on 't, I tell *you* !

FLORA (*starting up*). *What !* were you not disappointed to be denied the opportunity to fight for your country after you had volunteered in her defence ?

TARBOX. O, bless you, marm, I did n't volunteer, — I was *drafted*. I wish to blazes, now, I *had* a volunteered, and got the baounty !

FLORA. All my illusions dispelled !

TARBOX. Tell ye all abaout it. The all-firedest mean bizness aout. The day they drafted, I was down to the ingine-house, along with Elnathan P. Sawyer, and a lot more Independent Odd-Fellows. Elnathan, sez he, "Tarbox, I bet you'll git stuck." He had n't more 'n got the words out of his maouth when Quincy Titcomb, that stutters, came runnin' up. "*Hearn the news ? the list's aout !*" "Who be they ?" says all hands. Quincy could n't git aout the fust word. "*Who be they ?*" roars the crowd. Quincy made the *orfullest* faces, and Royal Marble, he took him by the collar as if he'd *shake* it out of him. "Tell us who they be," sez he. Quincy was corked as tight as a ginger-beer bottle, but he pinted his finger straight at *me*. Gosh ! how they all screeched and screamed (except *me*.) "Naow," sez I, "Gen'lomen feller-citizens, look a here ! I've got conscientious Constitootional scruples (a larf) and a very aged aunt (roars), besides fits (yells). I don't back aout from May trainin's, nor Cornwallises, nor I ain't afraid to swab aout our cannon arter she's ben

tetched off, — *but*, as to flyin' in the face of Providence, loaded with ball-cartridge, Congress hain't no title to send for *me*. There's a higher law agin it. 'Tain't right!" No use! I could n't squirm aout, no way nor shape, and was bound to go. So I went, — and that's how 't was. (*Takes out a pipe and fills it.*)

PRIM. How interesting!

FLORA. How intolerable!

PRIM. Well, Mr. Tarbox, it's a mercy you escaped with your life. I consider that rheumatism a dispensation of Providence!

FLORA (*seeing* TARBOX *light his pipe*). O, that is too much! Sir, — Mr. Tarbox! I cannot possibly have you smoke pipes here. The smell of tobacco makes me very ill!

TARBOX. O bother! 'Tain't no kinder use for you to cut up rough about my pipe. You must git wonted to it, and the sooner the better.

FLORA. Sir, if you have no respect for a lady, the sooner you leave this house the better!

TARBOX. Wal, wal, don't git so riled. I'd just as lives clear out if ye're so tarnation squeamish.

PRIM (*rising*). This way, sir, — allow me. I'm sorry Miss Fayaway is so particular, — I adore tobacco!

[*Exeunt* PRIM and TARBOX.]

FLORA (*alone*). O unhappy girl that I am! I was ready to sacrifice my whole life by one imprudent step! I expected some one just like the Heir of Redclyffe, and I bound myself by the most solemn promises to this odious Down-East farmer! And those hateful letters . . . copied out of that hateful book! — (*Flings book down.*) What humiliation! How *could* I ever have written to him! How unladylike, how ridiculous my conduct has been! I have been living for months in a cloud, a mist of illusion, and now it has cleared away, and I see my miserable folly in its true light! If I had had a mother, a father, any one to advise me, this never could have happened. But I trust I have learned a lesson that will make me wiser in the future.

TROUBLE ABOUT MISS PRETTYMAN.

MR. and MRS. CAUDLE, *seated*. MR. C. *with his back partly turned, making persevering efforts to read his newspaper.*

MRS. CAUDLE. If I'm not to leave the house without being insulted, Mr. Caudle, I had better stay in-doors all my life.

MR. CAUDLE. O, do let me have a little peace and quiet!

MRS. CAUDLE. What! Don't tell me to let you have peace and quiet! I wonder at your impudence! It's mighty fine, I never can go out with you — and, goodness knows! it's seldom enough — without having my feelings torn to pieces by people of all sorts. A set of bold minxes!

CAUDLE. What are you raving about?

MRS. CAUDLE. What am I raving about? O, you know very well, — very well indeed, Mr. Caudle. A pretty person she must be to nod to a man walking with his own wife!

CAUDLE. It's Miss Prettyman.

MRS. CAUDLE. Don't tell me that it's Miss Prettyman, — what's Miss Prettyman to me?

CAUDLE. I've met her once or twice at her brother's house.

MRS. CAUDLE. Oh! You've met her once or twice at her brother's house? Yes, I dare say you have, — no doubt of it. I always thought there was something very tempting about that house, and now I know it all.

CAUDLE. Pooh! pooh! (*manifesting impatience*).

MRS. CAUDLE. Now, it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your beginning to talk loud, and twist and toss your arms about as if you were as innocent as a born babe, — I'm not to be deceived by such tricks now. No; there was a time when I was a fool and believed anything; but — I thank my stars! — I've got over that. A bold minx! You suppose I did n't see her laugh, too, when she nodded to you! O yes, I knew what

she thought me ; a poor miserable creature, of course. I could see that.

CAUDLE. You always see more than anybody else.

MRS. CAUDLE. No, don't say so, Caudle. I don't always see more than anybody else, but I can't and won't be blind, however agreeable it might be to you ; I must have the use of my senses. I'm sure, if a woman wants attention and respect from a man, she'd better be anything than his wife. I've always thought so ; and to-day 's decided it.

CAUDLE. Are n't you ashamed of yourself to talk so ?

MRS. CAUDLE. No ; I'm not ashamed of myself to talk so. Certainly not.

CAUDLE. She's a good, amiable young creature.

MRS. CAUDLE. Yes, I dare say ; very amiable, no doubt. Of course you think her so. You suppose I did n't see what sort of a bonnet she had on ? O, a very good creature ! And you think I did n't see the smudges of court-plaster about her face ?

CAUDLE. I did n't see 'em.

MRS. CAUDLE. You did n't see 'em ? Very likely ; but I did. Very amiable, to be sure.

CAUDLE. You made her blush at your ill manners.

MRS. CAUDLE. What do you say ? I made her blush at my ill manners ? I should like to have seen her blush ! 'T would have been rather difficult, Mr. Caudle, for a blush to come through all that paint.

CAUDLE. You're a censorious woman.

MRS. CAUDLE. No, I'm not a censorious woman, Mr. Caudle, — quite the reverse. I know what color is, and I say it *was* paint. I believe, Mr. Caudle, I once had a complexion, — though, of course, you've quite forgotten that, — I think I once had a color, before your conduct destroyed it. Before I knew you, people used to call me the Lily and the Rose ; but — (*Caudle laughs*). What are you laughing at ? I see nothing to laugh at. But, as I say, anybody before your own wife. And I can't walk out with you but you're bowed to by every woman you meet !

CAUDLE. What do you mean by every woman, when it's only Miss Prettyman?

MRS. CAUDLE. That's nothing at all to do with it. How do I know who bows to you when I'm not by? Everybody, of course. And if they don't look at you, why you look at them. O I'm sure you do! You do it even when I'm out with you, and of course you do it when I'm away.

CAUDLE. It's no such thing.

MRS. CAUDLE. Now, don't tell me, Caudle, — don't deny it. The fact is, it's become such a dreadful habit with you that you don't know when you do it and when you don't. But I do. Miss Prettyman, indeed!

CAUDLE. I won't sit still and hear you scandalize that excellent young woman.

MRS. CAUDLE. O, of course, you'll take her part! Though, to be sure, she may not be so much to blame after all. For how is she to know you're married? You're never seen out of doors with your own wife, — never. Wherever you go, you go alone. Of course people think you are a bachelor.

CAUDLE. I well know I am not.

MRS. CAUDLE. That's nothing to do with it, — I only ask what most people think, when I'm never seen with you? Other women go out with their husbands; but, as I've often said, I'm not like any other woman. — What are you sneering at, Mr. Caudle?

CAUDLE. How do you know I'm sneering?

MRS. CAUDLE. Don't tell me; I know well enough. — No; you never take me out, and you know it.

CAUDLE. It's your own fault.

MRS. CAUDLE. No; it's not my own fault. How can you sit there and say that?

CAUDLE. I'm tired of asking you, for you always start some objection.

MRS. CAUDLE. O, all a poor excuse! That's what you always say. Of course I can't go out a figure. And when you ask me to go, you know very well that my bonnet is n't as it should be, or that my gown has n't come home, or that

I can't leave the children, or that something keeps me indoors. You know all this well enough before you ask me. And that's your art. And when I *do* go out with you, I'm sure to suffer for it.

CAUDLE. Suffer for it!

MRS. CAUDLE. Yes; you need n't repeat my words. Suffer for it. But you suppose I have no feelings. O no, nobody has feelings but yourself. Yes; I'd forgot: Miss Prettyman, perhaps, — yes, she may have feelings, of course. And, as I said, I dare say a pretty dupe people think me. To be sure, a poor forlorn creature I must look in everybody's eyes. But I knew you couldn't be at Mr. Prettyman's house night after night till eleven o'clock, — and a great deal you thought of me sitting up for you, — I knew you couldn't be there without some cause. And now I've found it out!

CAUDLE. 'Sh!

MRS. CAUDLE. O, I don't mind your '*Sh*! But it's like you men. Lords of creation as you call yourselves! Lords, indeed! And pretty slaves you make of the poor creatures who're tied to you. But I'll be separated, Mr. Caudle, I will; and then I'll take care and let the world know how you've used me.

CAUDLE. You may say your worst.

MRS. CAUDLE. Ha! don't you tempt any woman in that way, — don't, Caudle; for I would n't answer for what I said. Miss Prettyman, indeed, and — O yes! Now I see! Now the whole light breaks in upon me! Now I know why you wished me to ask her with Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman to tea! And I, like a poor blind fool, was nearly doing it. But now, as I say, my eyes are open! And you'd have brought her under my roof, — now it's no use your bouncing about in that fashion, — you'd have brought her into the very house where —

CAUDLE *desperately leaves the stage.* MRS. CAUDLE *follows, shaking her finger in a threatening manner.*

MARY MALONEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

MARY MALONEY *singing at her work.* Enter Miss ALLWORTHY.

MISS ALLWORTHY. What are you singing for?

MARY MALONEY. O, I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart feels happy.

MISS A. Happy, are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see; you don't own a foot of land in the world.

MARY. Ha, ha! Foot of land, is it? O, what a hand ye be after joking! Why, I have n't a penny, let alone the land.

MISS A. Your mother is dead.

MARY. God rest her soul, yes; may the angels make her bed in heaven!

MISS A. Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose.

MARY. Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife that she is, the creature!

MISS A. You have to pay your little sister's board.

MARY. Sure, the bit creature, and she's a good little girl, is Hanny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money what goes for that.

MISS A. You have n't many fashionable dresses either, Mary Maloney.

MARY. Fashionable, is it? O yes, I put a piece of whale-bone in my skirt, and me calico gown looks as big as the great ladies'. But then ye says true, I has n't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnet to me head, barring the old hood ye gave me.

MISS A. You have n't any lover, Mary Maloney.

MARY. O, be off wid ye! Ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days, when the hard times is come. No, no; thank Heaven I haven't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't want it.

MISS A. What on earth, then, have you to make you happy? A worthless brother, a poor helpless sister, no

mother, no father, no lover; why, where do you get all your happiness from?

MARY. The Lord be praised, miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing, and then if deep trouble comes, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should take it into his head to come an ax me, but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it.

RECIPE FOR POTATO PUDDING.

MRS. PHILEMON, MRS. DARLING, MRS. MUDLAW, COLONEL PHILEMON.

SCENE, MRS. PHILEMON'S *sitting-room*. *Present*, MRS. PHILEMON.

Enter MRS. DARLING.

MRS. PHILEMON. Delighted to see you, Mrs. Darling. Walk into the parlor, if you please.

MRS. DARLING. No, thank you, Mrs. Philemon; I'd as soon sit here. I can only stay a moment. I called to ask a recipe for potato pudding. Mr. Darling tasted one when he dined with Colonel Philemon, and liked it so much that he wished me to get directions for making it.

MRS. P. Potato pudding? Ah, yes, I recollect. Mudlaw, my cook, does make a very good plain thing that she calls a potato pudding; but I know nothing about her manner of preparing it. I will call her, however, and she shall tell you herself. (*Steps to the door of the adjoining room.*) Mrs. Mudlaw, step here a moment if you please. (*Enter* MRS. MUDLAW.) What do you think, Mrs. Mudlaw! Mrs. Darling has come to learn how to make potato pudding.

MRS. D. Yes, I would be obliged to you for the directions. (*Takes out of her pocket a pencil and paper to write them down.*)

MRS. MUDLAW. Well, 't is an excellent puddin'; for my part, I like it about as well as any puddin' that I make, and

that's sayin' a good deal, I can tell you, for I understand makin' a great variety. 'Tain't so awful rich as some, to be sure. Now, there's the Cardinelle puddin', and the Washington puddin', and the Lay Fayette puddin', and the —

MRS. D. Yes, Mr. Darling liked it very much; how do you make it?

MRS. M. Wal, I peel my potatoes and bile 'em in fair water. I always let the water bile before I put 'em in. Some folks let their potatoes lie and sog in the water ever so long, before it biles; but I think it spiles 'em. I always make it a pint to have the water bile —

MRS. D. How many potatoes?

MRS. M. Wal, I always take about as many potatoes as I think I shall want. I'm generally governed by the size o' the puddin' I want to make. If it's a large puddin', why I take quite a number, but if it's a small one, why, then I don't take as many. As quick as they're done, I take 'em up and mash 'em as fine as I can get 'em. I'm always very partic'lar about *that*, — some folks ain't; they'll let their potatoes be full o' lumps. I never do; if there's anything I hate, it's lumps in potatoes. I *won't* have 'em. Whether I'm mashin' potatoes for puddin's or for vegetable use, I mash it till there ain't the size of a lump in it. If I can't git it fine without sifting, why I *sift* it. Once in a while, when I'm otherways engaged, I set the girl to mashin' on 't. Wal, she'll give it three or four jams, and come along, "Miss Mudlaw, is the potatoer fine enough?" Jubiter Rammin! that's the time I come as near gittin' mad as I ever allow myself to come, for I make it a pint never to have lumps —

MRS. D. Yes, I know it is very important. What next?

MRS. M. Wal, then I put in my butter; in winter time I melt it a little, not enough to make it ily, but jest so's to soften it.

MRS. D. How much butter does it require?

MRS. M. Wal, I always take butter accordin' to the size of the puddin'; a large puddin' needs a good-sized lump o' butter, but not *too much*. And I'm always partic'lar to have my

butter fresh and sweet. Some folks think it's no matter what sort o' butter they use for cookin', but *I* don't. Of all things I do despise strong, frowy, rancid butter. For pity's sake, have your butter fresh.

Mrs. D. How much butter did you say?

Mrs. M. Wal, that depends, as I said before, on what sized puddin' you make. And another thing that regulates the quantity of butter I use is the 'mount o' cream I take. I always put in more or less cream. When I have abundance o' cream, I put in considerable, and when it's scarce, why, I use more butter than I otherways should. But you must be partic'lar not to get in too much cream. There's a great deal in havin' jest the right quantity; and so 't is with all the ingreiences. There ain't a better puddin' in the world than a potater puddin' when it's made *right*, but 'tain't everybody that makes 'em right. I remember when I lived in Tuckertown, I was a visitin' to Squire Humprey's one time, — I went in the first company in Tuckertown; dear me! this is a changeable world. — Wal, they had what they called a potater puddin' for dinner. Good land! Of all the puddin's! I've often occurred to that puddin' since, and wondered what the Squire's wife was a thinkin' of when she made it. I wa' n't obleeged to do no such things in them days, and dident know how to do anything as well as I do now. Necessity's the mother of invention. Experience is the best teacher, after all —

Mrs. D. Do you sweeten it?

Mrs. M. O yes, to be sure it needs sugar, the best o' sugar too; not this wet, soggy brown sugar. Some folks never think o' usin' good sugar to cook with, but for my part I won't have no other.

Mrs. D. How much sugar do you take?

Mrs. M. Wal, that depends altogether on whether you calculate to have sass for it, — some like sass, you know, and then some agin don't. So, when I calculate for sass, I don't take so much sugar; and when I don't calculate for sass, I make it sweet enough to eat without sass. Poor Mr. Mudlaw

was a great hand for puddin' sass. I always made it for him, — good, rich sass too. I could afford to have things rich before he was unfortunate in bizness.

Mrs. P. (*aside*). Mudlaw went to State's prison for horse-stealing.

Mrs. M. I like sass myself, too; and the curnel and the children are all great sass hands; and so I generally calculate for sass, though Miss Philemon prefers the puddin' without sass, and perhaps *you'd* prefer it without. If so you must put in sugar accordingly. I always make it a pint to have 'em sweet enough when they're to be eat without sass.

Mrs. D. And don't you use eggs?

Mrs. M. Certainly, eggs is one o' the principal ingreijences.

Mrs. D. How many does it require?

Mrs. M. Wal, when eggs is plenty, I always use plenty; and when they're scarce, why I can do with less, though I'd ruther have enough; and be sure and beat 'em well. It does distress me, the way some folks beat eggs. I always want to have 'em thoroughly beat for everything I use 'em in. It tries my patience most awfully to have anybody round me that won't beat eggs enough. A spell ago we had a darkey to help in the kitchen. One day I was a makin' sponge cake, and havin' occasion to go up stairs after something, I sot her to beatin' the eggs. Wal, what do you think the critter done? Why, she whisked 'em round a few times, and turned 'em right onto the other ingreijences that I'd got weighed out. When I come back and saw what she'd done, my gracious! I came as nigh to losin' my temper as I ever allow myself to come. 'T was awful provokin'! I always want the kitchen help to do things as I want to have 'em done. But I never saw a darkey yet that ever done anything right. They're a lazy, slaughterin' set. To think o' her spilin' that cake so, when I'd told her over and over agin that I always made it a pint to have my eggs thoroughly beat!

Mrs. D. Yes, it was too bad. Do you use fruit in the pudding?

Mrs. M. Wal, that's jest as you please. You'd better be

governed by your own judgment as to *that*. Some like currants and some like raisins, and then agin some don't like nary one. If you use raisins, for pity's sake pick out the stuns. It's awful to have a body's teeth come grindin' onto a raisin stun. I'd rather have my ears boxt any time.

Mrs. D. How many raisins must I take?

Mrs. M. Wal, not *too* many, — it's apt to make the puddin' heavy, you know; and when it's heavy it ain't so light and good. I'm a great hand —

Mrs. D. Yes, what do you use for flavoring?

Mrs. M. There agin you'll have to exercise your own judgment. Some likes one thing and some another, you know. If you go the whole figger on temperance, why some other kind o' flavyrin' 'll do as well as wine or brandy, I s'pose. But whatever you make up your mind to use, be particlar to git in a sufficiency, or else your puddin' 'll be flat. I always make it a pint —

Mrs. D. How long must it bake?

Mrs. M. There's the great thing after all. The bakin' 's the main pint. A potater puddin', of all puddin's, has got to be baked jest right. For if it bakes a leetle too much, it's apt to dry up; and then agin, if it don't bake quite enough, it's sure to taste potatery, — and that spiles it, you know.

Mrs. D. How long should you think?

Mrs. M. Wal, that depends a good deal on the heat o' your oven. If you have a very hot oven, 't won't do to leave it in too long; and if your oven ain't so very hot, why, you'll be necessitated to leave it in longer.

Mrs. D. Well, how can I tell anything about it?

Mrs. M. Well, I always let them bake till I think they're done, — that's the safest way. I make it a pint to have 'em baked exactly right. It's very important in all kinds o' bakin', — cake, pies, bread, puddin's, and everything, — to have 'em baked *precisely* long enough and jest right. Some folks don't seem to have no system at all about their bakin'. One time they'll burn their bread to a crisp, and then agin it'll be so slack 't aint fit to eat. Nothin' hurts my feelin's

so much as to see things overdone or slack-baked. Here only t'other day, Lorry, the girl that Miss Philemon dismissed yesterday, come within an ace o' letting my bread burn up. My back was turned for a minnit, and what should she do but go to stuffin' wood into the stove at the awfulest rate? If I hadent a found it out jest when I did, my bread would a ben sp'ilt as sure as I'm a live woman. Jubiter Rammin! I was about as much decomposed as I ever allow myself to git! I told Miss Philemon I wouldent stan' it no longer, — one of us must quit, — either Lorry or me must walk.

MRS. D. So you've no rule about making this pudding?

MRS. M. (*intensely surprised*). No rule!

MRS. D. Yes, you seem to have no rule for anything about it.

MRS. M. (*starting up indignantly*). No rule! (*Planting herself in front of Mrs. D. and extending her forefinger very near that lady's nose*) No rules! do you tell me I've no rules! Me! that's cooked in the first families for fifteen years, and always gin' satisfaction, to be told by such as you that I hain't no rules!

MRS. P. *Mrs. Mudlaw!* Don't be excited. (*A step is heard*). Ah, there comes my husband! He'll put a stop to this.

Enter COLONEL PHILEMON. MRS. M. casts a look of ineffable disgust at MRS. D., and retreats from the room.

COLONEL PHILEMON (*to his wife*). Matilda, my dear, this is quite an unexpected pleasure, for really (*turning to Mrs. D.*), Mrs. Darling, we began to fear that you did not intend to cultivate us.

MRS. D. I cannot say I came for just that purpose this time. I came on an errand, and your cook has got very angry with me for some reason, I scarcely know what.

MRS. P. Poor Mudlaw! I don't think she intended to be rude.

COL. P. What! has the cook been rude to Mrs. Darling?

MRS. P. Not rude exactly, dear; but you know she is so sensitive about everything connected with her department, and she fancied that Mrs. Darling called her skill into question, and became somewhat excited.

MRS. D. *Quite excited*, I should call it. (*Smiling.*)

COL. P. And she has dared to treat Mrs. Darling rudely! Shameful! disgraceful! the wretch shall suffer for it! To think that a lady like Mrs. Darling should be insulted by a *cook*! in my house, too! She shall *troop* forthwith! Mrs. Darling, I regret extremely —

MRS. D. O, no apology, Colonel Philemon!

COL. P. Won't you walk into the parlor?

MRS. D. Thank you. I really had but a moment to spare; I must beg you to excuse me. Good morning.

COL. *and* MRS. P. Good morning.

MRS. D. (*aside*). Well, if I have not learned how to make potato pudding, I have gained something. I shall go home better satisfied than ever with my own cook, — both in her work and her disposition.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY SEEKING A SITUATION.

MR. GREGSBURY, *a Member of Parliament, in want of a Secretary.* NICHOLAS NICKLEBY *in search of employment.* MATTHEWS, *a servant.*

NICHOLAS. I brought this card from the General Agency Office, sir, wishing to offer myself as your secretary.

MR. GREGSBURY. You have no connection with any of those rascally newspapers, have you?

N. I have no connection, I am sorry to say, with anything at present.

MR. G. Well. Now, what can you do?

N. I suppose I can do what usually falls to the lot of other secretaries.

MR. G. What's that?

N. A secretary's duties are rather difficult to define, perhaps. They include, I presume, correspondence?

MR. G. Good.

N. The arrangement of papers and documents.

MR. G. Very good.

N. Occasionally, perhaps, the writing from your dictation, and possibly the copying of your speech for some public journal, when you have made one of more than usual importance.

MR. G. Certainly. What else?

N. Really I am not able at this moment to recapitulate any other duty of a secretary, beyond the general one of making himself as agreeable and useful to his employer as he can, consistently with his own respectability, and without overstepping that line of duties which he undertakes to perform, and which the designation of his office is usually understood to imply.

MR. G. This is all very well, Mr. — What is your name?

N. Nickleby.

MR. G. This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby, and very proper so far as it goes, — so far as it goes; but it does n't go far enough. There are other duties, Mr. Nickleby, which a secretary to a parliamentary gentleman must never lose sight of. I should require to be *crammed*, sir.

N. I beg your pardon.

MR. G. To be *crammed*, sir.

N. May I beg your pardon again, if I inquire what you mean?

MR. G. My meaning, sir, is perfectly plain. My secretary would have to make himself master of the foreign policy of the world, as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings, all leading articles, and reports of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of, in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?

N. I think I do, sir.

MR. G. Then it would be necessary for him to make himself acquainted from day to day with newspaper paragraphs on passing events, such as "Mysterious Disappearance and supposed Suicide of a Pot-boy," or anything of that sort, upon which I might found a question to the Secretary of State for

the Home Department. Then he would have to copy the question, and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about my independence and good sense), and to send the manuscript in a frank to the local paper with, perhaps, half a dozen lines of leader to the effect that I was always to be found in my place in Parliament, and never shrunk from the discharge of my responsible and arduous duties, and so forth, and so forth. You see? (*N. bows.*) Besides which, I should expect him now and then to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber-duty questions, and finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor of Russia, and bank-notes, and all that kind of thing, which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands 'em. Do you take me?

N. I think I understand.

MR. G. With regard to such questions as are not political, and which one can't be expected to care a screw about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves, — else, where are our privileges? — I should wish my secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches of a patriotic cast. For instance, if any preposterous bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing wretches of authors a right to their own property, I should like to say that I for one would never consent to opposing an insurmountable barrier to the diffusion of literature among the *people*, — you understand? — that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man or one family; but that the creations of the brain, being God's, ought, as a matter of course, to belong to the people at large; and, if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity. It might take with the House, and could never do me any harm, because posterity

can't be expected to know anything about me, or my jokes either. Don't you see?

N. I see *that*, sir.

MR. G. You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected, to put it very strong about the *people*, because it comes out very well at election time; and you could be as funny as you liked about the authors, because, I believe, the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters. This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do, except waiting in the lobby every night, in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming; and now and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about, "You see that gentleman, with his hand to his face and his arm twisted round the pillar? That's Mr. Gregsbury, — the celebrated Mr. Gregsbury," with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment. And for salary — and for salary, I don't mind saying at once, in round numbers, to prevent any dissatisfaction, — though it's more than I have been accustomed to give, — fifteen shillings a week and find yourself. There!

N. Fifteen shillings a week is not much.

MR. G. Not much! — fifteen shillings a week not much, young man! — fifteen shillings a —

N. Pray do not suppose that I quarrel with the sum, for I am not ashamed to confess that, whatever it may be in itself, to me it is a great deal. But the duties and responsibilities make the recompense small, and they are so very heavy that I fear to undertake them.

MR. G. Do you decline to undertake them, sir?

N. I fear they are too great for my powers, however good my will may be.

MR. G. That is as much as to say that you had rather not accept the place, and that you consider fifteen shillings a week too little. (*Ringling bell.*) Do you decline it, sir?

N. I have no alternative but to do so. (*Enter servant.*)

MR. G. Door, Matthews.

N. I am sorry I have troubled you unnecessarily, sir.

MR. G. I am sorry you have. Door, Matthews.

N. Good morning.

MR. G. Door, Matthews.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

MAN. Madam, will you please inform me of the number of inhabitants in this house?

WOMAN. Sir!

MAN. The population in this mansion!

WOMAN. Well, there's eight in the room overhead.

MAN. How many? Eight? Are they adults?

WOMAN. No, they are all Smiths except two boarders.

MAN. Smiths! black or white smiths, madam?

WOMAN. I'd have you to know I don't live in a house with niggers.

MAN. I did n't allude to color, I meant their calling.

WOMAN. O, that's it, is it? Well, if you had been here last night, you'd have found out; for they were calling the watch as loud as they could scream.

MAN. Madam, I merely wish to know how many people you have in this house, and what they do for a living.

WOMAN. Yes, yes, now I understand. Well, let me see; there's the two Mullins, that's one.

MAN. That makes two, madam.

WOMAN. Well, if you know best, count 'em yourself.

MAN. It is my business to inquire, madam.

WOMAN. Well, you'd better attend to it, then, and don't bother me.

MAN. Madam, I am out with the census, and —

WOMAN. Well, you act out of your senses, I should think, to come into my house asking such foolish questions.

MAN. It is in accordance with an act of Congress, madam.

WOMAN. Well, you tell Mr. Congress, or whatever his name is, that he acts very foolish, sending you round axing sich shaller, silly questions.

A PROMPT MESSENGER.

HEARTLY. SOLOMON GUNDY. *Enter SOLOMON GUNDY with a sign-board under his arm.*

HEARTLY. Now, Solomon Gundy, how are they going on in the village?

SOLOMON. The conflagellation has been dreadful, all smother and rubbish. 'Tis the greatest calamity to our village since my father was a schoolmaster.

HEA. Don't get on the old subject now. We'll waive the schoolmaster till we have more leisure.

SOL. *De toot mong cure*, though 't was under him I made all my deficiency in the English tongue, before I went to France and learnt to *parly voo*.

HEA. Well, well, your father has been dead these eleven years.

SOL. Dead as Malbrook. He's *more*, as the French say, which in English means, he is no more. So peace to his remainders!

HEA. Now tell me of the cottagers. Have they suffered much from the fire?

SOL. Most of 'em ruined, and nothing to turn their hands to.

HEA. Poor fellows!

SOL. Ay! all poor indigenous pheasants. Thanks to industry, I've better luck. I snatched the board from over my door, when I was burnt out, and ran off with it under my arm. Here it is. (*Reads.*) "Rats and gentlemen catched and waited on and all other jobs performed by Solomon Gundy." (*Puts the board down.*)

HEA. You have still a livelihood, then, Solomon?

SOL. Edication and travel fit a man for anything, and make him a *jolly garsoon*. You'd hardly think it, but at fourteen years I could read.

HEA. You don't say so.

SOL. Fact, upon my *patrole*; and any sum in arithmetic

that did n't demand subtraction, addition, or multiplication, I looked upon as a *petty kick shose*.

HEA. Why, you are a perfect prodigy of genius.

SOL. I believe I have picked up a little ; and the captain of the cutter, on our coast, that traded in brandy, taking me to Dunkirk for six months, perhaps has given me a *jenny see quaw*, to which the commonality seldom perspire.

HEA. Who was that captain, Solomon ?

SOL. Quite the gentleman, — an *elly gong*, as the French say ; and felt such a sympathy against vulgar custom-house officers, he'd have no dealings with them, so he always smug-gled.

HEA. But I hope no lives are lost amongst our neighbors.

SOL. Not a Christian soul, except the old village Bull and a Porker. Their loss is to be implored, though they were but quadrupeds. But a number of accidents, — Jacob Grull, the hump-backed taxman, jumped out of his cock-loft into the water-tub ; poor reformed creature ! If we had n't heard him bawling "Fire !" he'd have been drowned. And fat Mrs. Doubletun scrambling down a ladder was so hurt that she won't be able to *assayez voo* for a fortnight.

HEA. These calamities are not very serious ; but a number of buildings are doubtless destroyed.

SOL. All down but the house of deception for travellers, and the contagious brick messages beyond it. We worked hard to save 'em, labored like gallypot slaves.

HEA. I will do all in my power to be of service in the general calamity.

SOL. We know that. You are full of *amour proper* for your neighbors, as we say at Dunkirk ; nobody doubts the malevolence of your heart.

HEA. An hour hence I shall be among you in the village.

SOL. An hour ! Then your *amee* who has been overturned will be put out of patience.

HEA. A friend of mine overturned in the village ?

SOL. Plump into the horse-pond, shot from a chaise, out

at elbows, with four posters. Don't be frightened ; he fell too much in the mud to be hurt.

HEA. You're sure he's safe ?

SOL. As his most sanguinary friend could wish.

HEA. What's his name ?

SOL. Can't tell. He's at the Spread Eagle. The carriage broken in twenty *morso's*. I helped to drag it. No coach-maker by, I offered to impair it. The great gentleman was daubed and looked like a hog. No servant with him. I scraped him. He read my board as I was rubbing him down. Wanted to send you a *billy*, — no messenger at hand, — I've brought it. He gave me a guinea : I called him an angel ; he bid me run like a fury. I told him I would ; so I have, and there's the contentions. (*Gives a letter.*)

HEA. (*reading the letter.*)

“DEAR HEARTLY : I have just tumbled into my estate. Let none of the villagers know who I am till I get to my house ; I hate fuss. Don't say I'm a rich man. Come to me at the alehouse.

“JOHN TOONEY.”

I will wait on the gentleman, Solomon, directly.

SOL. That's just what I should like to do myself. Speak a good word to him for me. *Pauvre* Solomon Gundy, just burnt out, kills vermin, and dresses gentlemen. I know he will attend to your imprecations.

HEA. There's no hurry, — he'll stay in the neighborhood some time.

SOL. Will he ? Take a *chateau* perhaps. I am up to everything about a house.

HEA. Well, well, follow me, and we'll see what can be done for you.

SOL. I thank your Honor. I'm very graceful. If I am but burnt into a good place after all, this fire will turn out as fine a *few de joy* of misfortune to me as could possibly be. I'll follow your Honor.

CROSS FIRING.

CORPORAL CARTOUCH, *with musket in hand, amusing himself with going through the manual exercise.* LEZA seated at her work-table.

LEZA. If a girl were to fall in love with you, Corporal, what would you do?

CARTOUCH. Present arms!

LEZA. She would doubtless look to you for —

CAR. Support!

LEZA. And then what a heavy burden you'd have to —

CAR. Carry!

LEZA. Your butcher and baker would have to —

CAR. Charge!

LEZA. Your prospects of course would not —

CAR. Advance!

LEZA. And you'd have to —

CAR. 'Bout face!

LEZA. And never have any —

CAR. Rest!

LEZA. A man of your years is not able to bear such a —

CAR. Load!

LEZA. You are not in your —

CAR. Prime!

LEZA. Your wife may —

CAR. 'Bout!

LEZA. Leave you; but she will soon —

CAR. Return!

LEZA. And then you'd have to bear all on your own —

CAR. Shoulder!

LEZA. Would you be —

CAR. Ready!

LEZA. I think you'd have some other —

CAR. Aim!

LEZA. And you'd throw your love-letters into the —

CAR. Fire! (*Fires his musket.*)

THE WILL.

MR. SWIPES, *a brewer.* MR. CURRIE, *a saddler.* FRANK MILLINGTON.
SQUIRE DRAWL.

SWIPES. A sober occasion this, Brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

CURRIE. Ah! we must all die, Brother Swipes, and those who live longest only bury the most.

SWIPES. True, true; but since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

CURRIE. Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of her testament aloud, and never signed her name better.

SWIPES. Had you any hint from the squire what disposition she made of her property?

CURRIE. Not a whisper; the squire is as close as an underground tomb; but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with a cent.

SWIPES. Has she, good soul! — has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

CURRIE. And I in *my own* right; and this is, no doubt, the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your own beer-barrels. But here comes the young reprobate; he must be present as a matter of course, you know. (*Enter FRANK MILLINGTON.*) Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you at last.

SWIPES. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

FRANK. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

CURRIE. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread —

SWIPES. Ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

CURRIE. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

FRANK. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. (*Going, he meets the SQUIRE.*)

SQUIRE. Stop, stop, young man! We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

CURRIE. I hope the Squire is well to-day.

SQUIRE. Pretty comfortable for an invalid.

SWIPES. I trust the damp air has not affected the Squire's lungs again.

SQUIRE. No, I believe not. You know I never hurry; slow and sure is my maxim. Well, since the heirs-at-law are all convened, I shall proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

SWIPES (*while he is breaking the seal*). It is a trying scene to leave all one's possessions, Squire, in this manner.

CURRIE. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look round and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the Preacher say, "All is vanity."

SQUIRE. Please to be seated, gentlemen. (*All sit. The SQUIRE having put on his spectacles, begins to read in a drawling, nasal tone.*) "*Imprimis*: Whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler" — (*The SQUIRE takes off his spectacles to wipe them.*)

SWIPES (*takes out his handkerchief, and attempts to snivel*). Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

CURRIE. She was always a good friend to me, and she must

have had her senses perfectly, as the Squire says. And now, Brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I shall take the mansion-house.

SWIPES. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it. (*Both rise.*)

CURRIE. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did not I lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? and who knows what influence —

SWIPES. Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small-beer for more than six months? and who knows —

FRANK. Gentlemen, I must leave you. (*Going.*)

SQUIRE (*who has been leisurely wiping his spectacles, again puts them on, and, with his calm, nasal twang, calls out*). Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats; I have not done yet. (*All sit.*) Let me see, — where was I? Ay, — “all my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer” — (*Looking over his spectacles at SWIPES.*)

SWIPES (*eagerly*). Yes!

SQUIRE. “And Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler” — (*Looking over his spectacles at him.*)

CURRIE (*eagerly*). Yes, yes!

SQUIRE. “To have and to hold — IN TRUST — for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained to lawful age, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him.”

SWIPES. What’s all this? You don’t mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!* How does that appear? Where is it?

SQUIRE (*pointing to the parchment*). There, in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

CURRIE. Pretty well, too, Mr. Squire! if we must be sent for to be made a laughing-stock of. She shall pay for every ride she had out of my chaise, I promise you.

SWIPES. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate! But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with.

CURRIE. That will we!

SQUIRE. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago, and the young gentleman must already be of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

FRANK. It is, your worship.

SQUIRE. Then, gentlemen, having attended the breaking of this seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble in the premises.

OBTAINING HELP IN THE COUNTRY.

SCENE, *a parlor, five miles from Newburyport.* BRIDGET *seated in an easy-chair.* Enter the LADY OF THE HOUSE.

BRIDGET (*briskly, without rising*). Good morning, ma'am.

LADY (*standing*). Good morning. Will you tell me your name and errand?

BRID. Sure, Bridget O'Calligan's my name, ma'am; the same that's walked all the way from the city to see ye.

LADY (*kindly*). Tell me how I can serve you, Bridget.

BRID. Indade, ma'am, if you plase, and it's me that's come to say I'm willing to sarve yersilf.

LADY. O yes, I understand; my husband was inquiring in the city for a servant; and you would like the place?

BRID. I'm not so sure but I might, if ye'd make it for me interest to go so far out. It's Margaret Degnan (she that lives with his riverence, Doctor Burleigh) told me you's distrust for help; so I called to see his lady about ye, and she gave ye such a good charac'ter, and ricommended ye so high, that I thought ye'd jist suit me; so I've brought me things (*showing a bundle under her cloak*), and if ye can accommodate me

in respect to the work and the wages, I'll be after stopping with ye.

LADY (*smiling*). How could I accommodate you as to the work ?

BRID. Well, it is n't Bridget O'Calligan would be hard upon so winsome a lady, — ye looks youngish, too, and delikit-like ; but I suppose ye'd be after wanting to do the nicest of yer own cooking.

LADY. I have done so for the last four years.

BRID. (*brightening up*). Sure I was right. Yer house (*glancing around the parlors*) looks nice. I suppose ye'd be after taking charge to kape it clain and in order yersilf, — except the kitchen.

LADY. I have been accustomed to do so.

BRID. Yer husband's the minister, they said ; I suppose it's only yersilf, ma'am, would be able to suit him to his linen.

LADY. You are right again, Bridget ; my husband's linen I never trust to any hands but my own.

BRID. (*delighted*). Sure, ma'am, I'm thinking Mrs. Doctor Burleigh did n't ricommend ye without rason. Have ye any childer ?

LADY. Yes, two boys, six and eight years old.

BRID. And ye would n't be after axin *me* to mind *them* ; ye'd be expectin' to mind yer own boys, of course ?

LADY. Certainly, that is altogether customary.

BRID. Faith, ma'am, I'd like to be living with so kind and hilpful a lady. What's been yer wages, ma'am ?

LADY. Nothing. I have been accustomed to work without wages.

BRID. (*bewildered*). Ma'am ?

LADY. I have done the work of my family unaided for the last four years, and have therefore neither paid nor received wages.

BRID. (*astonished*). Sure, ma'am, are ye after being one of that sort ? Ye don't look like it ; I'd niver a thought of it.

LADY. I *am* precisely that sort, I assure you, Bridget. I

choose to have either the comfort of doing my work myself, or the comfort of having it done for me. You see I should have neither if I employed you. Good morning.

BIRD. Faith, it's the truth ye spake, ma'am. Good day to ye. (*Soliloquizing as she goes.*) Sure, and what should a dacent girl be after leavin' the world to live in the country for, if not for large wages and small work? The saints sind her help; but it's not for the like o' sich the O'Calligans works.

QUARREL OF SAIREY GAMP AND BETSEY PRIG.

SCENE, MRS. GAMP'S apartment. MRS. GAMP arranging the tea-board.

MRS. GAMP. There! Now, Betsey, don't be long! For I can't abear to wait, I do assure you. To wotever place I goes, I sticks to this one mortar, "I'm easy pleased; it is but little as I wants; but I must have that little of the best, and to the minit when the clock strikes, else we do not part as I could wish, but bearin' malice in our 'arts." (*Takes snuff.*) There's the little bell a-ringing now. (*Enter MRS. PRIG.*) My precious Betsey, how late you are!

MRS. PRIG. Well, if perwerse people goes off dead when they is least expected, it a'n't no fault o' mine. And it's quite aggrawation enough to be made late when one is dropping for one's tea, without hearing on it again. (*MRS. GAMP conducts her toward the table.*) I know'd she would'n't have a cowcumber!

MRS. G. (*sinking in a chair*). Lord bless you, Betsey Prig, your words is true. I quite forgot it.

MRS. P. (*with an air of surly triumph, drawing from her pocket a head of lettuce or cabbage, and other vegetables*). There! jest slice them up with plenty of vinegar. (*MRS. GAMP proceeds to do so.*) And don't go a dropping none of your snuff in it. In gruel, barley-water, apple-tea, mutton-broth, and that, it don't signify. It stimulates a patient. But I don't relish it myself.

MRS. G. Why, Betsey Prig! How can you talk so!

MRS. P. Why, a'n't your patients, wotever their diseases is, always a sneezin' their wery heads off, along of your snuff?

MRS. G. And wot if they are?

MRS. P. Nothing if they are. But don't deny it, Sairah.

MRS. G. Who deniges of it? Who deniges of it, Betsey? (Solemnly.) Betsey, who deniges of it?

MRS. P. Nobody, if you don't, Sairah. (*Throwing off bonnet and shawl, and seating herself opposite Mrs. G. at table.*)

MRS. G. (*turning out the tea*). Betsey, I will now propoge a toast. "My frequent pardner, Betsey Prig!"

MRS. P. Which, altering the name to Sairah Gamp, I drink with love and tenderness. — Now, Sairah, joining business with pleasure, wot is the case in which you wants me? Is it Mrs. Harris?

MRS. G. No, Betsey Prig, it a'n't.

MRS. P. Well! I'm glad of that, at any rate.

MRS. G. (*warmly*). Why should you be glad of that, Betsey? She is unbeknown to you except by hearsay; why should you be glad? If you have anythink to say contrairy to the character of Mrs. Harris, which well I knows behind her back, afore her face, or anywheres, is not to be impeaged, out with it, Betsey. I have never know'd as you had occasion to be glad, on accounts of Mrs. Harris not requiring you. Require she never will, depend upon it, for her constant words in sickness is, and will be, "Send for Sairey!"

MRS. P. (*helping herself from the teapot*). Well, it a'n't her, it seems; who is it then?

MRS. G. You have heerd me mention, Betsey, a person as I took care on at the time as you and me was pardners off and on, in that there fever at the Bull?

MRS. P. Old Snuffey.

MRS. G. Chuffey. Mr. Chuffey, Betsey, is weak in his mind. Excuse me if I makes remark, that he may neither be so weak as people thinks, nor people may not think he is so weak as he pretends, and what I knows, I knows; and what you don't, you don't; so do not ask me, Betsey. But Mr. Chuffey's friends has made propojals for his bein' took

care on, and has said to me, "Mrs. Gamp, *will* you undertake it? We could n't think," they says, "of trustin' him to nobody but you, Sairey, you are gold as has passed the furnace. Will you undertake it, at your own price, day and night, and by your own self?" "No," I says, "I will not. Do not reckon on it. There is," I says, "but one creetur in the world as I would undertake on sech terms, and her name is Harris. But," I says, "I am acquainted with a friend, whose name is Betsey Prig, that I can recommend, and will assist me. Betsey," I says, "is always to be trusted under me, and will be guided as I could desire." — Mrs. Harris, Betsey —

MRS. P. Bother Mrs. Harris! (*Folding her arms and shutting one eye.*) I don't believe there's no sich a person! (*Snapping her fingers three times; then rising to put on her bonnet and shawl.*)

MRS. G. (*rising*). What! you bage creetur, have I know'd Mrs. Harris five-and-thirty year, to be told at last that there an't no sech a person livin'! Have I stood her friend in all her troubles, great and small, for it to come to sech an end as this, which her own sweet picter hanging up afore you all the time to shame your Bragian words! But well you may n't believe there's no sech a creetur, for she would n't demean herself to look at you, and often has she said, when I have made mention of your name, which, to my sinful sorrow, I have done, "What, Sairey Gamp! debage yourself to *her*!" Go along with you!

MRS. P. (*stopping*). I'm a goin', ma'am, a'n't I?

MRS. G. You had better, ma'am.

MRS. P. Do you know who you're talkin' to, ma'am?

MRS. G. Aperiently (*surveying her with scorn from head to foot*) to Betsey Prig. Aperiently so. I know her. No one better. Go along with you!

MRS. P. And *you* was a-going to take me under you! (*Surveying Mrs. G. from head to foot in her turn.*) *You* was, was you? O, how kind! Why! deuce take your imperence (*ferociously*), what do you mean?

MRS. G. Go along with you! I blush for you.

MRS. P. You had better blush a little for yourself, while

you *are* about it! You and your Chuffeys! What, the poor creetur is n't mad enough, is n't he? Aha!

Mrs. G. He'd very soon be mad enough if you had anythink to do with him.

Mrs. P. (*triumphantly*). And that's what I was wanted for, is it? Yes. But you'll find yourself deceived. I won't go near him. We shall see how you get on without me. I won't have nothink to do with him.

Mrs. G. You never spoke a truer word than that! Go along with you!

Mrs. P. (*accidentally upsetting a chair as she goes out, grumbling to herself*.) Under Sairah Gamp, — imperent creetur, — nothing to do with that Chuffey.

Mrs. G. (*alone*). If my eyes don't deceive, wot I have took from Betsey Prig this blessed night no mortal creetur knows! If she had abuged me, bein' in liquor, which I thought I smelt her wen she come, but could not so believe, not bein' used myself, I could have borne it with a thankful 'art. But the words she spoke of Mrs. Harris, lambs could not forgive. No, Betsey (*with emotion*), nor worms forget. — O Betsey Prig! but never shall you darken Sairey's doors again, you twining serpiant!

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

MR. WELLER, SENIOR ; SAM WELLER ; SERVANT.

SCENE, *the parlor of the Blue Boar Hotel*. SAM WELLER, *writing at a table, reclining his head on his left arm, and, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, forming with his tongue the imaginary characters to correspond.*

MR. WELLER, SENIOR (*entering*). Vell, Sammy.
SAM. Vell, my Prooshan Blue.

MR. W. Wot's that you 're a-doin' of; pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, eh, Sammy? (*Untying his shawl.*)

SAM. I've done now (*with slight embarrassment*). I've been a-writin'.

MR. W. So I see. Not to any young 'ooman I hope, Sammy.

SAM. Why, it's no use a-sayin' it a'n't. It's a valentine.

MR. W. A what? (*Horror-stricken.*)

SAM. A valentine.

MR. W. Samivel, Samivel, I did n't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actually seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I did n't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy; I did n't think you'd ha' done it!

SAM. Wot's the matter now?

MR. W. Nev'r mind, Sammy; it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked, wen the farmer said he was afeer'd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market.

SAM. Wot'll be a trial?

MR. W. To see you married, Sammy; to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital. It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy.

SAM. Nonsense. I a'n't a-goin' to get married, don't fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge o' these things. Fill your pipe, and I'll read you the letter, — there!

MR. W. (*filling his pipe*). Fire away!

SAM (*dipping his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, begins with a very theatrical air*). "Lovely" —

MR. W. Stop. (*Rings the bell. A servant appears.*) Bring me a match. (*Servant returns with one. MR. W. lights his pipe.*) Go on, Sammy.

SAM. "Lovely creetur."

MR. W. 'T a'n't in poetry, is it?

SAM. No, no.

MR. W. Wery glad to hear it. Poetry 's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin ag'in, Sammy.

SAM. "Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed" —

MR. W. That a'n't proper. (*Taking his pipe from his mouth.*)

SAM. No, it a'n't "dammed" (*holding the letter up to the light*), it 's "shamed"; there 's a blot there. "I feel myself ashamed."

MR. W. Wery good. Go on.

SAM. "Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir" — I forget what this here word is. (*Scratching his head with his pen.*)

MR. W. Why don't you look at it, then?

SAM. So I *am* a-lookin' at it, but there 's another blot. Here 's a c, and a i, and a d.

MR. W. Circumwented, p'raps.

SAM. No, it a'n't that; circumscribed; that 's it.

MR. W. (*gravely*). That a'n't as good a word as "circumwented," Sammy.

SAM. Think not?

MR. W. Nothin' like it.

SAM. But don't you think it means more?

MR. W. Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word. Go on, Sammy.

SAM. "Feel ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal, and nothin' but it."

MR. W. That 's a wery pretty sentiment. (*Removing his pipe.*)

SAM. Yes, I think it is rayther good.

MR. W. Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin' is, that there a'n't no callin' names in it, — no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot 's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?

SAM. Ah! what, indeed?

MR. W. You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals.

SAM. Just as well.

MR. W. Drive on, Sammy.

SAM. "Afore I see you I thought all women was alike."

MR. W. So they are.

SAM. "But now, now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been ; for there a'n't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothin' at all." — I thought it best to make that rayther strong. (*Looking up. MR. WELLER nods approvingly.*) "So I take the priviledge of the day, Mary, my dear, — as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday, — to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my 'art in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by a profeel macheen (wich p'r'aps you may have heered on, Mary my dear) altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put a frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter."

MR. W. (*dubiously*). I am afeered that werges on the poetical, Sammy.

SAM. No, it don't. "Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I 've said. — My dear Mary, I will now conclude." That 's all.

MR. W. That 's rayther a sudden pull up, a'n't it, Sammy ?

SAM. Not a bit on it ; she 'll vish there wos more, and that 's the great art o' letter-writin'.

MR. W. Well, there 's somethin' in that ; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle ! A'n't you a-goin' to sign it ?

SAM. That 's the difficulty. I don't know what to sign it.

MR. W. Sign it "Veller."

SAM. Won't do. Never sign a walentine with your own name.

MR. W. Sign it "Pickvick," then ; it 's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell.

SAM. The wery thing. I *could* end with a werse ; what do you think ?

MR. W. I don't like it, Sam. I never know'd a respectable

coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' worses the night afore he wos hung for highway robbery ; and *he* was only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule.

SAM. I'll just wentur' a wery short one. (*Reads as he signs.*)

"Your love-sick
PICKWICK."

There ! I had it sup'scribed afore you come. (*Reads.*) "Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkins's Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk." I'll take it right down to the Gen'ral Post.

MR. W. All right, Sammy.

SCENE FROM "THE SPANISH GYPSY."

SCENE, a tavern court in *Bedmar, Spain*. Present, the HOST ; JUAN, a minstrel or troubadour ; and BLASCO, a silversmith. Enter LOPEZ, a soldier.

LOPEZ. At your service, sirs.

JUAN. Ha, Lopez ? Why, thou hast a face full-charged As any herald's. What news of the wars ?

LOPEZ. Such news as is most bitter on my tongue.

JUAN. Then spit it forth.

HOST. Sit, captain ; here's a cup
Fresh-filled. What news ?

LOPEZ. 'T is bad. We make no sally.
We sit still here, and wait whate'er the Moor
Shall please to do.

HOST. Some townsmen will be glad.

LOPEZ. Glad, will they be ? But I'm not glad, not I,
Nor any Spanish soldier of clean blood.
But the Duke's wisdom is to wait a siege,
Instead of laying one. Therefore — meantime —
He will be married straightway.

HOST. Ha, ha, ha !
Thy speech is like an hour-glass ; turn it down

The other way, 't will stand as well, and say
 The Duke will wed, therefore he waits a siege.
 But what say Don Diego and the Prior?
 The holy uncle and the fiery Don?

LOPEZ. O, there be sayings running all abroad,
 As thick as nuts o'erturned. No man need lack.
 Some say 't was letters changed the Duke's intent :
 From Malaga, says Blas. From Rome, says Quintin.
 From spies at Guadix, says Sebastian.
 Some say 't is all a pretext, — say the Duke
 Is but a lapdog hanging on a skirt,
 Turning his eyeballs upward like a monk :
 'T was Don Diego said that, — so says Blas ;
 Last week, he said —

JUAN. O, do without the "said" !
 Open thy mouth and pause in lieu of it.
 I had as lief be pelted with a pea
 Irregularly in the self-same spot,
 As hear such iteration without rule,
 Such torture of uncertain certainty.

LOPEZ. Santiago ! Juan, thou art hard to please.
 I speak not for my own delighting, I.
 I can be silent, I.

BLASCO. Nay, sir, speak on !
 I like your matter well. I deal in plate.
 This wedding touches me. Who is the bride ?

LOPEZ. One that some day the Duke does ill to wed.
 A bird picked up away from any nest.
 Her name, whoever gave it, is Fedalma.
 No harm in that. But the Duke stoops, they say,
 In wedding her. And that 's the simple truth.

JUAN. Thy simple truth is but a false opinion.
 Fie, Lopez ; thou, a Spaniard with a sword,
 Dreamest a Spanish noble ever stoops
 By doing honor to the maid he loves !
 He stoops alone when he dishonors her.

LOPEZ. Nay, I said naught against her.

JUAN.

Better not.

Else I would challenge thee to fight with wits,
And spear thee through and through ere thou couldst draw
The bluntest word. Yes, yes ; consult thy spurs.
Spurs are a sign of knighthood, and should tell thee
That knightly love is blent with reverence,
As heavenly air is blent with heavenly blue.
Don Silva's heart beats to a chivalric tune.
He wills no highest-born Castilian dame,
Betrothed to highest noble, should be held
More sacred than Fedalma. He enshrines
Her virgin image for the general worship
And for his own, — will guard her from the world,
Nay, his profaner self, lest he should lose
The place of his religion. He does well.
Naught can come closer to the poet's strain.

HOST. Or further from their practice, Juan, eh ?
If thou art a specimen ?

JUAN.

Wrong, my Lorenzo !

Touching Fedalma, the poor poet plays
A finer part even than the noble Duke.

LOPEZ. By making ditties, singing with round mouth
Likest a crowing cock ? Thou meanest that ?

JUAN. Lopez, take physie, thou art getting ill,
Growing descriptive ; 't is unnatural.

I mean, Don Silva's love expects reward,
Kneels with a heaven to come ; but the poor poet
Worships without reward, nor hopes to find
A heaven, save in his worship. He adores
The sweetest woman for her sweetness' sake,
Joys in the love that was not born for him,
Because 't is lovingness ; as beggars joy,
Warming their naked limbs on wayside walls,
To hear a tale of princes and their glory.
There 's a poor poet (poor, I mean, in coin)
Worships Fedalma with so true a love,
That if her silken robe were changed for rags,

And she were driven out to stony wilds,
 Barefoot, a scornéd wanderer, he would kiss
 Her ragged garment's edge, and only ask
 For leave to be her slave. Digest that, friend,
 Or let it lie upon thee as a weight
 To check light thinking of Fedalma.

LOPEZ.

I ?

I think no harm of her ; I thank the saints
 I wear a sword, and peddle not in thinking.
 'T is Father Marcos says she 'll not confess
 And loves not holy water ; says her blood
 Is infidel ; says the Duke's wedding her
 Is union of light with darkness.

JUAN (*striking a chord*).

Tush !

LOPEZ.

If that 's a hint

The company should ask thee for a song,
 Sing, then !

Host. Ay, Juan, sing, and jar no more.

WAITING FOR AN INTERVIEW.

FUSTIAN ; DAGGERWOOD ; SERVANT.

FUSTIAN *sitting in one chair*, DAGGERWOOD *asleep in another*. *The clock strikes eleven.*

FUSTIAN. Eight, nine, ten, eleven? Zounds! eleven o'clock, and here I have been waiting ever since nine for an interview with the manager. (SERVANT *crosses*.) Hark ye, young man, is your master visible yet?

SERVANT. Sir?

FUS. I say, can I see your master?

SERV. He has two gentlemen with him at present, sir.

FUS. Ay, the old answer. Who is this asleep here in the chair?

SERV. O, that, sir, is a gentleman who wants to come out.

FUS. Come out! then wake him, and open the door. Gad! the greatest difficulty in this house is to get in.

SERV. Ha, ha! I mean he wants to appear on the stage, sir; 't is Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood, of the Dunstable company.

FUS. Oho! a country candidate for a London truncheon, a nursling Prince of Denmark; he snores like a tinker; fatigued with his journey, I suppose.

SERV. No, sir. He has taken a nap in this room for these five mornings, but has not been able to obtain an audience here yet.

FUS. No, nor at Dunstable, neither, I take it.

SERV. I am so loath to disturb him, poor gentleman, that I never wake him till a full half-hour after my master is gone out.

FUS. Upon my honor, that's very obliging! I must keep watch here, I find, like a lynx. Well, friend, you'll let your master know Mr. Fustian is here, when the two gentlemen have left him at leisure.

SERV. The moment they make their exit. [Exit.]

FUS. Make their exit! This fellow must have lived here some time, by his language, and, I'll warrant him, lies by rote like a parrot. (*Sits down and pulls out a manuscript.*) If I could nail this manager for a minute, I'd read him such a tragedy.

DAGGERWOOD (*dreaming*). "Nay, and thou 'lt mouth, — I'll rant as well as thou."

FUS. Eh! he's talking in his sleep! Acting Hamlet before twelve tallow candles in the country.

DAG. "To be, or not to be," —

FUS. Yes, he's at it. — Let me see. (*Turning over the leaves of his play.*) I think there's no doubt of its running.

DAG. (*dreaming*). "That's the question," — "who would fardels bear," —

FUS. Zounds! There's no bearing you! — His grace's patronage will fill half the boxes, and I'll warrant we'll stuff the critics in the pit.

DAG. (*dreaming*). "To groan and sweat
When he himself might his quietus make."

FUS. Quietus! I wish with all my heart I could make yours. — The Countess of Crambo insists on the best places for the first night of performance. She'll sit in the stage box.

DAG. (*still dreaming*). "With a bare bodkin!"

FUS. O the deuce! there's no enduring this! Sir, sir, do you intend to sleep any more?

DAG. (*waking*). Eh! what? when? "Methought I heard a voice say, Sleep no more!"

FUS. Faith, sir, you have heard something very like it. That voice was mine.

DAG. Sir, I am your servant to command, Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the 11th of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction. You'd make an excellent Macbeth, sir.

FUS. Sir!

DAG. "Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course," — nay, and sometimes her first course, too; when a dinner is unavoidably deferred by your humble servant, Sylvester Daggerwood.

FUS. I am sorry, sir, you should ever have occasion to postpone so pleasant a performance.

DAG. Eating, sir, is a most popular entertainment for man and horse, as I may say; but I am apt to appear nice, sir, — and somehow or other, I never could manage to sit down to dinner in bad company.

FUS. Has your company been bad, then, of late, sir?

DAG. Very bad indeed, sir, — the Dunstable company, where I have eight shillings a week, four bits of candle, one wife, three shirts, and nine children.

FUS. A very numerous family.

DAG. A crowded house to be sure, sir; but not very profitable. Mrs. Daggerwood, a fine figure, but unfortunately, stutters, so of no use in the theatrical line; children too

young to make a *début*, except my eldest, Master Apollo Daggerwood, a youth only eight years old, who has twice made his appearance in Tom Thumb, to an overflowing and brilliant barn—house, I mean, with unbounded applause.

FUS. Have you been long on the stage, Mr. Daggerwood?

DAG. Fifteen years since I first smelt the lamp, sir; my father was an eminent button-maker at Birmingham, and meant me to marry Miss Molly Mop, daughter to a rich director of coal-works at Wolverhampton; but I had a soul above buttons, and abhorred the idea of a mercenary marriage. I panted for a liberal profession; so ran away from my father, and engaged with a travelling company of comedians. In my travels I had soon the happiness of forming a romantic attachment with the present Mrs. Daggerwood, wife to Sylvester Daggerwood, your humble servant to command, whose benefit is fixed for the 11th of June, by desire of several persons of distinction; so you see, sir, I have a taste.

FUS. Have you? then sit down and I'll read you my tragedy; I'm determined some one shall hear it before I go out of this house. (*Sits down.*)

DAG. A tragedy; sir, I'll be ready for you in a moment; let me prepare for woe. (*Takes out a very ragged pocket-handkerchief.*) "This handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give."

FUS. Faith, I should think so; and to all appearance one of the Norwood party.

DAG. Now, sir, for your title, and then for the *dramatis personæ*.

FUS. The title, I think, will strike; the fashion of plays, you know, is to do away with old prejudices, and to rescue certain characters from the illiberal odium with which custom has marked them. Thus we have a generous Israelite, an amiable cynic, and so on. Now, sir, I call my play "The Humane Footpad."

DAG. What?

FUS. There's a title for you! Is n't it happy? Eh! how do you like my "Footpad"?

DAG. Humph! I think he'll strike, — but then he ought to be properly executed.

FUS. O, sir, let me alone for that. An exception to a general rule is the grand secret of dramatic composition. Mine is a freebooter of benevolence, and plunders with sentiment.

DAG. There may be something in that, and for my part, I was always with Shakespeare, — "Who steals my purse, steals trash." I never had any weighty reasons for thinking otherwise. Now, sir, as we say, please to "leave off your horrible faces, and begin."

FUS. My horrible faces!

DAG. Come, "we'll to't like French falconers."

FUS. (*reading*). Scene first. — A dark wood, — night.

DAG. A very awful beginning.

FUS. (*reading*). The moon behind a cloud.

DAG. That's new. An audience never saw a moon behind a cloud before, — but it will be very hard to paint.

FUS. Don't interrupt. Where was I? O, behind a cloud.

DAG. "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces," —

FUS. Hey, the deuce! what are you at?

DAG. Beg pardon; but that speech never comes into my head but it runs away with me. Proceed.

FUS. (*reading*). Enter —

DAG. "The solemn temples," —

FUS. Nay, then, I've done.

DAG. So have I. I'm dumb.

FUS. (*reading*). Enter Egbert, musing.

DAG. O. P.?

FUS. Pshaw! what does that signify?

DAG. Not much, — "the great globe itself."

FUS. (*reading*). Egbert, musing; "Clouded in night I come" —

DAG. (*starting up*). "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself," &c., &c.

FUS. (*gets up*). He's mad! a bedlamite! raves like a Lear, and foams out a folio of Shakespeare without drawing breath. I'm almost afraid to stop in the room with him. (*Enter SERVANT.*) Oh! I'm glad you've come, friend, now I shall be delivered. Your master would be glad to see me, I warrant.

SERVANT. My master is just gone out, sir.

FUS. Gone out!

DAG. "O, day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"

FUS. What! without seeing me, who have been waiting for him these three hours?

DAG. Three hours! Pugh! I've slept here these five mornings, in this old arm-chair.

FUS. Pretty treatment! Pretty treatment, truly! To be kept here half the morning, kicking my heels in a manager's anteroom, shut up with a mad Dunstable actor.

DAG. Mad! Zounds, sir! I'd have you to know that, "when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw."

FUS. Tell your master, friend, — tell your master — But no matter; he don't catch me here again, that's all. I'll go home, turn my play into a pageant, put a triumphal procession at the end on't, and bring it out at one of the winter theatres. [Exit.]

DAG. Young man, you know me. I shall come to my old chair again to-morrow, but must go to Dunstable the day after, for a week, to finish my engagement. Wish for an interview, — inclination to tread the London boards, and so on. You remember my name, — Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the 11th of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction.

SERV. I shall be sure to tell him, sir.

DAG.

"I find thee apt;

And duller wouldst thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself at ease on Lethe wharf,

Wouldst thou not stir in this." Open the street door.

"Go on! I'll follow thee."

PAUL PRY AT DOUBLEDOT'S.

DOUBLEDOT, *innkeeper*; SIMON, *servant of COLONEL HARDY*;
PAUL PRY.

SIMON. Ha! here comes Mr. Paul Pry.

DOUBLEDOT. Plague take Mr. Paul Pry! He is one of those idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment, are perpetually interfering in other people's affairs.

SIMON. Ay, and he's inquisitive into all matters, great or small.

DOUB. Inquisitive! Why, he makes no scruple to question you respecting your most private concerns. Then he will weary you to death with a long story about the loss of a sleeve-button, or some such idle matter; and so he passes his days, "dropping in," as he calls it, from house to house, at the most unreasonable times, to the annoyance of every family in the village. But I'll soon get rid of him.

Enter PRY.

PRY. Ha! how d'ye do, Mr. Doubledot? Just dropped in,—I hope I don't intrude.

DOUB. Very busy,—very busy indeed, Mr. Pry, and have scarcely time to say, "Pretty well, thank you."

PRY. Ha! Simon, you here! Rather early in the morning to be in a public house,—sent here with a message from your master, perhaps. I say, Simon, whenever a wedding takes place, I suppose your master will put you all into new liveries, eh?

SIMON. Can't say, sir.

PRY. Well, I think he might. Between ourselves, Simon, it won't be long before you want 'em, eh?

SIMON. That's master's business, sir, and neither yours nor mine.

PRY. Mr. Simon, behave yourself, or I shall complain of you to the Colonel. Apropos, Simon, that's an uncommon fine leg of mutton the butcher has just sent to your house. It weighs thirteen pounds five ounces.

DOUB. And how do you know that?

PRY. I asked the butcher. I say, Simon, is it for roasting or boiling?

SIMON. Half and half, with the chill taken off. There's your answer. *[Exit.]*

PRY. That's an uncommon ill-behaved servant. Well, since you say you are busy, I won't interrupt you; only, as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop in.

DOUB. Then now you may drop out again. The London coach will be in presently, and —

PRY. No passengers by it to-day, for I have been to the hill to look for it.

DOUB. Did you expect any one by it, that you were so anxious?

PRY. No; but I make it my business to see the coach come in every day. I can't bear to be idle.

DOUB. Useful occupation, truly.

PRY. Always see it go out; have done it these ten years.

DOUB. Tiresome blockhead! Well, good morning to you.

PRY. Good morning, Mr. Doubledot; you don't appear to be very full here.

DOUB. No, no.

PRY. Ha! you are at a heavy rent. I've often thought of that. No supporting such an establishment without a deal of custom. If it's not an impertinent question, don't you find it rather a hard matter to make both ends meet when Christmas comes?

DOUB. If it is n't asking an impertinent question, what's that to you?

PRY. O, nothing, only some folks have the luck of it. They have just taken in a nobleman's family at the Green Dragon.

DOUB. What's that? A nobleman at the Green Dragon?

PRY. Travelling carriage and four. Three servants on the dickey and an outrider, all in blue liveries. They dine and stop all night. A pretty bill there will be to-morrow, for the servants are not on board wages.

DOUB. Plague take the Green Dragon! How did you discover that they are not on board wages?

PRY. I was curious to know, and asked one of them. You know I never miss anything for want of asking. 'Tis no fault of mine the nabob is not here.

DOUB. Why, what had you to do with it?

PRY. You know I never forget my friends. I stopped the carriage as it was coming down hill — stopped it dead — and said that if his lordship — I took him for a lord at first — that if his lordship intended to make any stay, he could n't do better than go to Doubledot's.

DOUB. Well!

PRY. Well, — would you believe it? — out pops a saffron-colored face from the carriage window, and says, "You're an impudent rascal for stopping my carriage, and I'll not go there if another inn is to be found within ten miles of it."

DOUB. There! that comes of your confounded meddling. If you had not interfered, I should have stood an equal chance with the Green Dragon.

PRY. I'm very sorry, but I did it for the best.

DOUB. Did it for the best, indeed! Meddlesome fellow! By your officious attempts to serve, you do more mischief in the neighborhood than the exciseman, the apothecary, and the attorney all together.

PRY. Well, there's gratitude! Now, really, I must go. Good morning. May I be hanged if ever I do an act of kindness again!

DOUB. I've got rid of him at last, thank Heaven! (*He returns.*) Well, what now?

PRY. I've dropped one of my gloves, — nay, that's very odd; here it is in my hand all the time.

DOUB. Get out of my house!

PRY. Come, that's civil! Eh! there's the postman! I wonder whether the Parkinses have got letters again to-day! They have had letters every day this week, and I can't for the life of me think what they can — Apropos, talking of letters, here's one I took from him last week, for the

Colonel's daughter, and I have always forgotten to give it to her. I dare say it is not of much importance. (*Peeping into it.*) "*Likely — unexpected — affectionate.*" I can't make it out. No matter, I'll contrive to take it to the house. By the by, though, I've a deal to do to-day, — buy an ounce of snuff; fetch my umbrella, which I left to be mended; drop in at old Mr. Witherton's, and ask him how his tooth is. I have often thought that if that tooth was mine, I'd have it out. [*Exit.*]

THE DOGE'S SENTENCE.

SCENE, *the Hall of Council, Venice.* Enter DOGE as prisoner.

CHIEF SENATOR. Doge, — for such still you are, and by the law
Must be considered, — we have laid already
Before you in your chamber, at full length,
The proofs against you. What have you to say
In your defence?

DOGE. What shall I say to ye,
Since my defence must be your condemnation?
You are at once offenders and accusers,
Judges and executioners! Proceed
Upon your power.

C. SEN. You decline to plead then?

DOGE. I cannot plead to my inferiors, nor
Can recognize your legal power to try me.
Show me the law!

C. SEN. On great emergencies
The law must be remodelled or amended.
Your sin hath made us make a law 'gainst such
As would with treason mount to tyranny;
Not even contented with a sceptre, till
They can convert it to a two-edged sword!
Was not the place of Doge sufficient for ye?
What's nobler than the seigniory of Venice?

DOGE. The signiory of Venice! You betrayed me!
You, — you who sit there, — traitors as ye are!
You drew me from my honorable toils
In distant lands, on flood, in field, in cities;
You singled me out, like a victim, to
Stand crowned, but bound and helpless, at the altar,
Where you alone could minister. I knew not,
Sought not, wished not, dreamed not the election,
Which reached me first at Rome; and I obeyed;
But found, on my arrival, that, besides
The jealous vigilance which always led you
To mock and mar your sovereign's best intents,
You had, even in the interregnum of
My journey to the capital, curtailed
And mutilated the few privileges
Yet left the duke. All this I bore, and would
Have borne, had not my very hearth been stained
By the pollution of your ribaldry,
And he, the ribald, whom I see amongst you, —
Fit judge in such tribunal!

C. SEN. And can it be that the great Doge of Venice
With three parts of a century of years
And honors on his head, could thus allow
His fury, like an angry boy's, to master
All feeling, wisdom, faith, and fear, on such
A provocation as a young man's petulance?

DOGE. A spark creates the flame; 't is the last drop
Which makes the cup run o'er, — and mine was full
Already. You oppressed the prince and people;
I would have freed both, — and have failed. Pause not.
I would have shown no mercy, and I seek none.

C. SEN. You do confess, then, and admit the justice
Of our tribunal?

DOGE. I confess to have failed.

C. SEN. You do not, then, in aught arraign our equity?

DOGE. Noble Venetians, stir me not with questions.
I shall but answer that which will offend you,

And please your enemies, — a host already.
 'T is true, these sullen walls should yield no echo ;
 But walls have ears, — nay, more, they have tongues, — and if
 There were no other way for truth to overleap them,
 You who condemn me, — you who fear and slay me, —
 Yet could not bear in silence to your graves
 What you would hear from me of good or evil.
 The secret were too mighty for your souls !
 Then let it sleep in mine, unless you court
 A danger which would double that you escape.
 Such my defence would be, had I full scope
 To make it famous ; for *true words* are *things* ;
 And dying men's are things which long outlive,
 And oftentimes avenge them.
 Let me die calmly. You may grant me this ! —
 I deny nothing, — defend nothing, — nothing
 I ask of you but silence for myself,
 And sentence from the court !

C. SEN. Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice,
 Count of Val di Marino, senator,
 And sometime general of the fleet and army, —
 Noble Venetian, many times and oft
 Intrusted by the state with high employments,
 Even to the highest, — listen to the sentence !
 Convict by many witnesses and proofs,
 And by thine own confession, of the guilt
 Of treachery and treason, yet unheard of
 Until this trial, — the decree is death !
 The place wherein, as Doge, thou shouldst be painted,
 With thine illustrious predecessors, is
 To be left vacant, with a death-black veil
 Flung over these dim words engraved beneath, —
 " This place is of Marino Faliero,
 Decapitated for his crimes."

DOGE. What crimes ?
 Were it not better to record the facts,
 So that the contemplator might approve,

Or at least learn whence the crimes arose ?
 When the beholder knows a Doge conspired,
 Let him be told the cause, — it is your history.

C. SEN. Time must reply to that. Our sons will judge
 Their fathers' judgment, which I now pronounce.
 As Doge, clad in the ducal robes and cap,
 Thou shalt be led hence to the Giants' Staircase,
 Where thou and all our princes are invested ;
 And there, the ducal crown being first resumed,
 Upon the spot where it was first assumed,
 Thy head shall be struck off ; and Heaven have mercy
 Upon thy soul !

DOGE. Is this the sentence ?

C. SEN. It is.

DOGE. I can endure it. And the time ?

C. SEN. Must be immediate. Make thy peace with God, —
 Within an hour thou must be in His presence !

DOGE. I am there already ; and my blood will rise
 Before the souls of those who shed it !

THE RIVAL ORATORS.

THOMAS TROTTER, *a large boy, with a big voice, and* SAMUEL SLY, *a small boy, whose vocal organ is pitched on a high key.*

SCENE, *the platform of a School-room.*

THOMAS *enters and makes his bow to the audience, followed by SAMUEL, who goes through the same ceremony a little in his rear.*

TOM (*turning partially round*). What do you want here ?

SAM. I want to speak my piece, to be sure.

T. Well, you will please to wait until *I* get through ; it's my turn now.

S. No, it is n't your turn, either, my learned friend ; excuse me for contradicting, but if I don't stand up for my rights, nobody else will. My turn came before that fellow's

who said "his voice was still for war"; but I could n't think how my speech began then, and he got the start of me.

T. Very well; if you were not ready when your turn came, that's your fault, and not mine. Go to your seat, and don't bother me any more.

S. Well, that's cool, I declare, — as cool as a load of ice in February. Can't you ask some other favor, Mr. Trotter?

T. Yes; hold your tongue.

S. Can't do that; I'm bound to get off my speech first. You see it's running over like a bottle of beer, and I can't keep it in. So here goes:—

"My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds —"

T. (*interrupting him, commences his piece in a loud tone*). "Friends, Romans, countrymen!"

S. Greeks, Irishmen, and fellow-sojers!

T. "Lend me your ears."

S. Don't you do it; he's got ears enough of his own.

T. "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

S. (*mimicking his gestures*). I come to speak my piece, and I'll do it, Cæsar or no Cæsar. "My name is Norval —"

T. (*advancing towards him in a threatening attitude*). Sam Sly, if you don't stop your fooling I'll put you off the stage.

S. (*retreating*). Don't, don't you touch me, Tom; you'll joggle my piece all out of me again.

T. Well, then, keep still until I get through. (*Turns to the audience.*)

"Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

S. I say, Tommy, what are you bl-a-a-r-ting about; have you lost your calf?

T. "The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones.

So let it be with Cæsar."

He is again brought to a stand by SAM, who is standing behind him, mimicking his gestures in a ludicrous manner.

Now, Sam, I tell you to stop your monkey shines; if you don't, I'll make you!

S. You stop spouting about Cæsar, then, and let me have my say. You need n't think you can cheat me out of my rights because you wear higher-heeled shoes than I do.

T. I can tell you one thing, sir, — nothing but your size saves you from a good flogging.

S. Well, that is a queer coincidence, for I can tell you that nothing but *your* size saves *you* from a good dose of Solomon's panacea. (*To the audience.*) I don't know what can be done with such a long-legged fellow, — he's too big to be whipped, and he is n't big enough to behave himself. Now, all keep still, and let me begin again: "My name is Norval —"

T. "I come to bury Cæsar —"

S. I thought you'd buried him once, good deeds, bones, and all; how many more times are you going to do it?

T. Sam, I'm a peaceable fellow; but if you go much further I won't be responsible for the consequences.

S. I'm for *piece*, too, but it's *my* piece, and not your long rigmarole about Cæsar, that I go in for. As I said before, "My name is —"

T. "The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it."

S. (*in a low whisper*). I say, Tom, did you know you had got a hole in your unwhisperables?

T. "Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man —
So are they all, all honorable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral."

S. This is n't Cæsar's funeral, — it's the exhibition of the Spankertown Academy, and it's my turn to officiate, so get out with Cæsar. — "My name is Nor —"

T. "He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man."

S. Brutus be hanged; who cares for what he said? Come,

you've sputtered enough; now give me a chance to say something. "My name is —"

T. Come, Sammy, *don't* interrupt me again, that's a clever fellow. Let me finish my piece, and then you shall have the whole platform to yourself.

S. You're very kind, Mr. Trotter, — altogether too kind! Your generosity reminds me of an Irish gentleman, who could n't live peaceably with his wife, and so they agreed to divide the house between them. "Biddy," says he, "ye'll jist be afther taking the outside of the house, and I'll kape the inside."

T. (*to the audience*). Ladies and gentlemen, you see it is useless for me to attempt to proceed, and I trust you will excuse me from performing my part. (*Bows, and withdraws.*)

S. Yes, I hope you will excuse him, ladies and gentlemen. The fact is, he means well enough; but, between you and me, he does n't know a wheelwright from a right wheel. I'm sorry to say his education has been sadly neglected, as you all perceive. He has n't enjoyed the advantages that I have for learning good manners. And, then, did you ever hear such a ridiculous spouter! He might make a very decent town-crier, or auctioneer, or something of that sort, — but to think of Tommy Trotter pretending to be an orator, and delivering a funeral oration over Cæsar! O my! it's enough to make a cat laugh! And now, ladies and gentlemen, as the interruption has ceased, I will proceed with my part: —

"My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks —"

And — and — and — (*Aside to a boy near him.*) What is it? (*To the audience.*) — "feeds his flocks," — and — and — and — There! I'm stuck a'ready! Just as I expected; that lubber that came to bury Cæsar has bullied all the ideas out of my head! (*Beats an inglorious retreat, scratching his head.*)

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD;

OR, THE WICKED WOLF AND THE WIRTUOUS WOOD-CUTTER.

*JACK, the woodcutter, who rescues Red Riding-Hood from the Wolf, quite by aze-y-dent.**THE WOLF, a wicked wretch, who pays his devours to Little Red Riding-hood, but is defeated by his rival.**DAME MARGERY, mother of Little Red Riding-Hood, a crusty rôle, and very ill-bread.**LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD, a fascinating little pet, so lovely that you are not likely to see two such faces under a hood.**THE FAIRY FELICIA, a beneficent genius, versed in spells, and quite au fay in magic.**GRANNY, an invisible old girl, by kind permission of the Prompter.***SCENE I.** — *The exterior of LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD's Cottage. Enter RED RIDING-HOOD's MOTHER. She runs about the stage, looking for her child.*

MOTHER. Red Riding-Hood! Red Riding-Hood, I say!
 Where can the little monkey hide away?
 Red Riding-hood! O deary, deary me!
 Provoking child, where ever can she be? (*Looks off on both sides.*)
 She is a shocking disobedient child,
 Enough to drive a loving mother wild;
 But stay! where are the butter and the cake
 That to her grandmother she has to take?

Fetches basket from cottage, and shows cake and butter.

Here is the cake, and here 's the butter, see!
 The nicest cake and butter that could be.
 These in this basket I will neatly lay,
 A present to poor Granny to convey.
 They are not tithes, though given to the wicker;

Puts them in basket.

Bless me, I wish the child were only quicker!
 Red Riding-Hood, Red Riding-Hood! Dear, dear!

Enter LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

R. R. H. Here I am, ma.

MOTHER. You wicked puss, come here !
Take this to Granny ! Poor old soul, she 's ill ;
Give her my love, and these tidbits.

R. R. H. I will.
Won't it be nice ? Through wood and field I 'll walk,
And have with Jack, perhaps, a little talk.
Dear Jack ! At thought of him why quickly beat, heart ?
Dear Jack ! he 's no Jack-pudding, but a sweet-tart !
Won't I catch butterflies and gather flowers !

MOTHER. Mind you don't dawdle and be gone for hours,
But go straight there, and back again with speed,
And do not loiter in lane, wood, or mead,
Or else a great big wolf shall come to eat you ;
At any rate, your loving mother 'll beat you !

Threatens R. R. H. with stick. Enter JACK, at back.

JACK. Where is Red Riding-Hood, my heart's delight ?
La, there 's her mother ! What a horrid fright !

MOTHER. What are you doing here, you rascal Jack ?
Be off, or I will hit your head a crack. *(Strikes at him, but misses.)*

JACK. Before your hits, ma'am, I prefer a miss ;

Bows to R. R. H.

So blow for blow, I mean to blow a kiss. *(Kisses hand to R. R. H.)*

MOTHER. Kisses be blo —

JACK. Hush ! don't be coarse and low :
If you don't like my company, I 'll go ;
Your words are violent, your temper quick,
So this young woodcutter will cut his stick.

He and R. R. H. exchange signs, blow kisses, etc. Exit JACK.

MOTHER *(to R. R. H.)*. That spark is not your match, and
you're to blame

To take de-light in such a paltry flame.
Now go ; and lose no time upon the road,
But hasten straight to Grandmother's abode.

R. R. H. I will not loiter, mother, by the way,
Nor go in search of butterflies astray.
Instead of picking flowers, my steps I 'll pick,

And take the things to Granny, who is sick.

Good by, dear mother.

MOTHER (*kisses her*). There, my dear, good by.

R. R. H. See how obedient to your word I fly!

MOTHER. A one-horse fly! What nonsense you do talk!
You have no wings, and so of course must walk.

You go afoot. How now, miss? Wherefore smile?

R. R. H. Why go afoot? I've got to go a mile;
That was the reason, mother, why I smiled.

MOTHER. That joke's so far-fetched, that it's very miled.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Forest Glade. Enter RED RIDING-HOOD.*

R. R. H. How nice the wood is, with its cool green shade!
I must sit down and rest here, I'm afraid;
Though mother would declare I'm only lazy,
I'm very tired and weary. (*Yawns, then sees flower and starts.*) Lawk!
a daisy! (*Picks flowers.*)

It can't be wrong some pretty flowers to pull;
With them I'll fill my little apron full,
And take to please my poor old granny's eye.

Butterfly flies across the stage.

O, is n't that a lovely butterfly? (*Runs after it.*)
Stop, little butterfly, a moment, do.

Tries to catch it, and runs into the arms of JACK, who enters.

I've caught it.

JACK. Beg your pardon, I've caught you. (*Kisses her.*)

R. R. H. Don't you be rude, sir! Fie, why treat me thus!

JACK. You thought to take a fly, I took a bus.

I love you, pretty maid! Suppose we say
That we'll be married? Just you fix the day. (*Embraces her.*)

R. R. H. You're very pressing, sir! Well, let me see;
Next Wednesday a wedding's day shall be.

JACK. An earlier date far better, dear, will do;
Say, why not Toosday as the day for two?
Another kiss!

R. R. H. A kiss? O dear me, no!
Farewell. To poor old Granny's I must go,

For mother has commanded me to take
The poor old soul some butter and a cake.

JACK. I'm off to work, then.

R. R. H. Whither go you, pray?

JACK. I'm not quite sure, but mean to axe my way. [*Exit.*]

R. R. H. Now I must hurry off to Granny.

FAIRY appears.

Law!

How lovely! such a sight I never saw.

FAIRY. I am a fairy, and your friend, my dear;
You'll need my aid, for there is danger near.
Your disobedience to your mother's will
Has given bad fairies power to work you ill.

R. R. H. Thanks, beauteous fairy. But no harm I meant,
And of my disobedience much repent.

FAIRY. I knew it, and will therefore prove your friend:
You shall o'ercome your troubles in the end.
Remember when your case my help demands,
You've naught to do save simply clap your hands. [*Exit FAIRY.*]

R. R. H. How very sorry I am now that I
Was disobedient, let the time slip by:
Neglected Granny and my mother's words,
To gather flowers and list to singing birds,
To hunt the butterflies. 'T was wrong, I fear—
But, goodness gracious me, what have we here?

Enter WOLF.

WOLF. O, what a very pretty little girl!
Such rosy cheeks, such hair, so nice in curl!
(*Aside.*) As tender as a chicken, too, I'll lay;
One does n't get such tidbits every day.
(*To R. R. H.*) What brings you wandering in the wood like
this,

And whither are you going, pretty miss?

R. R. H. I'm bound for Granny's cottage, but I fear
I've strayed from the right path in coming here.
I'm taking her a currant-cake and butter;
So nice, their excellence no tongue can utter.

WOLF (*aside*). However excellent, I'll bet I lick it ;
As to the cake, I'll gobble pretty quick it.

(To R. R. H.) And where does Granny live ?

R. R. H. Not far from this ;
It's near the river.

WOLF (*pointing off*). Then, my little miss,
Along that path you have but to repair,
And very shortly you will find you're there.

R. R. H. O, thank you ; now I'll go. [*Exit.*]

WOLF. And I'll be bound
You'll find that same short cut a long way round.
The nearest road I'll to the cottage take,
And of old Granny I short work will make,
And then I'll gobble *you* up, little dear.
I did n't like to try and eat you here ;
You might object to it, — some people do, —
And scream and cry, and make a hubbuboo ;
And there's a woodcutter I know, hard by,
From whose quick hatchet quick-catch-it should I !
Here goes to bolt old Granny without flummery,
A spring, — and then one swallow shall be summery ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *Interior of GRANDMOTHER'S cottage. On the right hand, close to the wing, a bed with a dummy in it with a large nightcap. WOLF is heard knocking.*

GRANNY (*spoken from the wing close by the bed*). Who's there ?

WOLF (*imitating R. R. H.*). Your little grandchild, Granny dear.

GRANNY. That child has got a shocking cold, that's clear.
Some carelessness, — she's got her feet wet through
With running in the rain or heavy dew,
Perhaps without her bonnet ; and of course
The little donkey is a little hoarse.
Her words she used not croakingly to utter. —
What do you want ?

WOLF. I've brought your cake and butter,
But can't come in, the door my strength defies.

GRANNY. Pull at the bobbin, and the latch will rise.

Enter WOLF.

GRANNY. How are you, little darling?

WOLF. Darling! Pooh!

You did n't bolt your door, so I'll bolt you!

GRANNY. O mercy! murder! what is this I see?
Some frightful spectre must the monster be!

WOLF. Don't make a noise, for you're a hopeless hobble in;
I'm not a ghost, but soon shall be a gobble-in!

WOLF flings himself on the bed; shrieks and growls are heard. The dummy is removed without the audience being able to see it, as WOLF is in front of it.

WOLF (*coming down*). Yáhen! yáhen! yáhen! yáhen! yáchn!

I've finished her ere she could angry be with me,

I did n't give her time to disagree with me.

Now for a night-gown (*takes one*) and a nightcap (*takes one*).

Good! (*puts them on.*)

How do I look as Grandma Riding-Hood?

Gets into bed, and covers himself up. A knock is heard at the door.

WOLF (*imitating GRANNY's voice*). Who's there?

R. R. H. Your little grandchild, Granny dear;
I have a cake and butter for you here.

WOLF. Pull at the bobbin, and the latch will rise.

Enter R. R. H.

R. R. H. Good morning, Granny! here are the supplies.

Sets down basket.

WOLF. Good morning, dear, come sit beside my bed.
I'm very bad indeed, child, in my head.

R. R. H. sits on the side of bed.

R. R. H. Why, Granny, what big ears you've got!

WOLF. My dear,

That is that Granny may the better hear.

R. R. H. And, Granny, what big eyes you've got!

WOLF. Dear me!

That is that Granny may the better see.

R. R. H. Then, Granny, what big teeth you've got! O, la!

WOLF. To eat you up with all the better. (*Springs out of bed and strikes an attitude.*) Ha!

R. R. H. screams, and runs away; WOLF pursues her round the table.

Enter JACK.

JACK. As I was passing by, I just dropt in.
(*To Wolf.*) Shall I drop into you?

WOLF. O, pray begin!

JACK. You hideous brute, your wicked game I'll stop.

Hits WOLF with axe.

How do you like that, monster?

WOLF. That's first chop!

JACK. That is n't all, — another chop to follow!

Strikes him again. They struggle. WOLF falls with a loud cry.

Don't holloa, sir!

WOLF. I must, — I'm beaten hollow;
You've felled me to the earth.

JACK. Yes, I'm the feller!
I'll beat you black and blue.

WOLF (*aside*). Then I'll turn yellor!
Goes into convulsions, shrieks, and feigns to be dead. JACK flings down axe, and embraces R. R. H.

R. R. H. You've saved my life, dear Jack! What can I do
To show my love and gratitude to you?

JACK. Sweetest Red Riding-Hood, say you'll be mine,
To jine our hands the parson I'll enjine.

WOLF creeps behind them, and secures the axe.

WOLF (*leaping up*). That en-gine won't assist you, tender pair;
Snatches up R. R. H. with one arm, brandishing axe.
If that's your line, why I shall raise the fare,

JACK. He's got the axe — O, here's a nice quandary!

R. R. H. (*claps hands*). You'll raise the fare? Then I will
raise the fairy!

FAIRY appears at the back. Enter R. R. H.'s MOTHER.

MOTHER. You wicked child, where have you been? Oho!
You're listening to the *shoot* of that young beau!
But I forbid it, and I'll have my way. (*FAIRY comes forward.*)

FAIRY. Excuse me, but your orders I gainsay.

MOTHER. Who are you, madam, I should like to ask?

FAIRY. I am the Fairy of the Wood, whose task
It is to aid the weak against the strong,
And set things right when they are going wrong.

You, Master Wolf, please keep that hatchet ready ;
 For that sad jest of eating the old lady,
 You shall die, jester, by that very tool !
 Dame Margery, you have acted like a fool.

MOTHER. Good Mistress Fairy, why, what have I done ?

FAIRY. Jack is no peasant, but a prince's son,
 Stolen from the crib by an old cribbing gypsy,
 When he was little, and his nurse was tipsy.

MOTHER. You don't say !

JACK.

I a prince !

R. R. H.

Good gracious, mother !

Is he that 'ere ?

FAIRY. He's that heir, and no other.
 Your mother won't reject his house and lands,
 Though she did him ; so here I join your hands,
 With blessings, from the Fairy of the Wood,
 On brave Prince Jack and fair Red Riding-Hood.

NOTE. — The dresses are easily enough contrived, with the exception of the Wolf. A rough shawl or a fur jacket will answer the purpose, and the head can be made with an animal mask, for sale at costumers' and other places in most cities.

The Butterfly in Scene II. is affixed to wire held at the wings. The Prompter reads the part of Granny, standing close to the bed, in order to assist in getting rid of the Dummy when Wolf is supposed to eat it.

A THOUSAND A YEAR.

ROBIN RUFF ; GAFFER GREEN.

ROBIN RUFF.

O IF I had a thousand a year, Gaffer Green, —
 But I never shall have it, I fear, —
 What a man should I be, and what sights should I see,
 If I had but a thousand a year !

GAFFER GREEN.

The best wish you can make, take my word, Robin Ruff,
 Will not pay for your bread, that's quite clear ;

But be honest and true, and say what you would do,
If you *had* but a thousand a year.

ROBIN.

I would treat all my jolly good friends, Gaffer Green,
They should taste of the best of my cheer ;
The bells should all ring, and I 'd live like a king ;
O, if I had a thousand a year !

GAFFER.

And what, when you 'd lived like a king, Robin Ruff,
And had feasted your friends with your cheer,
When the bells had all rung their merry ding-dong,
Would you do with your thousand a year ?

ROBIN.

I would buy me a horse and fine clothes, Gaffer Green,
And see all the fine sights far and near ;
I would cut such a show, as should make the folks know,
That I lived on a thousand a year !

GAFFER.

And when you had seen all you could, Robin Ruff,
Bought your horse and your clothing so dear,
What, when it was known what a man you were grown,
Would you do with your thousand a year ?

ROBIN.

I would then do — I cannot tell what, Gaffer Green ;
I would go to — I hardly know where ;
I would scatter the chink, and leave others to think,
While I lived on a thousand a year.

GAFFER.

I 'm afraid with such doings as those, Robin Ruff,
That your debts would be soon in arrear ;
And unable to pay the expense of the day,
You 'd be poor with a thousand a year.

ROBIN.

At the misers who save what they get, Gaffer Green,
I would turn up my nose with a sneer ;
For a man much may spend, and not get to the end,
If his fortune 's a thousand a year.

GAFFER.

And when you are aged and gray, Robin Ruff,
When the day of your death shall draw near,
What, amidst all your pains, will you do with your gains,
If you then have a thousand a year ?

ROBIN.

I never can tell what you 're at, Gaffer Green,
For your questions are always so queer ;
But, as other folks die, I suppose so must I.

GAFFER.

What ! and give up your thousand a year ?

There 's a world that is better than this, Robin Ruff,
And I hope in my heart you 'll go there,
Where a poor man 's as great with no earthly estate,
Ay, as if he 'd a thousand a year.

ROBIN.

Well, I think you are right in the main, Gaffer Green,
To that world to endeavor to steer ;
And I 'll try, for your sake, my hard earnings to make
Stand instead of a thousand a year.

GAFFER.

Mind your work, put your trust in your God, Robin Ruff ;
If you live in his favor and fear,
His protection, you 'll find, will give more peace of mind
Than you 'd get for a thousand a year.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

MATTHEW ; STEPHEN ; FRANK.

MATTHEW. Good day, Neighbor Stephen. I want to go a short journey to-day, and am come to ask if you can lend me your horse.

STEPHEN. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Neighbor Matthew, if I were not obliged to carry three sacks of corn to the mill for my wife, who is out of flour.

M. The mill is not going to-day. I heard the miller tell Thomas just now that the water was too low.

S. Indeed ! that is very awkward. I must ride as fast as I can to town, then, for flour. My wife would be in a fine temper if I did n't.

M. I can save you that trouble. I have a sack of good flour at home, and will lend you as much as you want.

S. Ah, your flour would not suit my wife ; she is so particular.

M. If she were so a hundredfold, this might please her, seeing I bought the grain of you, and you declared it was the best you had ever sold.

S. O, if it came from my granary, it was sure to be good. I never have any bad. Neighbor, you know that no one is better pleased than I am to do a kindness ; but my horse refused his hay this morning. I am afraid he is not fit to go.

M. Never fear. I will give him plenty of oats on the way.

S. We are going to have a fog ; the roads will be very slippery. You might break your neck.

M. There is no danger ; your horse is very safe. Did you not talk just now of riding him as fast as you could ?

S. How unlucky that my saddle is all to pieces, and the bridle gone to be mended !

M. Fortunately, I have a saddle and bridle at my house.

S. Your saddle would never fit my horse.

M. Well, I will borrow John Thompson's.

S. Nonsense! it will not fit any better than yours.

M. I will go up to the squire's. The groom is a friend of mine. He will be able to find one to fit among the twenty in his saddle-room.

S. To be sure he would, neighbor; and no one could have more pleasure than I have in obliging a friend. You should have the horse with all my heart, but he has n't been curried this fortnight. His mane is n't dressed either. Were he seen in such a state, I should never be able to sell him for half his worth, if I wished to part with him.

M. A horse is soon curried; my man will do it in a quarter of an hour.

S. To be sure he would. But now I come to think of it, he wants shoeing.

M. Well, the blacksmith is but two doors off.

S. I dare say, — a village blacksmith for my horse! I would n't trust him with my donkey. The king's blacksmith is the only man capable of shoeing him well.

M. That is lucky, for my way leads past his door. I can get him shod as I pass.

S. (*seeing his servant in the distance, calls him*). Frank! Frank!

FRANK (*approaching*). What is it, master?

S. Why, here is Neighbor Matthew wants to borrow my horse. You know he has a sore on his back as large as my hand. (*He winks at him.*) Go, see if it has healed over. (*FRANK makes a sign that he understands, and goes out.*) I think it ought to be by this time. So it is agreed, neighbor, I shall have the pleasure of obliging you. We must lend each other a helping hand in this life. If I had refused you point-blank, you would naturally have done the same by me another time. But I have so much good-nature in me, I am always ready to help a friend in need. (*FRANK returns.*) Well, Frank, how is the wound?

F. How is it, master? You talked about the size of your hand, — the breadth of my back you should have said. The poor beast is not fit to go a step. And, besides, I had promised it to Farmer Blaire to take his wife to market.

S. Ah, neighbor, how sorry I am things should turn out thus! I would have given the world to be able to lend you the horse. I am quite in despair on your account, my dear Matthew.

M. I am grieved for you, my dear Stephen. For you must know I have just had a note from his Lordship's steward, who wants to see me immediately. It would have been a stroke of business for both of us. He told me if I were there by noon he would give me the felling of a part of the forest. It would have been worth a good deal to me, and some fifteen or twenty pounds to you, — for I thought of employing you, — but —

S. What! fifteen or twenty pounds, did you say?

M. Perhaps more; however, as your horse is not in a fit state to go, I will see if the other carpenter can lend me one.

S. You will affront me if you do, for mine is quite at your service; do you think I will refuse it to my best friend?

M. But what will you do for flour?

S. O, my wife can manage without for a fortnight to come.

M. And your saddle all to pieces.

S. It was the old one I spoke of. I have another and a bridle, both quite new. I shall be delighted to give you the first use of them.

M. Shall I have the horse shod in the town, then?

S. Why, really, I quite forgot I had him shod the other day by our blacksmith here, just by way of trial. To do him justice, he succeeded very well.

M. But if the poor beast has a wound on his back as large as Frank says.

S. O, I know the rogue: he always exaggerates. I'll bet anything it is no larger than my little finger.

M. At any rate he must be curried a little; for the last fortnight, you said —

S. Curried! I should like to see Frank neglect that for a single day.

M. Give him a feed first, then. Did you not tell me he had refused to eat hay?

S. That must have been because he had plenty of oats.

Don't fear, he'll carry you as swiftly as a bird flies. The road is dry, — no signs of a fog. A pleasant journey to you, — and luck with the steward. Come, come, jump up, — don't lose a moment. I'll hold your stirrup.

KEEPING IN REPAIR.

JOE FLICKER, *a cobbler*; JACK THATCH, *a man out of repair*.

SCENE I. — JOE FLICKER'S shop. JOE seated at his bench at work with hammer and lapstone.

JOE (*taking up a ragged shoe and contemplating it*). The tendency of everything is to go to ruin. As soon as ever you make a shoe, it begins to wear out; as soon as you wind up a clock, it begins to run down; you no sooner build a house, but it begins to want something to keep it up; and if things go beyond a certain point, it is impossible to bring them back. (*Resumes work for a few moments.*) But now, though we can't remedy this state of things altogether, still it is our duty, and it certainly will be both to our comfort and advantage, to improve it as much as lies in our power. The great point, then, is to keep a sharp lookout, and keep everything in repair; and upon this principle in life I am determined to go. And I'm sure I shall be happier and richer for it too. (*Resumes work.*)

Enter JACK THATCH, with uncombed hair and dilapidated clothes, holding in his hands the skeleton of a pair of boots.

JACK. Here, Joe, can you make anything of these here boots? If any man in town can, you are the man.

JOE. Let's see them. They're very far gone.

JACK. I let them go too far. They were prime boots: 't is a pity I did n't keep them in repair.

JOE. 'T is a pity you don't keep yourself in repair (*looking at him with a sharp glance*). 'T is a pity, John Thatch, that you don't keep *yourself* in repair.

JACK (*looking hard at the cobbler for a few moments, holding the boots at full length from him, and then in a puzzled, boozey kind of a way*). Joe Flicker, what do you mean?

JOE. Throw down those boots. It's no use your trying to make them stand up like respectable boots: throw them down there, poor, ill-used creatures! and I'll tell you what I mean. 'T is my belief that every man has only a lease of himself, — and that a repairing one; and 't is as plain as that I have this shoe in my hand, that you are n't keeping yourself in repair.

JACK. Go on. It does a man good to hear you talk. He! he! I don't think I've been in repair for a precious long time.

JOE. I *will* go on. Whenever I make a beginning I always like to go on until I come to the end. Now look at your hat: a hat is a man's roof, and yours would n't fetch sixpence. I wonder you're not dead long before this with cold in your head. And look at your coat! 't is hanging in ribbons on your back. And then your boots: boots might be said to be a man's foundation; anyhow, they're the lowest story; and from your attic to your basement you're out of repair.

JACK. Go on, Joe.

JOE. Yes, I *will* go on, John; and how do you come to be out of repair? Why, by that horrid dram-shop that you're always at; and you'll never be in decent repair as long as you go there.

JACK. Well, you're tidy anyhow (*looking at the cobbler's shining face and decent clothes, and rolling his eyes round the comfortable little room*).

JOE. So I am. I'm in what I call tenantable repair. I'm not what the agent calls in decorative repair, — that means painting and gilding, and such-like finery, — but all good and solid; at least as good and solid as I can make it, — weather-proof, you know, not hurt by wind or rain.

JACK. That'll do now. When will the boots be done?

JOE. 'T will set me hard to do them at all: still, though I say it, if anybody can do them, I'm the man; but you can't have them for a month. I'm not one of those men who say

a fortnight when they mean a month. When I say a day I mean to keep to it; and I've promised so many folks before you, that it will be a month before these boots are done.

JACK. Well, go on, and I'll call for them then. (*Aside.*) So I'm out of repair, am I! Humph! that's a new light to look at one's self in. From the roof down to the cellar, eh? That is n't creditable, is it? especially for a young man who comes of people who always kept themselves up in the world. Well, the sooner I'm put in repair the better, that's all. I'll look to it, and try whether I can't do myself up a bit. Good morning, Joe!

JOE. Good morning.

SCENE II. — *The same, a month later. A pair of boots neatly repaired and polished are hung up covered with a cloth. JOE FLICKER at work. JACK enters decently dressed, and hair neatly combed.*

JACK. Well, Joe, are the boots done?

JOE looks up, then lays down his awl and the shoe he is mending, and finally rises from his bench and deliberately walks round JACK, surveying him from head to foot. Then he retires backward to his stool and drops down upon it, still keeping his eyes fixed upon JACK. At length he breaks silence.

JOE. Jack Thatch, you've been and got yourself repaired.

JACK. Yes, I've been repairing myself; and I'm all the better for being a little done up.

JOE. You *are* (*laying a long, strong emphasis on the word "are"*), you are. Now sit down here, and tell us all about it.

JACK (*seating himself on the only chair in the room*). Well, you see, I could n't get rid of the idea of being out of repair, after what you said to me a month ago, — the time I left those boots to be fixed up. The more I thought about it, the more horrid it seemed to me that I should be helping to keep dram-shops in repair, while I was going to ruin worse and worse every day; and —

JOE (*jumps up hastily, rushes to the wall and unveils the sparkling boots*). Jack Thatch, you'll yet be worthy of those boots; ay, and of much more too! There they are; and not a penny will I take for them! There, just put them on.

JACK *throws away the old slippers he has on, and puts on the boots. JOE assists him in this; requires him to stand with his feet in different attitudes to see how the boots look; shakes him by the hand; and then, slapping him on the back, says:—*

I wish you God speed in your new boots and your new life! You're in good repair now.

JACK. Ah, Joe! 't is much better to do as you have done — not to allow one's self to get out of repair — than to make such a mistake, and repair it ever so well at last. How did you keep right without half the chances I have had?

JOE. Don't say "keep right" (*with a serious look*). Who keeps right?

JACK. Well, Joe, how did you come to think of all this?

JOE. I used my eyes, and saw it. Did n't the very business of my life — always repairing — tell me something about it? And I used this (*pulling out a small book from a little box in his bench*). You know this book well, — many people are ashamed of it, but I'm not, — 't is a Bible; and this taught me how all the decay comes, and it showed me where to go to to get it repaired. I say, first and chief, this has been my counsellor and friend. There would be less want of repairs, if people attended to what it says; and when repairs are wanted, they'd be better done, if they minded it then.

JACK. Well, but don't you *do* anything to keep yourself all right? You're always smiling when other people are frowning and growling; and you always have decent clothes when many a man with as good earnings is ragged. I'd like to know what you *do*.

JOE. Well, cousin, I do all I can to keep myself in repair. Here's this little body, — 't is n't half the size of yours, and it has had a wonderful deal better treatment; but if I were careless about it, I'd soon be laid up, and unfitted to work. What's food? Is n't it repairs for the waste of the body? And what's sleep? Is n't it the same? So I take care, out of what I earn, to have good, wholesome food, and stout, warm clothes; and I go to bed at decent hours, and get enough of sleep, — that's what I do. And when this little room gets foul

and close, then I throw open the window, and that repairs it ; and so I go on, always repairing, and always keeping in repair. And mind you, Jack Thatch, the great thing is to repair *at once*. "A stitch in time saves nine." And I sometimes do some *extra* repairs. When I get seedy, I treat myself to a half holiday, and go in the train over to the hilla, and come home a new kind of man ; and this is the way, in part, that I 'm always smiling and always happy.

JACK. Well, Joe, but many folks live well, and they 're not happy.

JOE. Ay : perhaps they live to eat, and don't eat to live. But I do something more to myself than this ; I 'm always keeping my *temper* in repair. You wouldn't believe it, but I 'm sometimes inclined to be as sharp as this awl ; then I turn to this friend (*laying his hand on the Book*), and I go down upon my knees, and I get the better of myself. Believe me, Jack, a man's knees are wonderful tools, if he 'd only use them as he ought. And sometimes I sit and think, — ay, Jack, you 're not much given to thinking, but thought is a wonderful tool if you have the patience to use it, — and I say to myself, "Joe Flicker, how much better off are you than others !" "Joe Flicker, how much better off are you than you deserve to be !" "Joe Flicker, after all, does this trouble matter so very much ? won't it soon be over ?" "Joe Flicker, how will you make the best of it ? perhaps it need n't be as bad as it looks." Then I always wind up with this one saying, "Joe Flicker, 't is only for a while !"

JACK. Well, you 're a happy man. (*Reflects a few moments, looking down at his boots.*) Yes ! I 'll be a respectable man. I 'll keep myself in repair. I 'll have a book like yours. And I have knees, and I 'll use them. I have a head, with brains inside, and I 'll use that, too. Somehow, you have convinced me that, by reading, and thinking, and praying, and manfully setting to work, I can do a great deal. Yes, my friends and neighbors shall know me hereafter as a man who keeps himself in repair.

THE CLOWNS' FIRST REHEARSAL.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

QUINCE. Is all our company here?

BOTTOM. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUIN. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.

QUIN. Marry, our play is, — The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death, of Pyramus and Thisby.

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUIN. Answer, as I call you. — Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUIN. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT. What is Pyramus? a lover or a tyrant?

QUIN. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest: — Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant! I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty! — Now name the rest of the players. — This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

QUIN. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLU. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You must take Thisby on you.

FLU. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUIN. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLU. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUIN. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOT. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too! I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, — "Thisne, Thisne! — Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!"

QUIN. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you, Thisby.

BOT. Well, proceed.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STAR. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. — Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part; — and, I hope, there is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

QUIN. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOT. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will

roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

QUIN. You can play no part but Pyramus ; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, — a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day, — a most lovely, gentleman-like man ; therefore you must needs play Pyramus. Now, masters, here are your parts : and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night ; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight ; there we will rehearse ; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

BOT. We will meet ; and there we may rehearse more obscurely and courageously. Take pains ; be perfect ; adieu.

QUIN. At the duke's oak we meet.

BOT. Enough. Hold, or cut bowstrings.

THE CLOWNS' SECOND REHEARSAL.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

BOTTOM. Are we all met ?

QUIN. Pat, pat ; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house ; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

BOT. Peter Quince, —

QUIN. What sayest thou, bully Bottom ?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself ; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that ?

SNOUT. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit! I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver! This will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to't.

SNOUT. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—“Ladies,”—or, “Fair ladies,”—“I would wish you,”—or, “I would request you,” or, “I would entreat you,”—“not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are”; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them he is Snug, the joiner.

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNOUT. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac. Find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUIN. Yes: it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we

must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK, behind.

PUCK. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

BOT. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet," —

QUIN. "Odors, odors!"

BOT. — "odors savors sweet;

So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear. —

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear."

[Exit.]

PUCK (*aside*). A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

[Exit.]

FLU. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLU. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

QUIN. "Ninus' tomb," man! Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your

part at once, cues and all. — Pyramus, enter! your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

FLU. Oh! — "As true as truest horse that yet would never tire."

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

FLU. Oh! — "As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

BOT. "If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine."

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[*Exeunt CLOWNS.*]

MR. BUMBLE AND MRS. CORNEY.

SCENE, MRS. CORNEY'S apartment. *A small round table, on which is a furnished tea-tray. A small teakettle on the fire.*

MRS. CORNEY (*leaning her elbow on the table, and looking reflectively at the fire*). Well, I'm sure we have all on us a great deal to be thankful for, — a great deal, if we did but know it! Ah! (*Proceeds to make the tea. Spills water, and slightly scalds her hand.*) Drat the pot! a little stupid thing that only holds a couple of cups! What use is it of to anybody! Except — except to a poor desolate creature like me. O dear! (*Dropping into her chair, and resting her elbow on the table again.*) I shall never get another! I shall never get another — like him. (*A rap is heard.*) O, come in with you! (*sharply.*) Some of the old women dying, I suppose. They always die when I'm at meals. Don't stand there letting the cold air in, — don't! What's amiss now, eh?

MR. BUMBLE (*outside*). Nothing, ma'am; nothing.

MRS. C. Dear me! (*in a much sweeter tone*) is that Mr. Bumble?

MR. B. (*entering with his cocked hat in one hand, and a bundle in the other*). At your service, ma'am. Shall I shut the door, ma'am? (*Shuts it.*)

MRS. C. Hard weather, Mr. Bumble.

MR. B. Hard, indeed, ma'am. Anti-parochial weather this, ma'am. We have given away, Mrs. Corney, — we have given

away a matter of twenty quartern loaves and a cheese and a half, this very blessed afternoon; and yet them paupers are not contented.

MRS. C. Of course not. When would they be, Mr. Bumble? (*Sipping her tea.*)

MR. B. When, indeed, ma'am! Why, here's one man that, in consideration of his wife and large family, has a quartern loaf and a good pound of cheese, full weight. Is he grateful, ma'am, — is he grateful? Not a copper farthing's worth of it! What does he do, ma'am, but ask for a few coals, — if it's only a pocket-handkerchief full, he says! Coals! What would he do with coals? Toast his cheese with 'em, and then come back for more. That's the way with these people, ma'am. Give 'em a apron full of coals to-day, and they'll come back for another the day after to-morrow, as brazen as alabaster. (*Mrs. C. makes signs of assent.*) I never see anything like the pitch it's got to. The day before yesterday a man, — you have been a married woman, ma'am, and I may mention it to you, — a man with hardly a rag upon his back (*Mrs. C. looks at the floor.*) goes to our overseer's door when he has got company coming to dinner, and says he must be relieved, Mrs. Corney. As he would n't go away, and shocked the company very much, our overseer sent him out a pound of potatoes and half a pint of oatmeal. "My heart!" says the ungrateful villain, "what's the use of *this* to me? You might as well give me a pair of iron spectacles!" "Very good," says our overseer, taking 'em away again, "you won't get anything else here." "Then I'll die in the streets!" says the vagrant. "O no, you won't," says our overseer.

MRS. C. Ha, ha! That was very good! So like Mr. Grannett, was n't it? Well, Mr. Bumble?

MR. B. Well, ma'am, he went away; and he *did* die in the streets. There's a obstinate pauper for you!

MRS. C. It beats everything I could have believed. But don't you think out-of-door relief a very bad thing, any way, Mr. Bumble? You're a gentleman of experience, and ought to know. Come.

MR. B. Mrs. Corney (*with the air of superior information*), out-of-door relief properly managed — properly managed, ma'am — is the parochial safeguard. The great principle of out-of-door relief is, to give the paupers exactly what they don't want, and then they get tired of coming.

MRS. C. Dear me! Well, that is a good one, too!

MR. B. Yes. Betwixt you and me, ma'am, that's the great principle; and that's the reason why, if you look at any cases that get into them owdacious newspapers, you'll always observe that sick families have been relieved with slices of cheese. That's the rule now, Mrs. Corney, all over the country. But, however (*stooping to unpack his bundle*), these are official secrets, ma'am; not to be spoken of, except, as I may say, among the parochial officers, such as ourselves. This is the port-wine, ma'am, that the board ordered for the infirmary; real, fresh, genuine port-wine, only out of the cask this forenoon, clear as a bell, no sediment! (*Sets away the two bottles of wine; folds the handkerchief in which they had been wrapped, puts it carefully in his pocket, and takes up his hat as if to go.*)

MRS. C. You'll have a very cold walk, Mr. Bumble.

MR. B. It blows, ma'am (*turning up his coat-collar*), enough to blow one's ears off. (*Moves toward the door.*)

MRS. C. Would n't you — would n't you take a cup of tea? (*MR. B. turns back his coat-collar, lays his hat and stick upon a chair, draws another chair up to the table, and seats himself. MRS. C. gets another cup and saucer, and prepares his tea.*) Sweet? (*Taking up the sugar-basin.*)

MR. B. Very sweet indeed, ma'am. (*Fixing his eyes tenderly on Mrs. C., who hands him the tea. Spreads a handkerchief on his knees, fetching occasionally a deep sigh.*) You have a cat, ma'am, I see; and kittens, too, I declare!

MRS. C. I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble, you can't think. They are so happy, so frolicsome, and so cheerful, that they are quite companions for me.

MR. B. Very nice animals, ma'am; so very domestic.

MRS. C. O yes! so fond of their home, too, that it's quite a pleasure, I'm sure.

MR. B. Mrs. Corney, ma'am (*slowly, and marking the time with his teaspoon*), I mean to say this, ma'am: that any cat, or kitten,

that could live with you, ma'am, and *not* be fond of its home, must be an ass, ma'am.

MRS. C. O Mr. Bumble !

MR. B. It's of no use disguising facts, ma'am (*slowly flourishing the teaspoon*) ; I would drown it myself, with pleasure.

MRS. C. Then you're a cruel man (*holding out her hand for his cup*), and a very hard-hearted man, besides.

MR. B. Hard-hearted, ma'am, hard ! (*Squeezes Mrs. C.'s little finger as she takes the cup, slaps his heart twice, heaves a mighty sigh, and gradually hitches his chair around the table, close to Mrs. C.*) Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney ? (*Stirring his tea, and looking up into her face.*) Are you hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney ?

MRS. C. Dear me ! what a very curious question from a single man ! What can you want to know for, Mr. Bumble ? (*Mr. B. drinks his tea, finishes a piece of toast, whisks the crumbs off his knees, wipes his lips, and deliberately kisses Mrs. C.*) Mr. Bumble (*in a frightened whisper*), Mr. Bumble, I shall scream ! (*Mr. B. puts his arm round her waist. A hasty knock is heard at the door. Mr. B. darts to the wine bottles, and begins dusting them with great violence.*) Who's there ? (*loudly and sharply.*)

A PAUPER (*putting her head in at the door*). If you please, mistress, old Sally is a-going fast.

MRS. C. Well, what's that to me ? (*angrily.*) I can't keep her alive, can I ?

PAUPER. No, no, mistress, nobody can ; she's far beyond the reach of help. But she's troubled in her mind ; and when the fits are not on her, — and that's not often, for she is dying very hard, — she says she has got something to tell which you must hear. She'll never die quiet till you come, mistress.

MRS. C. It's a shame that old women can't die without purposely annoying their betters (*muffling herself in a shawl*). Mr. Bumble, perhaps you'd better stay till I come back, lest anything particular should occur. (*Amiably to Mr. B. ; then crossly to the pauper.*) Walk fast ! don't be all night hobbling out o' the way !

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

MRS. VESTRY, *the Minister's Wife.*

MRS. BLUNT, *the Deacon's Wife.*

MRS. BRIEF, *the Lawyer's Wife.*

MRS. PILL, *the Doctor's Wife.*

MRS. SQUASH, *the Farmer's Wife.*

MRS. LUG, *a Widow Lady, rather deaf.*

MISS PRIM, *an ancient Maiden, once a Schoolmistress.*

MISS SNAP, *a satirical Young Lady.*

MISS FAIRMAN, *the Candidate for the Village School.*

All present but MISS FAIRMAN.

MRS. VESTRY. Ladies, we are all assembled, and the young lady who has applied for the village school is in the next room. Shall I invite her in?

MRS. BLUNT. Is she handsome? I have no *idée* of employing any beauty, to be running after the boys when she should be teaching the children.

MRS. VESTRY. She makes no pretensions to any other beauty than that of the mind, I believe.

MRS. BLUNT. Let her come in then.

MRS. V. *introduces MISS FAIRMAN to MRS. BRIEF, who takes her by the hand.*

MRS. BRIEF. Allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Pill, the lady of our physician; to Mrs. Blunt, the wife of our worthy deacon, —

MRS. BLUNT. And as well entitled to be called *lady* as the best of you, let me tell you! *Wife*, forsooth!

MRS. BRIEF. I plead not guilty, as we lawyers say, of any intentional disrespect. (*She then goes on introducing MISS FAIRMAN.*) This is Miss Prim, who may be called a fellow-laborer with you in the field of education.

MISS PRIM. No longer so, I desire to be thankful! I left the profession before *every* body entered it.

MISS SNAP. You left it when your pupils left you, I have been told; but it was so long ago I do not remember the circumstances.

MISS PRIM to MISS SNAP. A few more years would be of infinite service to *some* folks.

MRS. BRIEF. Miss Fairman, this is Miss Snap, whom you will find a ready assistant in *cutting* such twigs as you may not be able to bend. (*She lets go MISS FAIRMAN, whose hand MRS. VESTRY takes.*)

MRS. VESTRY. Let me introduce you, Miss, to Mrs. Squash, the wife of one of our richest parishioners; and Mrs. Lug, who is rather hard of hearing, but whom you will find zealously interested in the cause of education.

MRS. BLUNT. You had better take *cheers*, ladies, and set down while the examination goes on. (*All sit.*) Young woman, come here. I warn you that you will have a severe examination; for we ladies have complained so much of former schoolma'ams that the men have made us a committee to examine applicants, and suit ourselves; and we are going to do the thing thoroughly. Pray, what's your name, young woman?

MISS FAIRMAN. Susan Fairman, madam.

MRS. BLUNT. How old are you?

MISS PRIM. I object to that question as an improper one. I would not tell my age to any one.

MISS SNAP. The young lady may not have the same objection.

MISS FAIRMAN. I shall be eighteen in a few days.

MRS. LUG (*holding her hand up to her ear as a deaf person does*). Did you say you were *eighty* years old, miss?

MISS FAIRMAN. No, madam; only *eighteen*.

MRS. SQUASH. Why, you have hardly left off tires! Pray, can you make a *punkin*-pie?

MISS SNAP. If she can't, I dare say she can make one of *squash*.

MRS. SQUASH. I should like to have my questions answered by the *gal* herself.

MISS FAIRMAN. Madam, I never made a pie of the kind you name.

MRS. SQUASH. A pretty farmer's wife you 'd make!

MISS FAIRMAN. Madam, I applied for a school, and not for a husband.

MRS. LUG (*holding her hand to her ear*). What! does she want a husband? Why, there's Jonathan Squash, *jest* old enough for her.

MRS. VESTRY. Ladies, let us not wander from the purpose of our meeting. Miss Fairman, will you be good enough to inform the committee where you were educated, and the extent of your studies.

MRS. BLUNT. Ay, ay! Where were you eddicated? what do you know? Come, I'll question you myself. In what state were you born in the world?

MISS FAIRMAN. In Massachusetts, madam.

MRS. BLUNT. In Massafiddlestick!

MISS SNAP. Mrs. Blunt expected you would say you were born in a state of sin and misery. She is a sound divine, but no geographer.

MRS. VESTRY. Please to inform us, Miss Fairman, of such particulars as we may need to aid us in our judgment.

MISS FAIRMAN. I have had a good school education, ladies; but pretend to nothing more than is necessary to qualify me to teach the common branches in a common village school, which is all I understand yours to be.

MISS PRIM. That will never do for Smartville: we must have something more than *common*. In *my* day, no teacher with such pretensions would have dared to apply for a school. Have you ever studied algebra?

MISS FAIRMAN. Never. I did not know that it was taught in a common village school.

MISS PRIM. It is not; but it is the basis of a good education. No *lady* should be ignorant of algebra.

MRS. LUG. What! don't the *gal* know there is such a thing as a *Zebra*? (*Holding her hand up to her ear.*)

MISS SNAP. This knowledge would be of more use to her than algebra. Pray, Miss Prim, did you ever study algebra yourself?

MISS PRIM. Yes; I spent two weeks upon the delightful science, and almost made myself mistress of it.

MRS. PILL. Did you ever make any use of it afterwards?

MISS PRIM. I came to examine, but not to be catechized, madam.

MISS SNAP. When a stocking was *minus* a foot, did your algebra ever make it a *plus*?

MRS. LUG. What! does the *gal blush*? Well, I like to see young folks blush.

MRS. PILL. Pray, Miss Fairman, have you ever learned Latin?

MISS FAIRMAN. No, madam; my father did not think it so important for females as their own language, and he never encouraged the study of it by his daughters.

MRS. PILL. He was a dolt. Why, Latin, miss, is the basis of every learned profession; and my husband, Dr. Pill, says he could not prescribe without it.

MRS. SQUASH. The more is the pity! They only use Latin to hide the *pison* names of their nasty drugs. My husband once took it into his head that every good farmer must know Latin, that he might know the *larned* names of vegetables; and so every *single* tree was called an *Arbor* after that; and every squash, an *Iguana-falciforma-peripatetica*, or some such nonsense. For my part, I hope to hear a squash called a squash as long as I bear the name.

MRS. VESTRY. Ladies, let us not forget the object of our meeting. Miss Fairman, may I ask at what school you were educated?

MISS FAIRMAN. At the Female Monitorial School, madam, in Boston.

MRS. LUG. What school is that? A *tory* school! that will never do, miss; we are all *wigs* here.

MRS. SQUASH. I really believe the *gal* is a Jackson-man in disguise.

MISS FAIRMAN. Ladies, you mistake the *nature* as well as the name of the school. It is called monitorial because the elder pupils, who assist the teacher, are called monitors.

MISS PRIM. Ay, ay: this is one of the new-fangled notions that have made instruction so vulgar an employment that I

cannot endure it. When *children* take up the ferule, it is time for *us* (*drawing herself up*) to lay it down.

MRS. BLUNT. You don't intend to introduce any such notions here, miss?

MISS FAIRMAN. I hoped, madam, that a judicious use of monitors would not be objected to.

MRS. SQUASH. What! do you mean to set other children to teach my *darters*?

MISS FAIRMAN. I should like to employ the more advanced pupils, whosoever children they may be, in instructing those who know less than themselves.

MRS. BRIEF. Then Mrs. Cowyard's brats may be set to teach our children, Mrs. Vestry!

MRS. VESTRY. I have no objection to that, if her children know more than ours. My husband says we should always be willing to receive instruction from any source, however humble.

MISS PRIM. I dare say Mr. Vestry would even allow that children are competent to *teach* children. Preposterous idea!

MRS. VESTRY. I know he would allow it; for I have often heard him say that men are only children of a larger growth, and there was no more difference between *his* attainments and those of his parishioners than there is between some children and others. He considers himself as a monitor amongst his brethren.

MRS. BRIEF. If he is only a *monitor*, pray, who is our teacher? or have not we any?

MRS. VESTRY. He is accustomed to call the Saviour the great Teacher. But I think we had better ascertain how the young lady has been instructed, and what she has learned, before we condemn her system utterly.

MRS. PILL. I should like to ask her one question. Pray, miss, if one of your pupils should cut her finger badly, what would you do?

MISS SNAP (*aside to MISS FAIRMAN*). Tell her you should send for her husband, Dr. Pill, and you will make her your friend forever.

MISS FAIRMAN. I should probably send her home, madam.

MRS. BLUNT. Come, come, let *me* put a serious question. Young woman, how many *commen-de-ments* are there?

MISS FAIRMAN. Ten were given by Moses, madam.

MRS. LUG. How many did she say?

MISS SNAP. Ten.

MRS. LUG. Ay, ay; that's right; the *gal's* right for once.

MRS. BLUNT. Now tell me how much of the Primer you know by heart. What comes next *arter* "The cat doth play, and after slay"?

MISS SNAP (*aside to Miss F.*). Tell her, "Whales in the sea, great fish they be."

MISS FAIRMAN. I must confess my ignorance, madam.

MRS. BLUNT. Young woman, I don't know what my husband, Deacon Blunt, would say, to find you so ignorant of the first principles of religion.

MISS FAIRMAN. Madam, I would respectfully remark that I have been taught to draw the principles of my religion from the Bible, and not from the Primer.

MRS. BLUNT. Yes, that is one of Mr. Vestry's notions; but everybody learned the *Primer* when I was a *gal*. I could say it backwards as well as *forruds*.

MISS PRIM. Will the young lady be good enough to inform the committee whether she has studied botany?

MISS FAIRMAN. I have, madam.

MISS PRIM. Did you study the philosophical part of the science, which treats of the loves and the language of plants?

MISS FAIRMAN. No, madam; I have only studied their structure and uses.

MISS PRIM. I supposed you had neglected the only *ethereal* part of the science. This comes of your new-fangled *system*, I suppose.

MISS FAIRMAN. No, indeed, madam. Nonsense can be taught by the monitorial plan as well as by any other. The subjects taught depend upon the teacher, and not upon the system.

• MRS. BLUNT. I have seen enough of the *gal*. She will

never do for me. She don't even know her Primer. (*She dashes out.*)

MISS SNAP. "The eagle's flight is out of sight."

MRS. BRIEF. Mr. Brief will never suffer his children to be taught by Mrs. Cowyard's brats. [*Exit.*]

MISS SNAP. "Out, out, *Brief* candle!"

MRS. PILL. I cannot swallow her ignorance of Latin. [*Exit.*]

MISS SNAP. Because she could not swallow your pills, I suppose.

MRS. SQUASH. I can never vote for a miss so young that she cannot make a *punkin*-pie. — I thought, at first, she *might* do for my son Jonathan (*Aside*). [*Exit.*]

MISS SNAP. So, because she can't cook a *punkin*, she is not allowed to become a Squash!

MISS PRIM. I must withhold my approbation from one who has no soul for the loves and language of flowers, and who has never studied algebra.

MISS SNAP. And whose charms, being *plus*, would render yours a negative quantity.

MISS PRIM. *My* children — I mean my neighbors', for I desire to be thankful that I have none of the nasty things — shall never go to a monitorial school with my consent. Monitorial, indeed! [*Exit.*]

MRS. LUG. Who did she say was dead?

MISS SNAP. Your tories, I suppose.

MRS. LUG. Well, I am sorry for them. I had rather they had repented; but they sha' n't get foothold in our village while I am on the committee. Good by. [*Exit.*]

MISS SNAP. A good riddance to them all! Now, Miss Fairman, let me congratulate you upon escaping from such patrons.

MRS. VESTRY. Give me your hand, my dear. You have borne the trial modestly and patiently. My husband has been applied to for a preceptress of an academy; and I am sure that, after he has heard the result of this meeting, he will confer the situation upon my young friend. Come, let us find him.

MR. GREGBURY AND THE DEPUTATION.

MR. GREGBURY, a Member of Parliament. MR. PUGSTYLES and
CONSTITUENTS.

SCENE, room in MR. GREGBURY'S house. Table with books and papers,
chair; basket for papers. Enter GREGBURY, frowning prodigiously.
Voices without.

GREGBURY. Here's a pretty go! Elected to Parliament, — comfortably settled in my seat, — and here come my constituents to find fault with me and — politely — (with sarcastic emphasis) invite me to resign! There they come! (Throws himself into chair at table, and busies himself with papers.)

Enter PUGSTYLES and several CONSTITUENTS, pushed in at the door by others behind. Crowd enters room.

G. (all smiles). Gentlemen, you are welcome. I am rejoiced to see you. Excuse me — one moment. (Appears very busy with papers.)

FIRST CONSTITUENT. Hey! rejoiced, is he?

PUGSTYLES. He won't be, when he knows our business.

SECOND CON. Blest if he will! At him, Pugstyles! You are the spokesman. (Trying to push P. forwards.)

P. No, no! You are the man! (Resisting, and trying to push SECOND CON. before him.)

FIRST CON. What are you afraid of? (Advances boldly.) He's only a man!

P. To be sure!

SECOND CON. Afraid, indeed!

All advance boldly. GREGBURY tosses a bundle of papers into basket, and rises majestically. CONSTITUENTS retreat precipitately, all but PUGSTYLES, who is left confronting GREGBURY.

G. Now, gentlemen! You are dissatisfied with my conduct?

P. (assumes an air of great dignity, frowning fiercely). Yes, Mr. Gregbury, we are! (Looks behind him, to see if he has the support of his friends.)

G. Do my eyes deceive me? or is that my old friend? It is! it is Pugstyles!

P. I am that man.

G. Pugstyles, give me your hand ! Pugstyles, my dear friend, I am very sorry to see you in this crowd.

P. I am very sorry to be here, sir. But your conduct, Mr. Gregsbury !

G. My conduct, Pugstyles ? (*Assumes an oratorical attitude, and looks round upon the deputation.*) My conduct, gentlemen, has been, and ever will be, regulated by a sincere regard for the interests of this great and happy country. Hem ! Whether I look at home or abroad, whether I behold the peaceful, industrious communities of our glorious country, her rivers covered with steamboats, her roads with locomotives, her streets with cabs, her skies with balloons of a power and magnitude hitherto unknown in the history of æronasitics, — I say, hem ! I say, whether I look at home, or, stretching my eyes farther, contemplate the boundless prospect of conquest and possession achieved by British conquest and British valor which is outspread before me, I clasp my hands, and, turning my eyes to the broad expanse above my head, exclaim, “Thank Heaven, I am a Briton !”

Deputation is overawed for a moment. CONSTITUENTS glance from one to the other, and fall back.

THIRD CON. (*in a squeaking voice, from behind the crowd*). Gammon !

G. Did I understand the gentleman to remark *Gammon* ? What does the gentleman mean by *gammon* ? If he means by *gammon* that I grow a little too fervid in extolling my native land, I admit the full justice of the remark. I am proud of this free and happy country. My form dilates, my eye glistens, my breast heaves, my heart swells, my bosom burns, when I call to mind her —

THIRD CON. Gammon !

G. (*scratches his head a moment*). Gentlemen, what do you want ?

P. We wish, sir, to ask you a few questions.

G. As you please, gentlemen. My time is yours — and my country’s, — *and* — my country’s. (*Throws himself into chair.*)

P. *puts on spectacles, and takes written paper from his pocket.* FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, and FOURTH CONSTITUENTS also put on spectacles, and take papers from their pockets.

P. Question number one. (*Reads. The others follow him, with fingers on papers.*) Whether, sir, you did not give a pledge, previous to your election, that you would put down the practice of coughing and groaning in the House of Commons; and whether you did not submit to be coughed and groaned down in the very first debate of the session?

P. *puts off spectacles, and stares triumphantly at G.* FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, and FOURTH CONSTITUENTS *do the same.*

G. (*blandly*). Go on to the next one, my dear Pugstyles.

Spectacles are resumed all round.

P. Question number two. (*Reads.*) Whether you did not also pledge yourself to astonish the government, and make it shrink in its shoes; and whether you have astonished the government, and made it shrink in its shoes? (*Off spectacles.*) Have you any explanation to offer with reference to that question, sir?

G. Certainly not, sir!

CONSTITUENTS *look fiercely at each other, shaking spectacles.*

P. Question number three. (*Spectacles resumed. Reads.*) Whether you did not lately desert your colleague, whom you were pledged to support, and vote on the other side, because the wife of a leader on the other side had invited Mrs. Gregsbury to an evening party?

G. Go on! go on!

P. (*after exchanging fierce looks with CONSTITUENTS*). Question number four, and last. (*Reads.*) Whether, sir, you did not pledge yourself to oppose everything proposed by the other side, and, in short, in your own memorable words, to play the mischief with everything and everybody? Now, sir! (*Puts up spectacles, and folds paper.*)

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, and FOURTH CONS. (*putting up spectacles and papers*), Now, sir!

G. I deny everything!

SEVERAL CONS. Resign!

P. You hear, sir!

G. (*springing to his feet*). Mr. Pugstyles! and gentlemen! hem! (*Pompously.*) I am requested by you to resign my seat in the councils of the nation.

P. Precisely.

G. (*bowing loftily*). Precisely. Very explicit. Resign! Gentlemen and Pugstyles! next to the welfare of our free and happy country, whose power and resources are, I sincerely believe, illimitable, I value that noble independence which is an Englishman's proudest boast, and which I fondly hope to bequeath to my children and to my children's children, Pugstyles and gentlemen, untarnished and unsullied. Therefore, actuated by no personal motives, but moved only by high and great constitutional considerations, which I shall not attempt to explain, for they are really beneath the comprehension of the vulgar (*advances with formidable strides, and fierce looks*), of the mean (*bows to PUGSTYLES*), the ignorant (*bows to one CONSTITUENT after another; they retreat before him*), the illiterate, the base-born, the — Hem! for these reasons, I say, gentlemen and Pugstyles! I would rather keep my seat, and intend doing so! Good day! Good day, Pugstyles! Good day, gentlemen!

They retreat pell-mell before him, and he follows them out, bowing and gesticulating, and repeating his GOOD DAY with a variety of intonations; scene closes with confusion.

SCENE FROM "THE LOVE CHASE."

WILDBRAKE; CONSTANCE.

A room in SIR WILLIAM FONDLOVE'S. Enter CONSTANCE.

CONSTANCE. The booby! He must fall in love, indeed!
 And now he's naught but sentimental looks,
 And sentences pronounced 'twixt breath and voice,
 And attitudes of tender languishment!
 Nor can I get from him the name of her
 Hath turned him from a stock into a fool.
 He hems and haws, now titters, now looks grave!
 Begins to speak, and halts! Takes off his eyes
 To fall in contemplation on a chair,

A table, or the ceiling, wall, or floor !
I'll plague him worse and worse ! O, here he comes !

Enter WILDRAKE.

WILD. Despite her spiteful usage, I'm resolved
To tell her now. Dear neighbor Constance !

CON.

Fool !

Accost me like a lady, sir. I hate
The name of neighbor !

WILD. Mistress Constance, then, —
I'll positively call thee that.

CON.

Don't call me anything !

I hate to hear thee speak, to look at thee,
To dwell in the same house with thee !

WILD.

In what

Have I offended ?

CON.

What ! — I hate an ape !

WILD. An ape !

CON.

Who bade thee ape the gentleman ?

And put on dress that don't belong to thee ?

Go ! change thee with thy whipper-in or huntsman,
And none will doubt thou wearest thy own clothes.

WILD. A pretty pass ! Mocked for the very dress
I bought to pleasure her ! Untoward things
Are women ! (*Aside, — walks backwards and forwards.*)

CON. Do you call that walking ? Pray,
What makes you twist your body so, and take
Such pains to turn your toes out ? If you'd walk,
Walk thus ! Walk like a man, as I do now ! (*Walking.*)
Is yours the way a gentleman should walk ?
You neither walk like man nor gentleman !
I'll show you how you walk. (*Mimics him.*) Do you call that
walking ?

WILD. My thanks for a drill-sergeant twice a day
For her sake ! (*Aside.*)

CON.

Now, of all things in the world,

What made you dance last night ?

WILD.

What made me dance ?

CON. Right! It was anything but dancing! Steps That never came from dancing school, — nor English, Nor Scotch, nor Irish! You must try to cut; And how you did it! (*Cuts.*) That's the way to cut! And then you chassé! Thus you went, and thus (*Mimicking him*).

As though you had been playing at hop, skip,
And jump ! And yet you looked so monstrous pleased,
And played the simpleton with such a grace,
Taking the tittering for compliment,
I could have boxed you soundly for 't. Ten times
Denied I that I knew you.

WILD. Twenty guineas
Were better in the gutter thrown, than gone
To fee a dancing master ! (*Aside.*)

CON. And you're grown
An amateur in music! What fine air
Was that you praised last night?—"The Widow Jones!"
A country jig they've turned into a song.
You asked "If it had come from Italy?"
The lady blushed, and held her peace, and then
You blushed, and said, "Perhaps it came from France!"
And then, when blushed the lady more, nor spoke,
You said, "At least it came from Germany!"
The air was English!—a true English air;
A downright English air! A common air,
Old as "When Good King Arthur." Not a square,
Court, alley, street, or lane about the town,
In which it is not whistled, played, or sung!
But you must have it come from Italy,
Or Germany, or France. Go home! Go home
To Lincolnshire, and mind thy dog and horn!
You'll never do for town! "The Widow Jones"
To come from Italy! Stay not in town,
Or you'll be married to the Widow Jones,
Since you've forsworn, you say, the Widow Green!
And morn and night they'll din your ears with her!

"Well met, dear Master Wildrake. A fine day!
Pray, can you tell whence came the Widow Jones?"
They love a jest in town! — To Lincolnshire!
You'll never do for town! — To Lincolnshire!
"The Widow Jones" to come from Italy! [Exit.

MRS. WRIGHT'S CONVERSATION WITH HER IRISH
ACQUAINTANCE.

MRS. WRIGHT and JUDY.

SCENE, *a small study in a country house, — a glass door opening into the garden.*

MRS. WRIGHT. Come in. O Judy, is it you? Come in and sit down, and tell me what you want with me.

JUDY (*seating herself at once*). Bedad, my lady, I'm after comin' here a power o' times, strivin' to spake to yer ladyship; an' niver could I git so much as a sight o' ye.

MRS. W. I am always in this room after breakfast, waiting to see any one who may happen to have business with me. I sit here regularly from ten to eleven o'clock; and I certainly never saw you at the glass door till this morning.

JUDY. O, my lady, sure I did n't suppose you would use me like the common sort, — me that was rared dacent, an' did n't mane to trouble you, but jist to ask a question, an' no more about it.

MRS. W. It is not out of any disrespect to you, Judy, that I was not able to see you at another hour —

JUDY (*rising and making a courtesy*). I am obliged to ye, my lady.

MRS. W. But as I have a good deal to do, I am not certain of being found at home or at leisure at any hour of the day; so, for the convenience of both parties, I thought it best to fix an hour when you would all be sure to see me.

JUDY. That makes a differ certently. Well, I suppose as

I am here, I may as well spake what I have to say, if it's not illconvenient?

MRS. W. Not at all: speak out at once. What can I do for you?

JUDY (*sighing*). Times is very hard, my lady.

MRS. W. We require to exert ourselves to get on in them, certainly.

JUDY. An' I 'm willin' to do it, — proud an' willin' to do it; and that brought me to yer ladyship, to see if there was e'er a little situation about yerself or the young ladies — may the Lord keep them an' you in health an' happiness! — that would shuit me, an' bring in a little arnin'; for I declare to God I 'm a'most naked. It's a borrowt cloak an' a borrowt coat that's on me this blessed day, and my mother's apron — God bless her! — an' so many of us boys an' girls strivin' to keep the bit an' the sup amongst them, that I may say she's a'most broke with it.

MRS. W. I am really glad to find, Judy, that you have the courage to begin to earn your own livelihood; and if I can in any way help you to it, you may depend on my most ready assistance. What would you wish to do? What do you feel yourself more particularly fit for?

JUDY. Anythin' at all, my lady. I am jist fit for any situation at all that's not anyway onreasonable; for I 'm wake in myself, my lady, an' rared in dacency, an' could take the care of childer, or wait on young ladies, or the like of them sort of respectable attindincies.

MRS. W. The care of children! You would not find that a situation suited to weakly health. There is almost no place requiring more strength of body or more evenness of temper.

JUDY. Timper, my lady! Thank God there's none can fault my timper. It's too quiet I am, an' let's the people impose on me, I do, with my quietness of timper. An' for stringth — glory be to God! — I 'm strong an' able, as the neighbors can testify, an' far more than that, if I had it to do; an' that's all that's in it for strongness anyway.

MRS. W. You don't quite understand me, Judy.

JUDY. Beggin' yer pardon, my lady, I do ; an' more. An' for carryin' childer, walkin' out with them, an' kapin them clane, and hushaby the baby, an' all the contrariness of them, — swate, innercent creatures ! — I'll go bail there's ne'er a girl in Ireland better shuited to the work than meself, though I say it.

MRS. W. (*smiling*). Still, Judy, more may be required of you in this line, in a really respectable family, than you are at all aware of ; and —

JUDY. Respectable ! Sure it's into no other I *would* go by any manes, nor would yer ladyship wish me.

MRS. W. Surely not ; but as the duties of a nurse or nurse-maid have altered very much of late years, and as perhaps some other department might suit you better, suppose you were to think of —

JUDY. I've no objection to be lady's-maid, — none in life, my lady ; an' in regard of sittin' up of a night when they would be at their parties, an' company, an' that, of coorse the ladies would consider that I should have my good sleep out of a mornin'.

MRS. W. Can you cut out and make a gown, Judy ?

JUDY (*turning herself round*). I make my own, my lady ; cuts it, an' shews it, an' shapes it, an' fits it ; an' my caps as well ; an' trims my own bonnet ; an' let me see the girl that goes more tidy to fair or chapel than Judy Flanagan. (*Courtesying.*)

MRS. W. You are always very neat, Judy, — very neat and tidy for your condition ; but a fine lady requires a great deal more from her maid than you have had an opportunity of learning. If you want really to earn your bread, I am willing to help you to do it ; but it must be in a rational way. You must begin at the beginning ; and if you are in earnest in going to service, take service properly under some better-instructed person than yourself, who will teach you your business. I am in want of an under-housemaid. Will you take the place ?

JUDY. Tache me my business ! Under Nancy Fox, I do suppose ? Is it my father's daughter will go under Billy Fox the ould cobbler's ophant ? No, my lady. Glory be to God

in heaven ! I'm not so low as that. What can she tache me that I require to know ?

Mrs. W. To do the work of a gentleman's house, of which you must be entirely ignorant. Nancy Fox, luckily for her, had no one to interfere with her progress. She came to me to be under my late housemaid, Kitty Flinn, who married so comfortably last year ; and she has thus qualified herself to be upper housemaid now in her stead, as you may qualify yourself, in your turn, by and by to succeed her.

JUDY. Is it Nancy ? Thank you, my lady, an' I'm obliged to you ; but I'm not come to that yet ! An' I wish you good mornin' all the same, ma'am, though you've been poisoned agin me by those as I know of. But I dar' thim all, fornint their face or behint their back, to say anything but what's truth o' me or thim that owns me !

Mrs. W. You are mistaken, Judy : no one has ever said a word to me against you.

JUDY. They dar' n't, my lady.

Mrs. W. You have done yourself more harm than any one else could have done you. Still, I forgive you ; and I will serve you if I can, but not now : you must suffer a little more first. Pride and idleness and vanity must all be punished a little further before either I can help you or you will profit by my help. Go home, good girl, for another month or two, and then come back to me again.

JUDY. You would n't have a piece of an ould coat, my lady, nor an ould apron, nor an hankercher, that you could give me for kiverin' ? I declare I'm a'most ashamed to face the people the way I am, with scarce a tack upon me.

Mrs. W. No, indeed, Judy : I have nothing to give that you will find useful, I fear. I can say nothing more at present. See, there are several of our friends outside waiting to see me.

JUDY. Well, I wish your ladyship good mornin', an' thanks for yer advice. An' surely God he knows I did my best any way !

ARMADO AND MOTH.

ARMADO. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARM. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear child.

MOTH. No, no, sir; no.

ARM. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOTH. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

ARM. Why tough senior? Why tough senior?

MOTH. Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?

ARM. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epithet appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

MOTH. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

ARM. Pretty, and apt.

MOTH. How mean you, sir, — I pretty, and my saying apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH. Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARM. In thy most deserved praise.

MOTH. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARM. What! that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.

MOTH. I am answered, sir.

CINDERELLA ; OR, THE GLASS SLIPPER.

THE PRINCE ; ADAM ; *Trumpeter and Dancers* ; LUCRETIA TINKLETON ; ARABELLA TINKLETON ; CINDERELLA ; FAIRY GODMOTHER ; DUCHESS OF RATTLETRAP ; USHER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A dressing-room.* LUCRETIA ; ARABELLA ; CINDERELLA.

LUCRETIA. Well ! I wonder how much longer we shall have to wait for that child ? Here we have been sitting ever since the hairdresser left.

ARABELLA. I dare say she is only staring at herself in the glass. Do you know, Lucretia, I believe she thinks herself pretty, the little ape !

LUC. (*with stamp of the foot.*) I'm tired of waiting. Just ring the bell, Arabella. We shall be late for the ball !

Enter CINDERELLA with dresses on her arm.

CIN. O, I am so sorry, sisters, I've been so long ! I hope you have n't been waiting for me.

ARA. Waiting ! Why, what did you expect us to be doing ? Dressing ourselves, I suppose, while you were admiring yourself in the glass.

CIN. You forget, I think, how long it takes to iron such dresses as these. Besides, I had to clear away dinner, and to make up the fire, to get you some tea before you go out.

LUC. O yes ! you are *so* good, are you not ? We'll have you sainted in the next holy calendar. Come, get my shoes, and take my boots away ; and mind they are cleaned before you go to bed to-night !

ARA. Come, child, how slow you are ! I want my dress fastened, — this minute. (*LUCRETIA pushes CINDERELLA down. She begins to cry.*)

LUC. Yes, that's right ! You are very much hurt, are n't you ?

ARA. What a baby you are ! You'll make your eyes red ; and you've no beauty to lose, I can tell you.

LUC. I wonder whether you know what a fright you are.

CIN. I am sure it would not matter to any one if my eyes were ever so red.

LUC. The fact is, you have n't work enough. Arabella, we had better give her something to do while we are out. Mend those six pairs of black stockings before to-morrow. If not done, remember, no breakfast for you. (*They dress as fast as possible.*) [Exeunt LUCRETIA and ARABELLA.]

SCENE II. — CINDERELLA, *throwing herself down on the rug, begins to cry.*

CINDERELLA. O dear! O dear! What shall I do! what shall I do! What would my dear father say, if he could see how they treat his darling? I wonder if I have grown so very ugly since he went away. (*CINDERELLA goes to the glass, and looks at herself.*) I dare say if I were to be dressed out like my sisters, I should not look so very bad; but ah! I must not think about it (*sighs*). I must do my work. (*She sweeps the hearth.*) How shall I do it all? There are those stockings to mend, the grates to clean, the cinders to sift, — else how they'll scold me! And there's my own frock to mend, that I burnt a hole in this afternoon. How frightened I was for fear they should see it! (*She looks at her dress.*) O dear! how big it is! how *can* I mend it? O dear! O dear! (*Bursts out crying.*)

Enter FAIRY.

FAIRY. Cinderella! Cinderella! Cinderella! (*CINDERELLA looks up.*)

CIN. Oh! oh! oh! Wh— who — are you?

FAIRY. Don't you know me, Cinderella?

CIN. No, no! I do not.

FAIRY. But I know you, though I haven't spoken to you since you were a baby. I am your godmother. I have watched you and loved you; and I have been pleased with you, especially since your poor father's death. You are not happy, are you, my dear?

CIN. Not very.

FAIRY. Well, cheer up, my love. There are brighter days in store for you. Do what I tell you, and all will yet be well.

CIN. I will, I will ! But what can you do for me ?

FAIRY. Trust me, and obey me ; I have seen you can obey. Mind all my directions.

CIN. Yes, yes ! What shall I do ?

FAIRY. Would you like to go to the ball to-night ?

CIN. O yes, *so* much ; but how could I go ? I have no dress to wear. Fancy me going into that grand room (*holding up her burnt frock*) with such a dress as this !

FAIRY. Gently, gently, little maiden ! Did your father never give you any beautiful frocks ?

CIN. Ah ! yes ; but think how young I was then, only about six years old, and now I'm seventeen ; and I have had no one to give me any pretty clothes since then.

FAIRY. Let me see them.

CIN. O, but they are of no use but to look at, to remind me how my father loved me and petted me.

FAIRY. Cinderella ! Remember ! Obey ! Fetch me them.

CIN. They are all in that box, — but my sisters have got the key.

FAIRY. Do you suppose that makes any difference to me ? Look ! (*FAIRY makes signs with her wand.*)

CIN. There they are ! See how tiny ; and are they not dainty ? O my dear, *dear* father, how kind you were to me ! (*Holding up a dress.*)

FAIRY. Now put them back, and shut the box. Look at me.

Si hum, si sing,
Yo yum, yi ying ;
Rapa, rapa ree,
Open up and see.

CINDERELLA opens the box. *She stoops, and draws a ball-dress out of the box.*

CIN. O fairy, is that for me ? I thank —

FAIRY. No thanks, my dear ; not a word. Now dress, and go to the ball. It is at the house of the Duchess of Rattletrap, and you will see the Princess and the Prince there.

CIN. But, fairy, how shall I get there ? I have no carriage to go in, and no servants to take me, even if I could walk there in this bright dress.

FAIRY. Foolish child ! do you suppose I am not able to provide you with a carriage and men-servants to protect you ? Listen and obey !

Out of the garden a pumpkin bring ;
Out of the larder four mice ;
Two bees from the hive, take care they don't sting.
Chaise, horses, and men you shall have in a trice.

When you are ready dressed, you will find this equipage waiting for you at your door. At the house of the Duchess I shall be ready to introduce you to her Grace. There is one more point to obey me in : mind you are home again by twelve o'clock. This *must* be ! and if you neglect it you will find the miserable consequences of your disobedience. All your fine clothes will vanish ; and the poor, grimy Cinderella will be standing in that gay crowd. As the clock strikes twelve. Remember !

[Curtain drops.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The ball-room at the DUCHESS OF RATTLETRAP'S. Enter FAIRY GODMOTHER with CINDERELLA on her arm. FAIRY advances, and introduces CINDERELLA to the DUCHESS OF RATTLETRAP. Music and dancing cease ; every one turns and looks at CINDERELLA. After a pause, the music and dancing proceed. The PRINCE leaves his former partner, LUCRETIA, and advances to meet CINDERELLA. A new dance commences in which LUCRETIA and ARABELLA obtain no partners. After the dance the PRINCE promenades with CINDERELLA.*

PRINCE. May I have the felicity of engaging you for the next waltz ? Unfortunately I must go through the next dance with that ancient damsel in green. (*Looking towards ARABELLA.*)

CIN. Whom do you mean ?

PRIN. That withered-looking wallflower there. But one must be polite as well as enjoy one's self at a ball, you know. It is a great bore, is it not ? But if you will waltz with me afterwards, the thought of that will sustain me in my dull work.

CIN. O, I should like it so much ; but it is so long since I waltzed, — suppose I can't do it ?

PRIN. Never mind : I'll soon teach you. You are so light

I could carry you about, and no one would know we were not flying. O, how happy I shall be ! (*They waltz.*)

CIN. O, do let us sit down now ! I am sure we are being looked at.

PRIN. Who could help looking at you ? (*Presses her hand and leads her to a seat, the PRINCE stooping towards her.*) May I take you down to supper ? Promise me that I shall.

CIN. What o'clock will that be ?

PRIN. How should I know anything of the flight of time, with you so near me ?

CIN. If you cannot really tell me, I had better leave at once ; for I must be home at twelve o'clock.

PRIN. Indeed you must not. I will prevent that.

CIN. O, you don't know what you're saying. You must let me go, or I shall never see you again.

PRIN. Tell me why, then ? Where is your home ? Who are you going with ? May I ask what is your name ?

CIN. I cannot tell you anything. If you are kind, you will not ask me. If you will let me go now, I shall see you again, perhaps, to-morrow, at the palace, if you will let me come. So now, good night.

PRIN. I shall see you to your carriage. Shall I fetch the old lady you came with ? Is she your mother ?

CIN. No ; alas ! I have no mother ; but she is my god-mother, and is very good to me. But she is gone, I know : so let me go alone.

PRIN. I must and *will* conduct you to your carriage.

CIN. (*looking at the timepiece.*) Be quick, then, be quick ! O, pardon me for being so hasty ; but — if you knew all ! (*She goes out ; he follows her ; the clock strikes twelve.*) [*The curtain drops.*]

SCENE II. — *The SISTERS' sitting-room.*

CIN. (*sitting alone.*) Here I am again, — the poor Cinderella ! Is it all a dream ? But what a dream ! Ah, well ! I will work all the better for my bit of play. Now for the cinders to sift. (*Goes to the fire-place.*) O, they are all done ! and how clean the grate is ! Well, but there's those stockings. (*Gets her basket, snuffs the candle, and takes a stocking in her hand ; lets it lie on her lap ; muses.*)

O, is not the Prince handsome? and how very kind he was to such a poor girl as I am; but then he did not know who I was, and I dare say he thought I was *somebody*. Heigh-ho! I must not think of him. (*Looking at the stockings.*) O, they are all mended! Now then, for the boots. (*Finds them cleaned.*) O you dear, dear godmother! this must be you.

Enter the SISTERS.

LUC. Well, Cinderella, have you done your work?

ARA. Come, Lucretia, don't begin about her work directly, — I'm sick of it! If she has not done it, why, you know she'll have no breakfast, that's all! Now tell her about the delightful party we have had.

LUC. Well, we both danced with the Prince; and he was so polite and really quite affectionate to us both, — was he not, Loo? — I quite expect we shall have him calling here soon.

CIN. Did he dance with you often? Is he handsome? Do tell me about him.

LUC. And what do you want to hear for? I suppose you think we shall let you go some day. O Arabella! what a guy she would look in a ball-room!

ARA. Fancy Cinderella in the same room with that lovely creature we saw to-night!

LUC. Do you know I believe she was a princess, or the Prince would never have talked so very much to her.

ARA. Did he speak to her?

LUC. Yes; and her voice and manners were still more charming than her face.

ARA. She talked a great deal more to me than she did to you; and had n't she a fascinating dress? I think I shall have one like it next year.

LUC. You, indeed! it would suit my complexion much better than yours. Did you hear her name, Arabella?

ARA. No, I don't think any one did. I heard the Prince asking her; and she would not tell him even.

CIN. (*looking mysterious.*) I think I could guess who it was.

BOTH (*together.*) You indeed, you little monkey! Go off to bed!

[*Exit CINDERELLA.*]

LUC. That's what comes of talking to her, the stuck-up little puss, putting in her word !

ARA. Well, we'd better go to bed now, or we shall not be fit to be seen to-morrow night. I declare I'm so excited ! Sha'n't you dream of the Prince and that lovely little beauty ?
[*Curtain drops.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The ball-room. Music. Company promenading, PRINCE with CINDERELLA.*

PRINCE. You will not forget that you promised to sit by me at supper ?

CIN. On one condition, you know.

PRIN. Yes ; but why that condition ? However, I kept my word last night, and you must have been home quite in time to please any old godmother. I suppose you have to tuck her up in bed and give her her gruel. She might get some one else to put on her nightcap, the dear old soul ! just for once.

CIN. But you are quite mistaken about her. She does not live with me. I wish she did.

PRIN. Whom *do* you live with ? Tell me now, my dove, before you fly from me again. Where can I find the dove-cote ? Does no one cherish you ? Does no one care for your sweet life ?

CIN. Alas ! no one takes care of me.

PRIN. But you do not live all alone ?

CIN. No, not alone ; but no one loves me.

PRIN. You are wrong there, for I do, and I shall never love another. Tell me where I can find you. I will come and cherish you ; and you shall live on such love as none ever knew before !

CIN. O, don't put such visions before me, to make my life the darker when the dream vanishes ! You don't know who I am, and I cannot tell you. (*CINDERELLA hears the clock begin to strike, and rushes away. Loses her shoe, which the PRINCE picks up ; and, after gazing at it, he kisses it, and puts it into his pocket.*) [Curtain drops.]

SCENE II. — *A dark night. The PRINCE, looking out into the night, gazes about.*

PRINCE. Where can she be gone? It is only an instant since she left the palace. Her carriage cannot have driven away yet. Where is she? Perhaps it did not come for her, and she has gone on foot; but no! I should see her then. (*Turns to his servant.*) Adam, did you see a lady passing the door?

ADAM. Please your Royal Highness, no.

PRIN. But I believe you did. I think I heard you speak to some one this minute.

ADAM. May it please your Highness, I was only telling that girl there not to be loitering about.

PRIN. Which girl?

ADAM. That there grubby girl down there. (*Pointing to CINDERELLA crouching in a corner.*)

PRIN. (*going up to her.*) Why, girl, what are you doing there? Are you asleep? What, no bonnet and no shawl on! How cold you must be!

CIN. Please, sir, I'm in trouble. I've lost my way, and was just going to ask your servant to tell me whereabouts I am.

ADAM. Whereabouts you are, you hussy! Why, you know as well as I do, you have just come out through this door. (*Turning to the PRINCE.*) But I can't for the life of me tell what room she came from.

PRIN. Come, get up, and tell me where you want to go, and how it is you have lost your way. Where's your home?

CIN. Please, sir, I'm servant to some ladies who are at the ball to-night, and I've come out without their knowing it. O, please don't tell them! I came because I wanted to see some of the company; and it was so nice looking at the beautiful people that I forgot myself, and have stayed too late. (*She cries.*)

PRIN. (*aside.*) How much her voice sounds like *hers*! How can it be? But what a fool I am! It is only that I am so filled with thoughts of her: that voice rings in my ears like the music of a silver bell. (*To CINDERELLA.*) Well, girl, get

up. Where is it you want to go ? Tell me, and don't look so frightened : you shall get home before your mistresses. And remember, don't be so silly another time, or you may get turned away ; but this time I'll say nothing about it. Who are your ladies ?

CIN. They are the Hon. Miss Tinkletons, of Tinkleton Hall. O, please, sir, I don't know how I'm to get home before them. How could I be so silly as to come! (*in distress.*)

PRIN. Adam, send my aunt's coachman here,— the Duchess of Rattletrap's, you know. (*Aside.*) They won't be going yet for an hour, I dare say. Poor girl ! I am sure she must be good as well as in trouble, with such a voice as that. I feel sorry for her. (*To CINDERELLA.*) Here, my poor girl, take my cloak, and don't tell the man who you are. Jump into the carriage, and you'll be at Tinkleton Hall in a quarter of an hour.

CIN. Bless you, sir, and a thousand thanks to you.

[*Curtain drops.*]

SCENE III. — *Breakfast-table.* LUCRETIA and ARABELLA.

LUC. How late you are, Arabella !

ARA. I don't believe you have been much longer down than I have : so you need not make such a fuss.

LUC. But where is Cinderella ?

ARA. O, do leave the child alone, and let us have our breakfast in peace. She has got it all ready ; and we don't want her here, I am sure.

LUC. She's getting quite saucy. She asked me last night, when she was undressing me, whether that little lady was there again that we liked so much (*sneeringly*).

ARA. What had she to do with it, I should like to know ? We must keep her down, Lucretia. I think we have been making too much of a friend of her lately.

LUC. Was n't it odd that the Prince never came into the supper-room at all last night ? I wonder where he was.

ARA. Lord Lovel told me he went wandering about the corridors, looking at a little shoe he held in his hand, and watching the ladies' feet as they went out.

LUC. O yes! did n't you hear? The beautiful little lady lost one of her slippers as she went hurrying out; and he is trying everywhere to find out the owner of it.

ARA. I can't help thinking there's some enchantment about her.

LUC. Enchantment. Fiddlesticks! She's nothing but a very pretty little girl, that's kept very close at home by that queer little old grandmother of hers.

ARA. Listen, Loo! What's that noise? (*Sounds of a trumpet. Trumpeter's voice heard. ARABELLA throws up the window.*)

PROCLAMATION.

O, yes! O, yes! This is to give notice, by order of his Royal Highness, that his Royal Highness intends visiting at every house in his kingdom where dwells a maiden, be she high or low, rich or poor, for the purpose of discovering the owner of a shoe left last night in the palace. Prepare, all maidens, prepare for his reception! Whoever can wear the shoe his Royal Highness will wed!

ARA. O Lucretia!

LUC. O Arabella! I wonder whether he'll come here! I know my foot will wear any shoe. I shall make believe I lost mine.

ARA. I'm sure it's only done to find out about that pretty girl; and I know she was only a ghost or a sprite. I believe I am nearer her size than any one in that room last night; so won't I put it on! and then you'll have to do court to me as Princess, Madam Lucretia.

Enter CINDERELLA with a tray.

LUC. Dear me, how prim and neat you look, to be sure! What have you been getting yourself up in such a very nun-like style for?

ARA. Perhaps she expects the Prince to try the shoe on *her* foot!

LUC. (*with a laugh.*) Ah, I shouldn't wonder! That's a good idea, is n't it, Cinderella? You'd like that.

CIN. If he should say he wishes it, of course I must, sis-

ters ; and you know that the proclamation says all maidens are to prepare, high or low.

LUC. Well, Arabella, this is too absurd. You conceited little puss, do hold your tongue.

ARA. Did I not tell you she was getting unbearable ? Mind you keep in your own place, amongst the ashes, miss, when the Prince does come.

LUC. Yes, you'd better take care he does not see you. You shall be punished if you show your little, silly, simpering face while he is here. The gardener will open the door.

CIN. O sisters, do let me see him ! I have heard he's so handsome ; and I'm sure I should not trouble him. (*A loud knock heard ; LUCRETIA and ARABELLA push CINDERELLA out.*)

Enter PRINCE with flourish of trumpets. Ladies make court-courtesies.

PRIN. Good morning, ladies. How blooming you both look to-day !

LUC. Good morning to your Highness.

ARA. Good morning (*with a courtesy*).

PRIN. This sweet morning is quite exhilarating. One can but feel happy on such a day.

ARA. Our happiness is enhanced by the light of your presence.

PRIN. But I, alas ! have a great anxiety at my heart. I have lost a treasure, ladies, — the greatest treasure I ever possessed. I had no sooner found it than it vanished. If I do not recover my treasure, my happiness is gone for life.

LUC. How sad, how mournful you look !

ARA. Can we do nothing to repair your loss ?

PRIN. I fear not. It is to be repaired only with the treasure itself. No substitute would avail.

LUC. Tell us, — what is it you have lost ?

PRIN. It is my love, — the only woman I ever loved.

BOTH. Your love ! A lady, do you mean ?

PRIN. Yes, a lady. She was very fair. Will you help me to find her ?

LUC. We will do our very best.

ARA. I dare say she's not so very far off.

PRIN. I have only one clew to finding her. This shoe (*holding it up*) she dropped as she left the palace. I know it will fit no other foot ; therefore I am travelling through the length and breadth of my kingdom to find her who can wear it. She will be my Princess, for she loves me, I know, and I love her more than tongue can tell. (*Looking up, and turning to LUC.*) Lady, will you permit my gentleman-in-waiting to try the shoe upon your foot ?

LUC. Your Royal Highness has but to command. My foot has always been considered *very* small ; but I am scarcely worthy the honor consequent upon wearing *that* shoe.

PRIN. Madam, let us wait the event. (*Enter the USHER bowing.*
LUCRETIA *sits herself.* *The shoe will not fit.*)

LUC. There must be some mistake. Allow me to try myself.

PRIN. Pardon me, madam : it cannot leave the hand of the usher. (*Turning to ARABELLA.*) Will you favor me by taking your sister's chair ?

ARA. I flatter myself that my foot is some *inches* smaller than that of my poor sister. (*Looking tenderly at the PRINCE.*) I knew you understood which it was ! (*The USHER tries to put it on ; but it will not fit.*) Your Highness is too just and too kind to submit to any trickery.

PRIN. That is just why I came here myself, that no fair lady, be she ever so beautiful, might impose either upon herself or upon me. Ladies, good morning (*bowing as if to depart*). But before I go I must perfect my vow. I have sworn to try this shoe on every maiden, high and low, rich and poor, in my kingdom. You have a young girl in this house.

LUC. No, I assure you.

ARA. No one lives here but ourselves and the gardener, except, indeed, a faithful old cook.

PRIN. (*interrupting.*) Excuse me. I have seen your maid, and have spoken some words to her. I could not forget her voice, though I scarcely saw her features. I am sure she is not old. Call her, and she will tell you whether or not she has seen me before. I did her a kindness she will not have

forgotten. (*Turning to his USHER.*) Call the little maid-of-all-work, — as I suspect she is. [*Exit USHER.*]

LUC. and ARA. Indeed, you are mistaken, indeed, indeed!

Enter the USHER, accompanied by FAIRY and CINDERELLA. The PRINCE gets excited; one glance at each other, and both are calm.

PRIN. My child, what is your name?

FAIRY. They call her Cinderella. Shame to say, she is their sister. She has been like an angel to them, patient, true, and loving; but they have treated her with —

CIN. (*stopping the FAIRY.*) O don't, dear Fairy! don't be unkind to them!

PRIN. (*advancing.*) Excuse my interruption; my impatience will admit of no delay. (*Taking the shoe from the hand of his USHER.*) Cinderella, will you sit there, and let me see if your foot ever wore this shoe?

CIN. I — I — May I, sisters? (*Turning to them.*)

PRIN. Cinderella, don't you know that I am the Prince? and princes are wont to be obeyed without hesitation. (*CINDERELLA sits down; the PRINCE, kneeling, places her foot on his knee, and instantly the shoe goes on. CINDERELLA draws the other glass slipper from her pocket; he gazes for a moment into her eyes, and then clasps her hands.*) My bride! my princess! [*Curtain drops.*]

SCENE FROM "VIRGINIUS."

VIRGINIUS; LUCIUS.

LUCIUS (*without*). What ho! Virginius! Virginius!

VIRGINIUS. Here! here!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUC. 'T is well you 're found, Virginius!

VIR. What makes you from the city?

LUC. You are wanted

In Rome.

VIR. On what account?

LUC. On your arrival

You'll learn.

VIR. How! is it something can't be told
At once? Speak out, boy! Ha! your looks are loaded
With matter. Is't so heavy that your tongue
Cannot unburden them? Your brother left
The camp on duty yesterday: hath aught
Happened to him? Did he arrive in safety?
Is he safe? Is he well?

LUC. He is both safe and well.

VIR. What then? What then? Tell me the matter,
Lucius.

LUC. I have said
It shall be told you.

VIR. Shall! I stay not for
That "shall," unless it be so close at hand
It stop me not a moment. 'T is too long
A coming. Fare you well, my Lucius.

LUC. Stay,
Virginus; hear me with patience!

VIR. Well,
I am patient.

LUC. Your Virginia —

VIR. Stop, my Lucius!
I'm cold in every member of my frame!
If 't is prophetic, Lucius, of thy news,
Give me such token as her tomb would, Lucius, —
I'll bear it better, — silence.

LUC. You are still —

VIR. I thank thee, Jupiter! I am still a father!

LUC. You are, Virginus. Yet —

VIR. What! is she sick?

LUC. No.

VIR. Neither sick nor dead! All well! No harm!
Nothing amiss! Each guarded quarter safe,
That Fear may lay him down and sleep, and yet
This sounding the alarm! Thou tell'st
A story strangely. Speak out! I have patience
For anything, since my Virginia lives,
And lives in health!

LUC. You are required in Rome
To answer a most novel suit.

VIR. Whose suit?

LUC. The suit of Claudius.

VIR. Claudius!

LUC. Him that's client
To Appius Claudius, the decemvir.

VIR. What! Ha! Virginia! You appear
To couple them. What makes my fair Virginia
In company with Claudius? His suit! What suit?
Answer me quickly! quickly! lest suspense,
Beyond what patience can endure, coercing,
Drive reason from her seat!

LUC. He has claimed Virginia.

VIR. Claimed her! Claimed her!
On what pretence?

LUC. He says she is the child
Of a slave of his, who sold her to thy wife.

VIR. Go on, — you see I am calm.

LUC. He seized her in the school,
And dragged her to the forum, where
Appius was giving judgment.

VIR. Dragged her to the forum! Well,
I told you, Lucius, I would be patient.

LUC. Numitorius there confronted him.

VIR. Did he not strike him dead?
True, true, I know it was in the presence of
The decemvir. O, had I confronted him!
Well! well! the issue? Well, o'erleap all else,
And light upon the issue. Where is she?

LUC. I was despatched to fetch thee ere I could learn.

VIR. The claim of Claudius — Appius's client — Ha!
I see the master-cloud — this ragged one,
That lowers before, moves only in subservience
To the ascendant of the other. Jove
With its own mischief break it and disperse it,
And that be all the ruin! Patience! Prudence!

Nay, prudence, but no patience. Come! a slave
 Dragged through the streets in open day! My child!
 My daughter! my fair daughter, in the eyes
 Of Rome! O, I'll be patient! Come! the essence
 Of my best blood, in the free common ear
 Condemned as vile! O, I'll be patient! Come!
 O, they shall wonder, — I will be so patient!

TOBIAS TURNIPTOP IN GENERAL COURT.

TOBIAS TURNIPTOP, *Member from Squashborough.*

MRS. TURNIPTOP, *his Wife.*

SOLOMON PRIMER, *a Schoolmaster, his son-in-law.*

ISAAC HORNBLOWER,

SQUIRE DOBBS,

DEACON SMALLTRADER,

} *his Constituents.*

MEMBERS of the General Court, SPEAKER, CLERK, etc.

SCENE I. — MR. TURNIPTOP'S sitting-room. MR. TURNIPTOP enters in a state of excitement, followed by MRS. TURNIPTOP.

MRS. TURNIPTOP. Do be calm, father!
 MR. TURNIPTOP. How can I be calm? Be a candidate yourself once, and see how you stand it! Hark! did ye hear the yells?

MRS. T. Town-meetin' 's over, and now you 'll know if you 're elected.

MR. T. Give me a glass of water. I declare, I feel faint!

MRS. T. Come, don't be foolish, father! I never did see you so anxious. I believe you 've lost ten pounds of flesh since yesterday. For my part, I don't see how you *could* keep away from town-meetin'!

MR. T. I stayed away out of dignity, of course. If I was up for President of the United States, do you think 't would look well for me to be hanging about the polls when I was being elected?

MRS. T. But you ain't up for President.

MR. T. Next thing to it ; candidate for the General Court ! (*Looks from the window.*) I declare ! if there ain't Isaac Hornblower coming like Jehu-mighty round Slouch's corner ! pulling straight for our house ! News o' the election, I bet !

MRS. T. Land's sake ! The man will run himself out of a year's growth ! You 're elected, father, you 're elected ! I see it in his coat tails.

MR. T. You shall have that new gown ! I shall be Honorable Mr. Turniptop ; and you 'll be Honorable Mrs. Turniptop ! I 'll have the old wagon painted over. It 's a day to be remembered a thousand years, mother ! Just see how my heart thumps ! (*Places her hand on his waistcoat.*)

MRS. T. My, father ! you 'll bust a button ! (*Puts her ear to his breast. A loud knocking at the door.*) Land's sake ! I can hear it, thump, thump !

MR. T. That ain't my heart, — it 's Hornblower's fist ! Run to the door, mother ! Tell him I 'm engaged, but you guess I 'll see him. I must be on my dignity, you know.

MRS. T. Honorable Mr. Turniptop ! (*Goes out.*)

MR. T. Be calm, be calm, Turniptop ! (*Sits down ; pretends to be reading newspaper. ISAAC HORNBLOWER rushes in.*)

HORNBLOWER (*speaking as if out of breath*). Neighbor Turniptop !

MR. T. Oh ! how do you do, Neighbor Hornblower ? Take a seat and sit down. Fine day. How 's the folks ? We 're all pretty well, I thank you, only mother, she 's got a leetle touch o' the rheumatiz. Any news, Isaac ?

H. The election !

MR. T. Oh ! the election. I 'd forgot about the election. Kept to home by a headache.

H. You 've got it, Neighbor Turniptop !

MR. T. (*hand to his head*). Yes ; had it more or less all day ; got it eating a mince-pie.

H. I mean, you 've got the election !

MR. T. Sho, Isaac ! I thought you meant the headache.

H. You 've beat Scratchgravel all hollow ; gone in by a clean majority ; smack smooth, and no two words about it !

MR. T. (*chuckling behind his newspaper*). Got a majority ! Keep

cool, Isaac. No use being obflusticated. Hang up your hat, and stay to supper, won't ye? And we'll talk it over. You're quite sure?

H. Sure as a gun. I heard it with my own eyes. Squire Dobbs read it off to the whole meeting: "Tobias Turniptop has fifty-nine, and — is — chosen!" You're a representative to the General Court, Neighbor Turniptop!

MR. T. (*with great deliberation*). I regret to say I cannot accept.

H. Can't accept! You're crazy, Turniptop!

MR. T. I'm very sorry that a sense of the weighty responsibility compels me —

H. Then I must run right back and tell 'em, so they can order a new election.

MR. T. Hold on! Don't be hasty. You go off like a fire-cracker. These things require serious consideration. I'll consider on't; and if, after due deliberation, I think I can conscientiously assume an office — hem — of such tremenjuous responsibility, and if my constituents insist on my going, — why, then I shall not feel justified in declining so great an honor.

H. That's the way to talk! You're just cut out for a representative.

MR. T. Think so, Isaac?

H. Everybody thinks so.

MR. T. Right man in the right place, eh?

H. Perzac'ly. But I want to tell ye one thing. You must go agin the dog-tax.

MR. T. O, sartin. I shall oppose the dog-tax.

H. It's infamous.

MR. T. It's tyrannical.

H. But we really need a cat-tax.

MR. T. I think myself a cat-tax would be judicious, — very judicious.

H. I see you are all right. (*Shaking hands with MR. T.*) I congratulate you on your election, and I'm sure you'll be a credit to Squashborough. (*Going.*) Repeal the dog-tax, remember!

MR. T. Repeal is the word. (*H. goes out.*) Hornblower has got three dogs, and his neighbors have all the cats, and that accounts for his principles. No matter. *Honorable Tobias Turniptop*,—ahem! (*Pulls up his dickey, and walks about with an air of importance.*) Member from Squashborough, ahem! (*Strikes an attitude as if about to make a speech.*) Mr. Speaker! ahem! Mr. Speaker! (*Gesticulates.*)

SQUIRE DOBBS *enters*; stands astonished, regarding TURNIPTOP.

SQ. D. (*aside*). The man's in a fit.

MR. T. Mr. Spea— (*Seeing DOBBS.*) Dobbs! Mr. Dobbs! I beg pardon!

SQ. D. What 'pears to be the matter?

MR. T. (*holds the arm that was extended*). A little exercise for my old newralligy! Dreadful shooting pains, you know!

SQ. D. I hope they won't interfere with your official duties.

MR. T. Official duties,—hem! thank you!

SQ. D. It's a highly responsible office, this going to the General Court.

MR. T. I am aware of that, sir, totally and officially; and I shall endeavor not to disappoint my constituents.

SQ. D. We shall expect you to sustain the dog-tax.

MR. T. I shall study the Constitution on that subject.

SQ. D. Dogs are a luxury.

MR. T. A very decided luxury.

SQ. D. Liable to run mad, and kill sheep.

MR. T. Extremely liable.

SQ. D. A very proper subject for taxation.

MR. T. They shall be taxed up to the hub!

SQ. D. I see we are to have an able representative.

MR. T. Squashborough is in my hands.

SQ. D. Remember you had my vote. Good morning. (*Goes out.*)

MR. T. Dobbs has no dog, and that accounts for *his* principles.

DEACON SMALLTRADER *enters*.

DEACON SMALLTRADER. I have just run in to have the honor.

(*Shakes hands with TURNIPTOP.*) I rejoice that we have finally got a man who will do justice to Squashborough.

MR. T. Never fear; Squashborough is on my shoulders.

DEA. S. What we want is wholesome laws, wholesome laws, Brother Turniptop.

MR. T. My motto exactly. What do you — hem — think of the dog-tax, deacon?

DEA. S. (*snaps his fingers*). I don't care *that* for the dog-tax, one way or the other. It's a petty consideration.

MR. T. Very petty.

DEA. S. Beneath the consideration of a member from Squashborough.

MR. T. Entirely beneath.

DEA. S. But what we want is a bank.

MR. T. True; a bank for Squashborough.

DEA. S. And to have the salaries of state officers all cut down one half.

MR. T. Except the pay of the representatives, of course.

DEA. S. And a tax on pedlers.

MR. T. I believe you. They should be taxed out of existence.

DEA. S. You're the man for my vote. Act up to your principles and the country is safe. (*Goes out.*)

MR. T. Principles! A dry-goods man wants to kill off the pedlers, and a man without dogs wants dogs taxed, and a man with dogs don't want 'em taxed; and what's a representative to do? (*Makes a serpentine motion with his finger.*) Steer betwixt 'em; them's my principles; and 'cording to my notion them's all the principles a member of the General Court can afford to have, and be pop'lar.

SOLOMON PRIMER *enters.*

Of all the world! the very man I wanted to see!

SOLOMON. This is a great thing for our family, father-in-law!

MR. T. The highest honor.

SOL. You are placed in a magnificent position. It will be in your power to do great things.

MR. T. Yes ; but see here, Solomon ! You are a man of learning, a schoolmaster, and — can't you give me a hint ? What's your idea about a bank, — dog-tax, — a stringent pedler license, — eh ?

SOL. Don't commit yourself.

MR. T. I see ! Don't commit myself.

SOL. The grand thing for you is a speech.

MR. T. I see. A speech.

SOL. Eloquent, you know. 'Way up ! (*Lifts his hand.*) Tall !

MR. T. (*lifts his hand*). 'Way up !

SOL. Tuck in a lot about constituents and responsibility.

MR. T. I see ! And Bunker Hill, eh ?

SOL. Yes ; and the heroes of Seventy-six !

MR. T. I will ! I'll give 'em the heroes of Seventy-six ! They're always pop'lar.

SOL. And the Constitution.

MR. T. And the Constitution !

SOL. A man can talk a week about the Constitution, and not commit himself.

MR. T. And fought, bled, and died ! eh ? (*with a gleeful chuckle.*)

SOL. First rate !

MR. T. And the Pilgrim Fathers, eh ?

SOL. Capital !

MR. T. And the American Eagle ! eh ?

SOL. Tiptop !

MR. T. And standing up for my constituents, eh ?

SOL. You'll do, you'll do.

MR. T. But my speech must be on to something. How about that ?

SOL. That's nothing. Write out your speech, get it by heart, then, no matter what subject comes up, fire away. You can leave a few blanks for allusions to it, after you find out what it is.

MR. T. I see, I see ! That's the way they do it ! I'm full of my speech. If I don't write it out, I shall bust.

SOL. Then I advise you to write it out at once.

MR. T. Fought, bled, and died ! [*They go out.*]

SCENE II.—*The General Court. MR. TURNIPTOP seated, with several members about him. CLERK is calling the roll for the ayes and noes.*

CLERK. Aminidab Peterkin.

FIRST MEMBER. Aye.

CLERK. Amaziah Pillsbury.

SECOND M. Aye.

CLERK. John H. Rakehandle.

THIRD M. Aye.

CLERK. Jedediah Riggs.

FOURTH M. Aye.

CLERK. Welcome Simpkins.

FIFTH M. Aye.

CLERK. Tobias Turniptop.

MR. T. (*emphatically*). No! (*All look at him. Aside to FIRST MEMBER.*) S'pose I 'm going to vote aye when they would n't let me make my speech? Not by a jugful!

CLERK. Goodsight Whiteye.

SIXTH M. No.

CLERK. Zachariah Youngfellow.

SEVENTH M. No.

CLERK proceeds to count the votes.

MR. T. (*aside to MEMBERS*). I never can get the Speaker's eye. There 's been over forty questions decided, and I might have said something on every one, if they 'd give me a chance.

SECOND M. Rush in. Don't be bashful. The Bigsuck Tunnel is coming up next. You ought to have something to say on that.

MR. T. I 'm prepared on the Bigsuck Tunnel. (*Takes roll of paper from his pocket.*) I 've got my remarks all written out; but I 'm so well posted I sha' n't have to refer to my notes, probably. I 'll have a hit at the Bigsuck!

CLERK. Ayes forty-nine; noes eleven. Ordered to be engrossed. (*Passes bill to Messenger.*)

THE SPEAKER. The next business in order is the Bigsuck Tunnel Appropriation Bill.

Several MEMBERS spring to their feet, all crying "MR. SPEAKER!"

MR. T. (*who is among the first, brandishing his speech*). Mr. Speaker !
Mr. Speaker !

SPEAKER (*knocks with his gavel on the desk*). Gentleman from Squashborough.

SECOND M. Now you 've caught him.

FIRST M. Go it, Turniptop !

MR. T. Mr. Speaker. I rise to the question, Mr. Speaker. (*Attempts to put his speech into his coat-tail pocket ; but SECOND MEMBER adroitly takes it instead.*) Mr. Speaker, this is a subject of vital importance. Standing this day in the shadow of Bunker Hill, where our glorious forefathers fought, bled, and died for glorious liberty, let us emulate their glorious example, and give this subject the consideration it deserves. Are we degenerate sons of degenerate sires ? Is the fires of Seventy-six extinct in our bosoms ? The Eagle of American Independence that circled round and round in his glorious gyrofluctions above the heads of those glorious heroes of Seventy-six, has he come down ? I repeat, Mr. Speaker, has the American Eagle gone to seed ? Have we seen his glorious tail-feathers descending like a falling star from the zenith ? No, Mr. Speaker ! Let the advocates of this atrocious scheme stand from under, while the bird of liberty sweeps down from his empyrean height, and thunders, No !

My constituents, Mr. Speaker, have a vital interest in this Bigsuck question. They have sent me here to stand, as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, in defence of that interest. I am decidedly opposed to the appropriation. It is contrary to the principles of freedom. It is a backhanded thrust at the Constitution of our fathers. It is a stab under the fifth rib. Tell it to your children and to your children's children, Mr. Speaker, that liberty is the everlasting birthright of the grand community of nature's freemen ; and let us hear no more of this Bigsuck question.

Mr. Speaker, let us for a moment take a retrospective view of the present condition of the various kingdoms and tribes of the earth. Look abroad, Mr. Speaker, over the wide expanse

of nature's universe, beyond the mighty billows of the great Atlantic. Behold Napoleon going about like a raging thunderbolt, seeking whom he may devour, — shuffling the cards and turning Jack every time. Then shall it be said that we shirk the responsibility reposed in us? Shall we prove recreant to our trust?

Why, Mr. Speaker, what does the honorable gentleman mean? No man can have a higher regard than I entertain for his personal character and integrity; but does this Big-suck question loom up so huge before his benighted vision that he can't tell beans when the bag's untied? Can't he see through this tunnel? A true patriot, Mr. Speaker, will die for his country. I stand here, Mr. Speaker, in the interests of my constituents; and when my constituents call on me with the voice of a trumpet, may I never be backward in coming forward! Standing here in the shadow of Bunker Hill, where our glorious forefathers fought, bled, and died, —

SECOND M. You said that.

MR. T. For glorious liberty, Mr. Speaker, — (*Feels in his pockets for his speech.*) To keep the rising generation from falling into the deep slough of anarchy, Mr. Speaker, — (*Looks under the desk, and on the floor.*) I say, Mr. Speaker, the rising generation — (*Feels in pockets again.*) With a deep sense of my — responsibility — constituents — fought, bled, and died, Mr. Speaker, — (*Turns, and looks in great confusion for speech.*)

FIRST M. I move that the House do now adjourn.

SECOND M. I second the motion.

SPEAKER. All those in favor, say, Aye.

ALL. Aye!

SPEAKER. The House is declared adjourned.

All rise. SECOND MEMBER very politely hands MR. T. his speech. MR. T., very red in the face, hair disordered, and ends of dickey flying, thanks him in pantomime, bowing ridiculously, as they go out.

CORIOLANUS AND AUFIDIUS.

AUFIDIUS. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the
Volsicians.

CORIOLANUS. I do ; nay, more, expect their approbation,
Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace
As thou durst never ask ; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
In all her privileges, all her rights ;
By the just gods, I will. What would'st thou more ?

AUF. What would I more, proud Roman ? This I would : —
Fire the cursed forest, where these Roman wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbors round them ;
Extirpate from the bosom of this land
A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberty of human kind,
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.

COR. The seed of gods ! 'Tis not for thee, vain boaster,
'Tis not for such as thou — so often spared
By her victorious sword — to speak of Rome
But with respect and awful veneration.
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all their creeping, dark duration.

AUF. I thank thy rage ; this full displays the traitor.

COR. Traitor ! How now ?

AUF. Ay ! traitor, Marcius.

COR. Marcius !

AUF. Ay ! Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli ?
You Lords, and heads of the State, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome —

I say, your city — to his wife and mother ;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
Counsel of the war ; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering at each other.

COR. Hearest thou, Mars ?

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears !

COR. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy ! O slave !
Cut me to pieces, Volscies ! men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli ;
Alone I did it. Boy ! But let us part ;
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids.

AUF. I court

The worst thy sword can do ; while thou from me
Hast nothing to expect but sore destruction.
Quit then this hostile camp : once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.

COR. O that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, thy tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

PORTIA; NERISSA; SERVANT.

PORTIA. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NERISSA. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NER. They would be better if well followed.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me! the word "choose"! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

NER. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

POR. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR. Ay, that's a colt, indeed; for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady, his mother, played false with a smith.

NER. Then is there the county Palatine.

POR. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NER. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

POR. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine. He is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NER. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

POR. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere.

NER. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

POR. That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

NER. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

POR. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you would refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

POR. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

POR. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

NER. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

POR. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

NER. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now! What news?

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the

Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince, his master, will be here to-night.

POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

EXPULSION OF CATILINE FROM THE SENATE.

SCENE, *senate in session; a consul in the chair; lictors present.* CICERO *concluding his speech.*

CICERO. Our long dispute must close. Take one proof more

Of this rebellion. Lucius Catiline

Has been commanded to attend the senate.

He dares not come! I now demand your votes!

Is he condemned to exile?

Enter CATILINE hastily, and as he seats himself on one side, all the senators go over to the other.

CIC. (*turning to CATILINE*). Here I repeat the charge, to gods and men,

Of *treasons* manifold; — that but this day

He has received despatches from the rebels;

That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul

To seize the province, — nay, he has levied troops,

And raised his rebel standard; that but now

A meeting of conspirators was held

Under his roof, with mystic rites and oaths,

Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.

To these he has no answer.

CATILINE. Conscript fathers!

I do not rise to waste the night in words;

Let that plebeian talk ; 't is not my trade :
 But here I stand for *right* ! — Let him show proofs ! —
 For Roman right ! though none, it seems, dare stand
 To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there !
 Cling to your master, — judges, Romans, slaves !
 His charge is *false* ! I *dare* him to his proofs.
 You have my answer : let my actions speak !

CIC. (*interrupting*). Deeds shall convince you ! Has the
 traitor done ?

CAT. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
 And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong ;
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
 Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not half so much as *he* who shuts
 The gates of honor on me, — turning out
 The Roman from his birthright, — and for what ?
 To fling your offices to every slave : (*looking round him.*)
 Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb ;
 And having wound their loathsome track to the top
 Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
 Hang hissing at the nobler men below.

CIC. This is his answer ! Must I bring more proofs ?
 Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
 But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
 Lists of proscription have been handed round,
 In which your properties are made
 Your murderer's hire.

*A cry without, " More prisoners ! " Enter an officer with letters for CICERO,
 who, after looking at them, sends them round the senate.*

CIC. Fathers of Rome ! if men can be convinced
 By proof, as clear as daylight, here it is !
 Look on these letters ! Here's a deep-laid plot
 To wreck the provinces ; a solemn league,
 Made with all form and circumstance. The time
 Is desperate, — all the slaves are up, — Rome shakes !
 The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
 We stand even here ! The name of Catiline

Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
Tried and convicted traitor ! Go from Rome !

CAT. (*rising haughtily*). Come, consecrated lictors, from your
thrones ! (*To the senate.*)

Fling down your sceptres ! Take the rod and axe,
And make the murder, as you make the law !

CIC. *to an officer, and interrupting CATILINE*). Give up the record of his banishment.

The officer gives it to the consul.

CAT. (*with indignation*). Banished from Rome ! What's banished, but set free

From daily contact of the things I loathe !
"Tried and convicted traitor !" Who says this ?
Who 'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?
Banished ? I thank you for 't ! It breaks my chain !
I held some slack allegiance till this hour, —
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords !
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cell shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities !
But here I stand and scoff you ! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face !
Your consul's merciful ; for this all thanks !
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline !

CONSUL (*reads*). "Lucius Sergius Catiline ! by the decree of the senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the state, and banished from the territory of the commonwealth."

Turning to the lictors.

Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple !

CAT. "Traitor !" I go, — but I return ! This — trial !
Here I devote your senate ! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows ! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions ! Look to your hearths, my lords !
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,

Shapes hot from Tartarus ! all shames and crimes ;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup ;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones ;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave !

IRISH COURTESY.

STRANGER ; O'CALLAGHAN.

STRANGER. I have lost my way, good friend ; can you assist me in finding it ?

O'CALLAGHAN. Assist you in finding it, sir ? Ay, by my faith and troth, and that I will, if it was to the world's end and further too.

STR. I wish to return by the shortest route to the Black Rock.

O'CAL. Indade, and you will, so plase your honor's honor ; and O'Callaghan's own self shall show you the way, and then you can't miss it, you know.

STR. I would not give you so much trouble, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'CAL. It is never a trouble, so plase your honor, for an Irishman to do his duty. (*Bowing.*)

STR. Whither do you travel, friend ?

O'CAL. To Dublin, so plase your honor. Sure all the world knows that Judy O'Flannaghan will be married to-morrow, God willing, to Pat Ryan ; and Pat, you know, is my own foster-brother, — because why, we had but one nurse betwane us, and that was my own mother ; but she died one day, the Lord rest her swate soul ! and left me an orphan, for my father married again, and his new wife was the devil's own child, and did nothing but bate me from morning till night. Och ! why did I not die before I was born to see that

day? for, by St. Patrick, the woman's heart was as cold as a hailstone.

STR. But what reason could she have for treating you so unmercifully, Mr. O'Callaghan?

O'CAL. Ah, your honor, and sure enough there are always reasons as plenty as pratees for being hard-hearted. And I was no bigger than a dumpling at the time, so I could not help myself, and my father did not care to help me; and so I hopped the twig, and parted old Nick's darling; och, may the devil find her wherever she goes! But here I am alive and lapeing, and going to see Pat married; and faith, to do him justice, he's as honest a lad as any within ten miles of us, and no disparagement neither; and I love Pat, and I love all his family, ay, by my shoul do I, every mother's son of them; and by the same token, I have travelled many a long mile to be present at his wedding.

STR. Your miles in Ireland are much longer than ours, I believe.

O'CAL. Indade, and you may belave that, your honor, because why, St. Patrick measured them in his coach, you know. Och, by the powers! the time has been — but 't is no matter, not a single copper at all at all now belongs to the family, — but as I was saying, the day has been, ay, by my troth and the night too, when the O'Callaghans, good luck to them! held their heads up as high as the best; and though I have not a rod of land belonging to me but what I hire, I love my country, and would halve my last pratee with every poor creature that has none.

STR. Pray, how does the bride appear, Mr. O'Callaghan?

O'CAL. Och, by my shoul, your honor, she's a nate article; and then she will be rigged out as gay as a lark and as fine as a peacock; because why, she has a great lady for her godmother, long life and success to her! who has given Judy two milch cows, and five pounds in hard money; and Pat has taken as decent apartments as any in Dublin, — a nate comely parlor as you'd wish to see, just six feet under ground, with a nice beautiful ladder to go down, — and all

so complate and gentale and comfortable, as a body may say —

STR. Nothing like comfort, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'CAL. Faith, and you may say that, your honor. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Comfort is comfort, says I to Mrs. O'Callaghan, when we are all sated so cleverly around a great big turf fire, as merry as grigs, with the dear little grunTERS snoring so swately in the corner, defying wind and weather, with a dry thatch, and a sound conscience to go to slape upon —

STR. A good conscience makes a soft pillow.

O'CAL. Och, jewel! sure it is not the best beds that make the best slapERS; for there's Kathleen and myself can slape like two great big tops, and our bed is none of the softest; because why, we slape on the ground, and have no bed at all at all.

STR. It is a pity, my honest fellow, that you should ever want one. There! (*Giving him a guinea.*) Good by, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'CAL. I'll drink your honor's health, that I will; and may God and the blessed Virgin bless you and yours, as long as grass grows and water runs!

BEHIND THE TIMES.

CLERGYMAN; DEACON HOMESPUN; STUDENT.

STUDENT (*alone*). What can be better calculated to fill the mind with pleasure than the study of philosophy and astronomy! How much these sciences entertain and enlarge the understanding!

DEACON (*behind the scene*). Haw buck here! Whoa, haw! Whoa! (*Enters.*) How do you, my young friend? I don't know but I've 'sturbed you; you seem to be talking to yourself.

STU. Not in the least, sir. I was contemplating the

beauties of creation, and admiring the order in which the planets move. But, as I am ever fond of instruction, I shall, with no less pleasure, listen to your observations.

DEA. Well, I'm willing to tell you anything I know ; and there a'n't many more experienced, though I say it myself. But I wish to know what under heaven there is in *crat*ion so dreadful, that you 're making such a bustle about ?

STU. Sir, I think there is an infinite variety of objects to entertain the rational mind : we may contemplate these objects every day, and still find ourselves lost in the astonishing works of creation.

DEA. Why, hem ! I *s'pose* there is something '*markable* enough in *crat*ion ; but, for my part, I don't see anything dreadful in *crat*ion. I find more profit in contriving how to fat my pork and beef in one year, than I should in thinking '*bout crat*ion from July to '*tarnity*. (*Steps to the door.*) John, drive that plaguey cow out o' the garden !

STU. These employments are, indeed, necessary and truly commendable ; yet I find, as I have opportunity to improve, many superior pleasures which demand and force my admiration —

DEA. O, you 're one of those *Collegers*, *ba'n't* you ? I have wanted to '*spute* along with some of you *gumpheads* this long time. But, pray, let a body hear what these '*markable* things are.

STU. I think that the order of the solar system, the regularity in which the planets move round the sun the centre of our system, the motion of the earth, which causes that pleasing variety of seasons, afford an ample subject for our contemplation.

DEA. The motion of the earth ! 'Pon my word ! your college wit has got something new. Do you mean that this great, masterly world moves, or what do you mean ?

STU. I had reference, sir, to the annual and the diurnal motion of the earth.

DEA. What under the sun do you mean by your *animal* and *dicurnal* motion ? That's something new.

STU. I mean the motion of the world, on its own axis, from west to east, once in twenty-four hours.

DEA. What do you say ! This masterly world turn over every day and nobody know nothing about it ? If this world turns over, what's the reason my mill-pond never got oversot, and all the water spilt out, long ago ? Do you think my farm ever turned over ?

STU. Your farm, being connected with the rest of the globe, undoubtedly turns with it.

DEA. What ! all this globe turn over and my farm turn over too, and nobody ever find it out ? Though I *s'pose* my farm lies 'bout the middle here ; so 't would n't affect that quite so much. But what if anybody should get close to the *edge*, and it should get to whirling and whirling, and, like as not, 't would throw them off ?

STU. I do not know what you mean by the edge : this world is as round as an orange.

DEA. Why, you talk more and more like a fool. What, this world round ! why, don't you see 't a'n't round ? 't is flat as a pancake.

STU. The greatest philosophers give it as their opinion —

DEA. What do you think I care for what your *bolosophers* say, when I know, *bona fida*, 't a'n't so ? and any half-witted fool knows better.

STU. Unless you can bring some arguments to confute theirs, I cannot see why you should disbelieve them.

DEA. Why, I know 't a'n't so, and that's reason enough. What, this world round, and folks live on 't, and turn over too ! That's a *darned* likely story. But if you want to hear my arguments you shall have them in full. How do you think folks can stand with their heads downwards ? Why, if this world should only turn up *adgeways*, all our houses and walls and fences would get to sliding and sliding ; and as soon as they got to the *edge* they would fall down, down, down, and finally they would never stop : that would be charming good *'conomy*.

STU. As the atmosphere turns with us, the motion would

not affect us in the least ; our feet would point to the centre as they now do.

DEA. Yes, 't would : if anybody should get close to the *edge*, and it should set to whirling round, 't would give them a confounded hoist, and, just as likely as not, 't would throw them off ; and that a'n't all ; 't would make their heads swim so that they could not stand : what do you think of that ? Why, this world is flat, and laid on its foundation, else it could not stand a moment.

STU. What supports that foundation, Deacon Homespun ? That must have something to stand on too.

DEA. Hem ! hem ! hem ! How do you think I should know ? But I know 't is so, and that 's reason enough. But what do you *ax* such foolish questions for ? Anybody knows that this great masterly world can't stand without it had something to stand on.

STU. But if the world has a foundation, how does the sun get through ?

DEA. Hem ! hem ! hem ! that 's another silly question ; but there 's no difficulty at all in that. Why, there 's a little hole just big enough for the sun to get through, without weakening the foundation.

STU. But here is another difficulty, Deacon : the sun is much bigger than this earth, and consequently must destroy your foundation.

DEA. What do you say ? the sun bigger than this *great* world ! You great dunce ! 't a'n't a bit bigger than a cart-wheel.

STU. If it be so small, how can it enlighten the whole world, especially when it is so far from us ?

DEA. Hem ! I don't *rally* see into that myself. But then I don't *s'pose* 't is *sich* a *desput* ways from us ; I should not think it was more than about two or three hundred *milds*, or such a business. But I don't quite see how it gets through the foundation.

STU. O, I see into it. I guess it does not go through ; it only just goes down behind the trees, out of sight, and then comes directly back into the same place ; and, as it is so small a thing, we cannot see it in the night.

DEA. That's about as cunning as the rest of your talk ! Why, you great dunce, you ! You could see the sun as plain as the nose on your face, if it was ever so dark.

STU. Then I think you must give up your opinion.

DEA. Give it up ! not I ! Think I'll give up anything I know ! I've been — *less* me see, how old's my *Nab* ? — I've lived in this town sixty-four years, and for nine years I was the first corporal in the company ; and for twelve years I've been the oldest deacon in this place, and never heard of the world's turning over : 't is impossible for it to go so fast as to turn over every day.

STU. But look here, Deacon Homespun : as the sun is so far from us, how many thousand times faster must it move than the earth to go round us in twenty-four hours ?

DEA. Hem ! hem ! Why do you *ax* such a foolish question ? I don't raly understand that ; but the Bible says so, and nobody has any business to *conspute* the Bible, you young blasphemer !

STU. The Bible was not given to teach us philosophy, but religion ; therefore it proves nothing about it.

DEA. But what makes you think the earth is round ?

STU. Several reasons : the circular shadow of the earth when it eclipses the moon ; and because several persons have sailed round it.

DEA. The earth never '*clipses* the moon ! Do you think the earth ever gets turned up between us and the moon ? No ; 't is the sun that '*clipses* the moon. As for sailing round, they only sail close to the *adge*, and take special care that they don't sail off ; but if the world turns round in twenty-four hours, they might tie up their vessel to a tree, and it would go round of itself, every day.

STU. But how happens it that the moon is always eclipsed when the sun is going through your foundation ?

DEA. Hem ! hem ! Well, I a'n't going to give up anything I know ; and I sha'n't believe this world turns round till I find I can stand on my head ; and I know the world can't stand without it has something to stand on.

STU. How do you suppose the sun, moon, and stars are supported without their proper foundation ?

DEA. How do you think I know ? But if the world turns round, what's the reason our minister never said nothing about it ?

STU. He'll tell you so, whenever you ask him, or he is not fit for a minister.

DEA. You're an impudent son of a blockhead ! Do you mean to *consult* me to my face ? and a deacon too !

STU. If you are offended, I've no more to say.

DEA. Well, I'll make you know better than to *conspire* me !

Enter CLERGYMAN.

CLERGYMAN. Hold, hold, Deacon ! I am surprised to see you in a passion.

DEA. I'm not in a passion ; I am as mild —

CLER. But I am sure you were in a passion.

DEA. Well, he's a villain, and ought to be kicked by every good man.

CLER. What has he done ?

DEA. Done ! He's done everything ; he deserves to be hanged.

CLER. Let us hear what it is.

DEA. Why, he's a blasphemer ; he holds up the most *con-bominable* doctrine that ever was uttered !

CLER. But what has he said, Deacon, which so exasperates you ?

DEA. He *'nies* the Bible !

CLER. Wherein does he deny the Bible, pray ?

DEA. He says this world is round ; that it turns round every day ; that the sun is bigger than all this world ! There's for you ! if a man won't be in a passion when such *conbominable* doctrines are held up, he's an enemy to the neighborhood.

CLER. I don't see anything criminal in that, or contrary to Scripture.

STU. I told you your minister would tell you so.

DEA. You're all a pack of blasphemers ; you *'ny* the Bible, and I won't stay with you. (*Goes off, driving his team.*)

THE IRISHMAN'S LESSON.

DOCTOR WISEPATE; THADY O'KEEN; ROBERT.

DOCTOR WISEPATE, in a morning-gown and velvet nightcap, discovered at a table at breakfast. A wig-box near him lying open.

DOCTOR WISEPATE. Plague on her ladyship's ugly cur! it has broke three bottles of bark that I had prepared myself for Lord Spleen. I wonder Lady Apes troubled me with it. But I understand it threw down her flower-pots and destroyed all her myrtles. I'd send it home this minute, but I'm unwilling to offend its mistress; for, as she has a deal of money and no relation, she may think proper to remember me in her will. (*Noise within.*) Eh! what noise is that in the hall?

Enter THADY O'KEEN, dirty and wet, followed by ROBERT.

T. O'KEEN. But I must and will, do you see. Very pretty indeed, keeping people standing in the hall shivering and shaking with the wet and cold!

ROBERT. The mischief's in you, I believe; you order me about as if you were my master.

DR. W. Why, what's all this? who is this unmannerly fellow?

T. O'K. There! your master says you are an unmannerly fellow.

ROB. Sir, it's Lady Apes's servant; he has a letter, and says he won't deliver it into any one's hands but your honor's. Now, I warrant my master will teach you better behavior.

[*Exit.*]

T. O'K. O, are you sure you are Doctor Wisepate?

DR. W. Sure! to be sure I am.

T. O'K. Och! plague on my hat, how wet it is! (*Shakes his hat about the room, etc.*)

DR. W. (*lays his spectacles down and rises from the table.*) Zounds! fellow, don't wet my room in that manner!

T. O'K. Eh! Well — O, I beg pardon! — there's the let-

ter ; and since I must not dry my hat in your room, why, as you particularly desire it, I will go down to the kitchen, and dry it and myself before the fire. (*Goes out.*)

DR. W. Here, you, sir, come back. — I must teach him better manners. (*Re-enter THADY O'KEEN.*) Hark, you fellow, — whom do you live with !

T. O'K. Whom do I live with ? — why, with my mistress, to be sure, Lady Apes.

DR. W. And pray, sir, how long have you lived with her ladyship ?

T. O'K. How long ? Ever since the first day she hired me.

DR. W. And has her ladyship taught you no better manners ?

T. O'K. Manners ? She never taught me any, good or bad.

DR. W. Then, sir, I will ; I'll show you how you should address a gentleman when you enter a room. What's your name ?

T. O'K. Name ? Why, it's Thady O'Keen, my jewel. — What in wonder is he going to do with my name ! (*Aside.*)

DR. W. Then, sir, you shall be Dr. Wisepate for a while, and I'll be Thady O'Keen, just to show you how you should enter a room and deliver a letter.

T. O'K. Eh ! what ? make a swap of ourselves ? With all my heart. Here's my wet hat for you.

DR. W. There, sit down in my chair. (*Going.*)

T. O'K. Stop, stop, honey ! by my shoul you can never be Thady O'Keen without you have this little shillelagh in your fist. There !

DR. W. Very well. Sit you down. (*Takes THADY's hat, etc., and goes out.*)

T. O'K. (*solus*). Let me see, — I can never be a doctor either, without some sort of a wig. O, here is one, — and here's my spectacles, faith ! On my conscience, I'm the thing ! (*Puts on the wig awkwardly, and the spectacles ; then sits in the doctor's chair.* DR. WISEPATE *knocks.*) Walk in, honey. (*Helps himself to chocolate and bread and butter.*)

Re-enter DR. WISEPATE, bowing.

DR. W. Please your honor — (*Aside.*) What assurance the fellow has !

T. O'K. Speak out, young man, and don't be bashful. (*Eating, etc.*)

DR. W. Please, your honor, my lady sends her respectful compliments, — hopes your honor is well.

T. O'K. Pretty well, pretty well, I thank you.

DR. W. And has desired me to deliver your honor this letter.

T. O'K. That letter ? Well, why don't you bring it to me ? Pray, am I to rise from the table ?

DR. W. So, he's acting my character with a vengeance. But I'll humor him. (*Aside.*) There, your honor. (*Gives the letter, bowing.*)

T. O'K. (*opens the letter and reads.*)

"Sir, — Since my dear Flora has given you so much uneasiness [Och ! by my shoul, that's no lie !], I beg leave to inform you that a gentleman shall call either to-day or to-morrow for her. If it should rain, I request the poor thing may have a — [What's this ? — c-o-a — coat ! — coat, no — coach.]

"Yours."

Hem ! well, — no answer's required, young man.

DR. W. His impudence has struck me almost dumb. (*Aside.*) No answer, your honor ?

T. O'K. No, my good fellow ; but come here ; let me look at you. O, you seem very wet. Why, it's you, I understand, who brought this troublesome cur a few days ago : you have been often backwards and forwards, but I could never see you till now. Hollo, Robert ! where's my lazy, good-for-nothing servant ? Robert ! (*Rings a bell.*)

DR. W. Eh ! what the deuce does he mean ! (*Aside.*)

Enter ROBERT, who stares at them both.

ROB. Eh ! Did — did you call, sir ? (*To DR. WISEPATE.*)

T. O'K. Yes, sirrah. Take that poor fellow down to the kitchen ; he's come upon a foolish errand this cold wet day, — so, do you see, give him something to eat and drink, — as

much as he likes, — and bid my steward give him a guinea for his trouble.

ROB. Eh !

T. O'K. Thunder and ouns, fellow ! must I put my words into my mouth, and take them out again, for you ? Thady (*to the Doctor*), my jewel, just give that blockhead of mine a rap on his sconce with your little bit of a switch, and I'll do as much for you another time.

DR. W. So, instead of my instructing the fellow he has absolutely instructed me. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, you have convinced me what Dr. Wisepate should be, and now suppose we are ourselves again.

T. O'K. (*rises*). With all my heart, sir. Here's your honor's wig and spectacles, and now give me my comfortable hat and switch.

DR. W. And, Robert, obey the orders that my representative gave you.

ROB. What ! carry him down to the kitchen ?

T. O'K. No, young man, I sha' n't trouble you to carry me down, I'll carry myself down, and you shall see what a beautiful hand Master O'Keen is at a knife and fork.

[*Exit with ROBERT.*]

DR. W. (*solus*). Well, this fellow has some humor ; indeed, he has fairly turned the tables upon me. I wish I could get him to give a dose of my prescribing to her ladyship's cats and dogs, for the foolish woman has absolutely bequeathed in her will an annual sum for the care of each, after her death. O dear ! dear ! how much more to her credit it would be to consider the present exigencies of her country, and add to the number of voluntary contributions !

EH ! WHAT IS IT ?

MR. MURCHSO ; CLARA MURCHSO, *his daughter* ; CHARLES FORD, *her lover* ; MAJOR JOSEPH VANQUELEUR ; SERVANT.

SCENE, *a parlor. CLARA, seated at a window sewing.*

CLARA (*solus*). I do not know what I want, only I'm sure it is nothing I have, or can get. I am sick of this imprisonment, sick of constantly hoping and constantly being disappointed. I wonder if my father has the notion that I shall be an old maid ! That patriarch who came so near cooking his son seems to me now to have been a gentle old soul. What was his sacrifice to that which is being made of me, on the altar of my father's deafness ? Before he ceased to hear he did not object to my going into company, and gentlemen calling to see me ; he did not rob me of everything except life. But now ! And when a young man writes and proposes to him for me, — for of course a young man of any delicacy of feeling could never shout about such a matter, — he calmly tears up the letter, and shakes his head, and says to himself, monotonously, "No, no ; that is not the one whom I have imagined." If he only would not think aloud ; it would not be so bad ; but when I hear that, I feel as if I should scream with rage. What creature can he have imagined ? What new horror has he evolved from his cogitations ? Ah ! here he comes. I should not blame him altogether, for he used to be a good papa ; but — there are some things he forgets, or does not know, about young women.

Enter MR. MURCHSO, holding a book in his left hand, and with the forefinger of his right he follows the line as he reads.

MURCHSO. (*Reads.*) "Deafness is one of the most insupportable of afflictions." (*Speaks.*) Ah yes, it is so indeed ! (*Reads.*) "Cutting off its victim from all the sweet enjoyments of society and love." (*Speaks.*) The author of this book appreciates deafness, but does not possess a realizing sense of matrimony. The fact that her

storms never caused my tympanum to vibrate, and so did not annoy me, killed my poor wife — and prolonged my existence. (*While he has been speaking, his daughter, of whom he has taken no notice, hearing a signal, leaves the room, but to assure herself that he cannot hear her, lifts a chair and throws it violently to the floor, then makes her exit. He takes no notice of the disturbance, but reads on.*) “Happily, unless there is a radical injury to the organism of the ear, there are few cases of quite incurable deafness.” (*Speaks.*) Now, that is where I am troubled. I do not think my organism is radically injured. (*Pokes his fingers into his ears. Reads.*) “Obstruction of the auricular cavities is a frequent cause.” (*Places the book on the table and examines his ears with both fingers. Speaks.*) No; I do not find any radical injury to my organism, or any obstruction of my cavities.

While speaking, MR. VANQUELEUR enters, dressed in a shabby suit, coat closely buttoned, although a hot day.

VANQ. Ahem! (*MR. MURCHSO gives no evidence of having seen or heard him.*) I beg your pardon, — Mr. Murchso, I believe I have the honor of addressing?

MURCHSO. Ah! what a terrible infliction — a curse this is to come thus upon one! (*Still not seeing MR. VANQUELEUR.*)

VANQ. I hope I do not intrude, sir; I have been recommended by a friend.

Enter SERVANT with a letter, which he lays on the table.

MURCHSO. And to think that I can learn nothing of that famous doctor to whom I have written! Perhaps he is sick, or has left the city, or is dead.

VANQ. This old buffer is certainly deaf!

MURCHSO *seats himself and reaches out for the book, but takes, instead, the letter, tears open the envelope, and reads aloud, as usual.*

(*Reads.*) “My dear Murchso, I take the liberty, as an old friend, of telling you that I interest myself a great deal in your pretty daughter, and I think I have found an excellent husband for her, — a young man who is handsome, rich, accomplished —” (*Placidly tears up the letter, saying*) No, no; that is not the one whom I have imagined.

VANQ. (*aside*). How can I make anything out of this?

MURCHSO. He will come in good time. But these young men whom they propose to me — Bah! I am not in the market for husbands; it is a *deaf* man whom I seek. I want a *deaf* man, — a *very deaf* man. I would make his fortune if I had him.

VANQ. I will be his deaf man. I should like to see any one who can beat me at that. (*Advances and touches MR. MURCHSO's shoulder; bows very obsequiously.* MR. MURCHSO, on seeing the stranger, rises.)

VANQ. (*speaks*). Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Murchso?

MURCHSO. A little louder, if you please!

VANQ. Excuse me, sir, but you will have to speak very distinctly or I cannot hear you. (*He places his hand to his ear as he speaks.*)

MURCHSO (*very loud*). Are you deaf? (*Also places his hand to his ear*).

VANQ. I see you move your lips, so I know you are speaking, but I do not hear you. (*Very loud.*)

MURCHSO. (*natural voice*). Ah, heaven, what happiness! he is more deaf than I. (*Yelling.*) *Who are you?*

VANQ. (*perfect yell*). My name is Major Joseph Vanqueleur, — a gentleman of means and leisure, — making a pedestrian tour for my health. I lost my hearing by the wind of a cannon-ball in battle.

MURCHSO (*natural voice*). Ah, happiness supreme! His organism is damaged; he is incurable. Decidedly, Heaven sends me this man. (*Shouts.*) Listen to me.

VANQ. (*shouts*). I will try (*natural voice*), if I do not find you blasting out the drums of my ears at that rate.

MURCHSO. Are you a bachelor?

VANQ. Yes!

MURCHSO (*natural voice*). I think he said yes. O, he must have said yes. It would be too cruel in fortune to send me so deaf a man who already had a wife. (*Shouts.*) I think you said you were unmarried?

VANQUELEUR *nods in reply.*

MURCHSO (*natural voice*). Good! good! good again! excellent! (*Shouts.*) Now listen to me.

VANQ. (*natural voice*). As if I could help it.

MURCHSO. I propose to offer to you the hand of my daughter. I do not know if you will please her. When I look at you I rather think you will not; but you please me; that is the main thing. Why, do you suppose?

VANQUELEUR *shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head.*

MURCHSO. You might be young, rich, handsome, and still you should not have my daughter. But without being either you shall. Why, then?

VANQ. Give it up!

MURCHSO. Because you are deaf. You wonder at that? I will tell you why. You may not have noticed it, but I am a little hard of hearing myself. Suppose my daughter marries a man who hears perfectly, what will be my position? The tone of family conversation will be such as never will reach my ears. I shall either be shut out completely from all domestic intercourse, or be compelled every minute to say, "Eh! what is it?" That would be tiresome. On the other hand, if my daughter marries a man whose hearing is as defective as mine, — and yours is even worse, — the family conversation will be carried on in a tone which will reach my ears naturally, and without an effort: I shall be perfectly at home. Do you see?

VANQ. (*aside*). The sublime egotism of this old assassin makes him superb. (*While saying this, he nods acquiescence.*)

MURCHSO. You shall dine with me, and at dinner I will introduce you to your future wife.

VANQ. You are very kind, but —

MURCHSO. Before dinner you will wish to remedy the disorder of travel in your toilet. You can do so in my room. Afterwards, if you choose to stroll around the grounds, I will beg you to excuse me, as I have a letter or two to write. I will have you called when dinner is ready.

VANQ. (*bowing. Aside*). Now may impudence befriend me!
[*Exeunt both, MURCHSO showing the way.*]

Enter CHARLES FORD and CLARA.

CLARA. Charles, I don't know what my father means by going on in this way.

CHARLES. Eh! how is that?

CLARA. O, for goodness' sake, don't say Eh! Anything in the world but that! (*Stops her ears.*) I would rather you would shoot at me than do that.

CHARLES. Well, Clara, I will not do it again, but I was thinking of the future, and my mind did not readily come back from the golden land of hope.

CLARA. Hope! What hope have we got? You know it will soon be winter, and we cannot then meet at the summer-house, so what shall we do?

CHARLES shakes his head in despair.

CLARA. Well, listen to me. O dear! there's another of pa's sayings. They drive me crazy, yet I find myself using them. But see here, I have a notion of trying to get you into the house oftener by resorting to a little stratagem.

CHARLES. Then in one of two ways I die. Either your father sacrifices me, or I kill myself trying to talk to him.

CLARA. Now, Charley, be serious. Talking to him has not killed me. Several times recently I have heard him say, — for you know as I have told you, he has the most aggravating way of thinking aloud, — “If I only had a deaf man, a *very* deaf man, — if fortune would only send me such a one.” I don't know what he wants with one, but I propose to find out. You shall be his deaf man.

CHARLES. But I am not deaf, and you see it is a deaf one whom he wants.

CLARA. But can you not pretend to be?

CHARLES. I might; but would it be fair?

CLARA. Of course it would; but you must be on your guard and not forget yourself. But hark! I hear father coming. I will introduce you as a deaf man.

Enter MR. MURCHSO, holding a letter which he has just written, and so engaged that he does not see any one in the room.

CLARA (*touching him on the shoulder, shouts*). Here is a gentleman to see you.

MURCHSO (*turns and sees CHARLES bowing gravely*). Do you wish to see me?

CHARLES *stares at him by way of answer.*

CLARA. He says he is deaf.

MURCHSO. Eh! What? No, no, I have seen that face before. He came here sometimes to see you, and is not deaf at all.

CLARA (*to CHARLES*). Father says that he does not believe you are deaf.

CHARLES. O yes, — O yes; unfortunately, the kick of a horse has injured my hearing beyond recovery.

MURCHSO. Eh! What is it?

CHARLES (*shouts*). The kick of a horse has almost deprived me of hearing.

MURCHSO (*nods. Natural voice*). If it were really so, he would do as well as the other, and I have no doubt would please my daughter better. I might as well humor her a little if I can. But it cannot be. A cannon would of course destroy one's hearing more effectually than a horse could. This fellow would get well. That would never do. Still I must not send him off too abruptly. Clara might retaliate by being obstinate about the other.

CLARA AND CHARLES (*to each other*). Who is the other? (VANQUELEUR *appears at the door listening.*)

MURCHSO. I am sorry, sir, to learn of your misfortune. (*In ordinary tone.*)

CHARLES. A little louder, if you please. I am quite deaf.

VANQ. (*aside*). Ha! a nice little trick, I believe, they are playing on papa. Lucky that I know my ground.

MURCHSO. I said I was sorry for your misfortune. (*Very loud.*)

CHARLES (*shouts*). It is, indeed, a very warm day.

MURCHSO. You do not understand me. I am sorry you are deaf.

CHARLES. Thank you. I accept your invitation with pleasure.

MURCHSO (*shouts*). How long have you been deaf?

CHARLES. Only about two months.

MURCHSO (*natural voice*). Confound this fellow ! He thinks I asked him to dinner. Well, I rather like that idea. He and the other are both more deaf than I, so I shall be in an excellent position. I shall hear everything naturally, without any trouble. Yes ; decidedly he shall dine with me.

Enter VANQUELEUR.

MURCHSO (*sees him, shouts*). I am glad you have come back in good time for an introduction to my daughter before dinner. Clara, my child, I present you to your future husband, Major — (*In low tone.*) Confound his name, I have forgotten it. Never mind. He has to some extent the same affliction as myself ; but you are so used to it that you will not mind that.

VANQ. (*aside*). I don't know about that arrangement. My price will be high if I sell out to this firm.

MURCHSO (*turns to introduce CHARLES, looks inquiringly to CLARA, who says "Ford"*). Mr. Ford, Major — (*Low.*) I don't remember his confounded name. (*VANQUELEUR and CHARLES bow stiffly.*)

CHARLES (*to CLARA in an undertone*). So this Robert-Macaire-looking fellow is the "other."

CLARA (*to CHARLES*). A wretch who says Eh ! also. Heaven forbid ! What a rascally-looking "other" he is ! O, it cannot be ! It is only a test of your hearing. The idea of such a scarecrow !

MURCHSO (*rings a bell. Enter a SERVANT*). Have the table laid for four instead of three. (*SERVANT nods and goes out.*) That fellow, who is only a servant, can hear everything.

VANQ. (*to CLARA*). I have had the pleasure of seeing you once before.

CLARA. I am sorry you do again, you villanous-looking old fellow !

VANQ. A little louder, if you please. (*Enter a SERVANT, who touches MR. MURCHSO and shouts.*) A gentleman in the drawing-room wishes to see you.

MURCHSO. Excuse me a moment. (*Leaves the room. CLARA takes up work from the table.*)

VANQ. I have never so deeply regretted my affliction as at this moment, since it robs me of the pleasure of hearing your natural voice, which I am sure must be all of melody. (*She looks up; he goes on.*) Happily, nature makes amends for so great a misfortune by rendering the other senses more acute. I cannot hear your sweet voice, but I feel from the motion of your lips I can read the words you utter. Try, my dear young lady, — try if the magic of your speech will not cause the poor deaf man to hear.

CLARA. Do you really think so?

VANQ. There! you said, "Do you really think so," did you not?

CLARA. Yes.

VANQ. There! and again you said, "Yes." Ah! I cannot hear others, but I can hear you. They speak to my ears, but you to my heart.

CHARLES. And I shall punctuate by punching your head pretty soon.

CLARA. No, no; not for the world, Charles. You would betray that you can hear, and then all would be lost. But I begin to fear that my father was in earnest, or this horrible creature would not talk so to me.

CHARLES. Then your father is crazy as well as deaf! The idea of his marrying you to this thing, robbed, body and raiment, from a dozen graves. Who is he? Where did he come from? I've a notion to —

VANQ. As I told you once before, I have had the pleasure of seeing you. I did not then know the happiness in store for me; yet it was but a short time since, — less than half an hour ago, — in the garden.

CLARA (*echoes*). In the garden?

VANQ. There! you said again, "In the garden." You see I understand the motion of your lips. It was at the time you met this young gentleman I saw you from the open window.

CHARLES (*aside*). The dickens!

VANQ. It shows me that you have a kind heart to take so

much interest in one who suffers from my own great affliction. You possibly even think that you love this young person now, but it is only sympathy which you feel for him. A woman of the world would see that he is gawky, self-conceited, and stupid ; but you do not. I admire all the more the innocent freshness of your heart.

CHARLES (*aside*). O great heavens ! I shall have to brain this fellow.

CLARA (*aside*). Hush, hush !

VANQ. I thought you said, "Hush," but was not sure. Yes, you are right, but he did not hear me. Poor young man ! you are indeed to be pitied. Fortune was cruelly unkind in robbing you of *one* of your senses. You so much needed them all to get through life.

CHARLES *groans*.

CLARA (*shouts*). Allow me, gentlemen, to show you the garden while waiting for dinner. (*Places herself between them and leads them out.*)

MR. MURCHISO *enters from the opposite door*.

MURCHISO. Ah ! joy, joy ! I can hear, I can hear ! That great doctor, that good doctor ! He has saved me ! Justly is he celebrated ! When I had given up hope, and thought he was never coming, he came like an angel and in five minutes caused me to hear. My cavities were obstructed after all, but the organism was right ; and now—now I can hear natural voices, music, birds, everything. I can hear, I can hear ; and it seems to me doubly terrible to have been deaf. Deaf ! Ah ! that reminds me I have two deaf men to dinner to-day. If that good doctor could only have remained I might have talked with him ; but to sit and howl for an hour into the obstructed cavities of two deaf wretches,—O, it is abominable ! And to think that I was on the point of giving my daughter to one of those monsters. I shudder when I think that in one week more I would have had a deaf son-in-law ; a fellow who would be eternally ejaculating, "Eh ! what is it ?" O, that would be terrible ! Well, but how am I to get rid of

him? Yes, and of that other one, whom I believe my daughter fancies in spite of his horrid defect?

Enter CHARLES and CLARA, talking together as they enter.

CLARA. Now, Charles, do control yourself. I know he is an aggravating wretch; but you must not betray that you hear him, or he will surely tell father, and he would be furious to learn how we had cheated him.

CHARLES. If that fellow really knew that I am not deaf at all and were trying to drive me wild, he could not say more than he does.

MURCHSO (*aside*). And this is my fine fellow who suffered by a horse.

CHARLES *calls attention to MR. MURCHSO, sitting near the table.*

CLARA. No matter, he cannot hear us.

CHARLES. What a soulless old ruffian your father must be, to think of marrying you to such a scoundrel!

CLARA. Be quiet a little while, and I'll manage it. You must fool papa, and I will find some way of sending off that *protégé* of his with a flea in his ear. Him for a husband, indeed! I'd run away with you first.

CHARLES. The idea of your going through life with a speaking-trumpet in each hand and a surrounding chorus of "Eh! what is it?"

CLARA. O dear, I'd die first. One is bad enough, even if he is my father; but two! O no. But there comes that wretch now. I am afraid to have you stay here. Go into the other room till you are called for dinner. That will be soon. Do not come when the bell rings, for papa may be watching to see if you hear it. I will come for you.

MURCHSO (*aside*). How horribly cunning this little minx has become!

CHARLES (*as he goes out*). I'd like to knock their heads together.

Enter MAJOR VANQUELEUR.

CLARA. Have you had a pleasant walk in the garden?

VANQ. *Very*. Is it not strange that I understand almost

every word you utter ? (CLARA looks at him, then at her father.) O no, I hear him no more than he hears me. By the way, pardon my abrupt question, — but are you very much attached to that guileless youth whom I met as I was coming in ?

CLARA. Sir ! (Indignantly.) You have no right to ask me such a question. It is impertinent from you.

VANQ. Not at all. I have the right of your prospective husband.

CLARA. You never will be my husband. I'd kill myself, — or, rather, I'd kill you first.

VANQ. Would you ? Indeed ! You are getting violent. Do not excite yourself.

CLARA. Why do you persecute me ? I can never marry you. I hate you.

VANQ. That is very probable. But you ask me *why*. I will tell you. For a poor deaf man, a *comfortable home* ; for *means* to gratify his taste for little luxuries his present condition will not afford. These are of great importance to me.

CLARA. Clearly, then, you only wish to marry me for what papa will give you with me ?

VANQ. That is not an unimportant consideration when one gets a father-in-law who is such a terrible nuisance and a selfish old dunderhead to boot.

CLARA. Do not abuse my father, sir ; I think we can arrange this matter without that. How much money will you take and go away and never come back, nor let me see your ugly face again ?

VANQ. In a pecuniary estimate please to remember that my heart understands everything you say, and you alone ; and that is a great deal to a poor deaf man. I know *almost* all you say.

CLARA. I think sometimes you understand all ; that your heart, as you call it, hears everything you choose from everybody.

VANQ. A while ago I said you were inexperienced, unsophisticated. I retract that injurious expression. Your perceptive faculties do you honor.

CLARA. Then you admit that you do hear everything?

VANQ. I believe that we all hear alike well, except your unfortunate father, my prospective father-in-law.

MURCHSO. And I hear, too, you —— scoundrel, and I'll see you hanged first! (*VANQUELEUR retreats to the other side of the table.*)

CLARA. O father! You hear?

MURCHSO. Yes, I hear. You'd run away, would you? (*Strides to the door.*) Here, you young rascal, come here!

CHARLES *appears not to hear him.* MR. MURCHSO *snatches a book from the table, and throws it at him.*

CHARLES (*turning round*). Eh! what is it?

MURCHSO (*grasping him by the collar, and violently shaking him*). If you ever say that again I'll murder you!

CLARA. O father, don't hurt him!

CHARLES (*to CLARA*). What the deuce does he mean by shaking me so?

VANQUELEUR *groans.*

MURCHSO. It means that I have regained my hearing, in order to learn that I am a soulless old ruffian and you would like to knock my head against somebody else's.

CHARLES. Yes, I said so; and I'll stick to it if you persist in marrying your daughter to this deaf old curmudgeon against all her wishes to the contrary.

MURCHSO. Spoken like a man, and I respect you the more for saying it, for I believe you are about right. (*Looking at VANQUELEUR.*) As for this fellow, I forgot him for the moment, I was so mad with you. (*Starts for VANQUELEUR.*)

VANQ. Excuse me, but I think there is a mistake somewhere.

MURCHSO. O, there is a mistake, is there? Do you know who I am? I'm a selfish old dunderhead, and I am going to prove a terrible nuisance to you. Do you hear? (*Runs after VANQUELEUR.*)

VANQ. Hold on a moment. Let's reason this thing out. We can't talk at this rate, you know.

MURCHSO. Well, what have you got to say?

VANQ. Just this. Were not my expressions correct ? Now that you can hear again, I see that you don't like a man to say to you, "Eh ! what is it ?" You can imagine what a nuisance you were, and then just think of bringing into your family another such creature, and a mere adventurer to boot, merely to humor your fancies.

MURCHSO. My dear sir, I forgive you ; I did deserve it all. (*Takes VANQUELEUR by the hand, turns to CHARLES.*) And you I also forgive. (*Takes CHARLES by the hand.*)

CHARLES (*to VANQUELEUR*). But see here, sir ; you and I have a little account to settle yet.

VANQ. Who began between us ? Is it my fault that I look like a thing robbed, body and raiment, from a dozen graves ?

CHARLES. Let us shake hands and cry quits.

VANQ. And now permit me to doff my borrowed plumes as Major Joseph Vanqueleur, and introduce myself to you as plain Gus Wight, who has seen better days, and is better known as Clarence Fitzherbert Booth Macready, dramatic reader and teacher of elocution. I propose giving an entertainment next week in the public hall, and shall feel highly honored if you will give your attendance and countenance on that occasion.

MURCHSO. You may depend upon us. After dinner we will — (*The bell rings violently for dinner.*)

MURCHSO. Heavens ! what an infernal uproar ! Stop that bell, stop it !

VANQ. Silence that dreadful bell !

SERVANT *pokes his head in at the door, and with hand to ear says : —*

SERVANT. Eh ! what is it ?

MURCHSO *charges fiercely upon him, and the rest follow, laughing.*

SCENE FROM "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

HAWKSLEY; MILDMAI; SERVANT.

HAWKSLEY seated at a small table, with papers before him. Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. Mr. Mildmay.

HAWKSLEY. Bravissimo! Here, bring this table down from the fire.

*The SERVANT moves writing-table forward, and places easy-chair beside it.*Now show him in. *(Sits by the table.)**Exit SERVANT, who re-enters immediately, showing in MILDMAI. Exit**SERVANT. HAWKSLEY pretends to be absorbed in his writing, and leaves MILDMAI, upon his entrance, standing.*H. *(looking up)*. A thousand pardons, my dear fellow! One gets so absorbed in these cursed figures. Take a chair. You'll allow me to finish what I was about.

MILDMAI. Don't mind me. I'm in no hurry.

H. *(after a minute of pretended work)*. By the way, if you'll look on that table you'll find a plan of our Inexplosible Galvanic Boat somewhere. Just glance your eye over it, while I knock off this calculation; it will give you an idea of the machinery.*MILDMAI approaches table and takes up a plan, and, while pretending to look at it, surveys the room, etc.*H. *(putting away his papers, and rising)*. And now, my dear Mildmay, I'm at your service. But, before we come to business, how are all at Brompton? The ladies all well?

M. Mrs. Sternhold's a little out of sorts this morning.

H. Ah! Had a bad night?

M. I should think so.

H. *(at table)*. Well, I had a note from Potter. He tells me you had some thoughts of taking shares in our Galvanics. Ever done much in that sort of thing?

M. No, not yet.

H. I fancied not, by the style in which you seem to have talked of getting shares, as if you thought they could be had for asking. You see there's been such a run on 'em, that

we've had twice as many applied for as could be allotted. But there may be a few in the market still. Another week, and you'd not have had a chance. Perhaps it would be as well, though, before you connect yourself with it, that I should give you, briefly, an idea of our scheme, our means of carrying it out, and its probable results. (*Crosses to R. C.*)

M. If you would be so kind.

H. Fetch yourself a chair, then. (*They sit.*) Steam, it has been often remarked, is yet in its infancy; galvanism, if I may be allowed the comparison, is unborn. Our company proposes to play midwife to this mysterious power, which, like Hercules, is destined to strangle steam in the cradle. But, to do this effectually, is the work of no mere every-day speculator. We require a plan of operations calculated on a solid and comprehensive basis. You follow me?

M. A solid and comprehensive basis? I suppose that means a good lot of money.

H. Precisely. Money is the sinews of industry as of war. Now, to anticipate events a little, let us throw ourselves into the future, and imagine our company at work. We have created between the ports of the West of Ireland and the United States, Mexico, the West India Islands, and Brazil, a line of Galvanic Boats, — rapid, economical, safe, and regular. For rapidity, we can give four knots an hour to the fastest steamer yet built. As for safety, our Galvanic engines can't blow up.

M. But suppose the company should? Companies do blow up sometimes, don't they?

H. Bubbles do, but not such companies as this. But, to resume: economy we insure by getting rid of coal altogether.

M. Get rid of coal! Do you really? And pray, what do you use instead?

H. Our new motive principle. That is *our* secret at present. But you will at once perceive, as an intelligent man of business, the incalculable consequences that must follow from the employment of a new motive principle which combines

the essential qualities of a motive principle, — the maximum of speed, and the minimum of cost. (MILDMAY bows.) You see there are three things to be considered, — the article, the duty, and the cost of carriage. The two former being fixed, let us represent them by A and B. You understand algebra?

M. I used to know a little of it at school.

H. Then let X and $\frac{X}{2}$ denote the respective cost of the two modes of carriage, while the two rates of profit are represented by Y and Y¹.

M. Which, in algebra, always denote an unknown quantity.

H. Precisely. Well, A and B remaining constant, let $Y = A \text{ plus } \frac{B}{X}$ be the formula for profit in the case of steam, then $Y^1 = A \text{ plus } \frac{B}{X}$ divided by 2, will be the formula for profit in the case of galvanic transport ; or, reducing the equations, $Y^1 = 2 Y$, or, in plain English, the profit on galvanic transport equal to twice the profit on steam carriage. I hope that 's clear.

M. Perfectly ; only, as you began by assuming the cost of the first at only half that of the second, I don't see what need there was of any algebra to prove the profit double.

H. Ah ! Why, you see, some people apprehend a thing more clearly in symbols. However, to return to our plan of operations. You observe we start from a port in the west of Ireland ; by this means we gain six days on Liverpool, Bristol, and the western ports of England. At one blow we destroy Liverpool.

M. The devil you do ! I 've property in Liverpool.

H. Next, we destroy Bristol.

M. Destroy Bristol too !

H. That is, when I say destroy, we reduce her to a second-rate port. She will still have the coasting and fruit trade, and may do a little in turtle. We destroy Hull —

M. But stop, stop, stop! You're going to destroy everything.

H. My dear fellow, it's the law of the universe. If, by our line, we can introduce West Indian sugar into the market at two thirds the price of East Indian, are we to hesitate because Ceylon may be ruined?

M. Of course not. I suppose that would be what the political economists call sentimentalism.

H. Precisely. If Ceylon is ruined on these terms, so much the better for the world in general.

M. And so much the worse for Ceylon in particular.

H. Just so. I see you follow me, exactly.

M. Only I was thinking—

H. Pray speak out. The suggestions of a new, fresh mind are invaluable. You were thinking—

M. That, as the general interest is made up of particular interests, if you destroy the particular interests, perhaps the general interest may not be so much benefited after all.

H. Ah! there you get into an abstruse field of speculation.

M. Do I? It seems clear enough to me. (*Both rise.*)

H. That's because you take a shallow view of the subject.

M. One I can see to the bottom of, in fact!

H. Precisely. A man of your calibre should always distrust what he can see to the bottom of.

M. I generally do. Well, after your very lucid demonstration, I see your company cannot fail of success. The more shares a man has, the more lucky he should think himself. (*Goes up to table and puts down his hat.*)

H. (*aside*). Hooked, played, and landed! (*Pretending to look on table for note.*) I've mislaid Potter's note; but he mentioned your wanting something like two hundred shares, was n't it?

M. I beg your pardon, — not exactly, — I think —

H. Why, was n't that the figure you put it at yourself last night?

M. Last night, — yes.

H. You have n't changed your mind?

M. No.

H. Then let us understand each other. Do you want more than two hundred, or fewer?

M. Neither more nor fewer.

H. What do you mean?

M. I mean, I don't want any at all.

H. (*starting with surprise*). The dev — (*Recovering himself*) Oh! I suppose you've slept on it.

M. Exactly! I've slept on it.

H. Perhaps Mrs. Sternhold's advice may have had something to do with your sudden change of intentions.

M. Mrs. Sternhold knows nothing about my sudden change of intentions.

H. I must satisfy myself on that point. (*Comes in front of table*.)

M. Do, by all means, if it interests you.

H. (*sitting on corner of table*). Well, as you don't know your own mind for four-and-twenty hours together, there's nothing more to be said. But as you don't want these shares, may I ask what has procured me the pleasure of seeing you this morning?

M. Certainly. I had two objects in coming. In the first place, about two months ago, my father-in-law, Mr. Potter, took twenty shares in your company. Those shares have come into my hands this morning by Mr. Potter's indorsement. Now, as I don't care about 'em myself, and as there seems such a rush for 'em in the market, I suppose you'll have no objection to take them off my hands at par.

H. Eh? Take them off your hands at par? Ha, ha, ha! No! By Jove, that's rather too good! My dear Mr. Mildmay, I know you're the most amiable of men, — a consummate cultivator of that delicate vegetable, celery, — a distinguished house painter and decorator, — but I had no idea how great you were at a practical joke.

M. Very well. We'll drop the shares for the present, and come to motive number two.

H. Pray do; and if it's better fun than motive number one, I shall have to thank you for two of the heartiest laughs I've enjoyed for many a day.

M. We shall see. You have in your possession thirteen letters addressed to you by Mrs. Sternhold. The second motive for my visit was to ask you to give up those letters.

H. (*aside*). So! the murder's out! She prefers war. She shall have it! (*Aloud*.) Mr. John Mildmay, your first demand was a good joke; I laughed at it accordingly; but your second you may find no joke, and I would recommend you to be careful how you persist in executing this commission of Mrs. Sternhold's.

M. I beg your pardon. I have no commission from Mrs. Sternhold.

H. It was not she who told you of those letters?

M. Certainly not.

H. Who did?

M. You must excuse my answering that question.

H. Then you are acting now on your own responsibility?

M. Entirely.

H. Very well; then this is my answer. Though you have married Mrs. Sternhold's niece, I do not admit your right to interfere, without authority from Mrs. Sternhold herself, in an affair in which she alone is interested. I refuse to give up her letters. As to your first request, my business is to sell shares, not to buy them.

M. I was prepared for both refusals; so I have taken my measures for compelling you to grant both demands.

H. You have! Do let me hear what they are! I am all impatience to know how you propose to make Harry Hawksley say *yes*, when he has begun by saying *no*. You've no objection to smoke?

M. None in the world.

HAWKSLEY *seats himself comfortably in easy-chair, putting his legs on another chair, and lights a cigar,*

H. Now, my very dear sir, fire away!

M. (*sits; then in a very calm voice, after watching him*). When you explained the theory of your speculation just now, you thought you were speaking to a greenhorn in such matters. You were under a mistake. Some four years ago I held a

partnership in a house in the city which did a good deal in discounting shares, — the house of Dalrymple Brothers, of Broad Street. You may have heard of it. (HAWKSLEY *starts*.) One day — it was the 30th of April, 1850 — a bill was presented for payment at our counting-house, purporting to be drawn on us by our correspondents, Touchet and Wright, of Buenos Ayres. (HAWKSLEY *appears uneasy*.) Though we had no advices of it, it was paid at once, for it seemed all right and regular ; but it turned out to be a forgery. Our correspondents' suspicions fell at once upon a clerk who had just been dismissed from their employment for some errors in his accounts. His name *then* was Burgess — [Dear me, you've let your cigar go out. (HAWKSLEY *puffs at his cigar with an effort*.)]* The body of the bill was apparently in the same handwriting as the signature of the firm ; but a careful examination of it established its identity with that of the discharged clerk ; and in a blotting-book, left accidentally behind him, were found various tracings of the signature of the firm. The detectives were at once put on his track, but he had disappeared ; no trace of him could ever be discovered. Well, this money was repaid, and the affair forgotten. It so happened that, when the bill was presented for payment, only one person was in the counting-house, the clerk who paid the money, and who is since dead. — [If you'll allow me, I'll join you (*taking out cigar-case*).] — But in the private room of the firm, which was separated from the counting-house by a glazed door, was the junior partner, — [May I trouble you for a light ? (*lights his cigar by HAWKSLEY's*),] — who through the door saw the bill presented, and observed the face of the person who presented it. I was that junior partner ; the person who presented the bill, — Burgess, as he was then called, — the forger, was *you* !

H. (*falls back in his chair ; then with an effort*). It is an infamous calumny ! An abominable lie ! Your life shall answer for this insult.

M. I don't think that, quite. But allow me to conclude. How you have passed your time since that 30th of April, 1850,

* The passages in brackets may be omitted.

I have not the advantage of knowing ; but I know that soon after my marriage and retirement from business, I met you as a visitor at my father-in-law's house. I've a wonderful memory for faces ; I remembered yours at once.

H. It's a lie, I tell you ! (*Rises.*)

M. No, it is n't. I resolved not to speak till I could back my words by proofs. I applied to my late partners for the forged bill. One of them was dead, the other absent in South America ; so that for ten months I found myself obliged to receive, as a guest at my own table, as the intimate and trusted friend of my wife's family, a person I knew to be a swindler and a forger.

H. By heavens ! (*Aiming a blow at MILDMAY, which he stops, and forces HAWKSLEY down into easy-chair.*)

M. Take care ! If we come to that game, remember it's town *versus* country ; a hale Lancashire lad against a battered London *roué* ; fresh air and exercise to smoke and speculation. You had better be quiet : a minute more and I have done. The letter I had been so long waiting for, containing the forged bill, arrived yesterday from Manchester. You were kind enough to bring it out to Brompton yourself. That bill is in my pocket ; if I do not deliver it into your hands before I leave the room, it goes at once into those of the nearest police magistrate.

H. (*after a pause, gloomily.*) What are your terms ?

M. The price of those shares at par, and Mrs. Sternhold's thirteen letters.

H. (*rises, goes round table, and takes notes out of drawer.*) Here's the money.

M. (*at upper end of table.*) You'll excuse my counting. It's a mercantile habit I learnt in the house of Dalrymple Brothers. (*Counts notes.*) Quite correct. Here are the scrip certificates. (*Giving him shares.*) And now, if you please, the letters.

H. (*taking bundle of letters from drawer, and throwing them down on table.*) There !

M. You'll excuse my counting them too. (*Counts letters.*) Thirteen exactly ! And now, might I trespass on you to

put them into an envelope, and seal them with your own seal?

H. Are they not safe enough as it is?

M. Now oblige me. (HAWKSLEY puts letters into an envelope, and is about to light taper.) Oh! allow me,—your hand shakes. (Takes matches from him, and lights taper.) I wish Mrs. Sternhold to be certain that these letters have passed through no other hands than yours. (HAWKSLEY seals the packet, and hands it to MILD MAY) And there is the forged bill. (Giving bill to HAWKSLEY.)

H. (examines the bill, then burns it by taper, and throws it to the ground, stamping on it. *Aside*). Gone! He knows nothing of the other.

M. (taking his hat from the table). And now, Captain Burgess,—I mean Hawksley, — I have the honor to wish you a very good morning.

H. (crossing to him). Stop! A word before you go. Since we had first the pleasure of meeting, I've been a soldier, and have served in countries where blood wipes out disgrace. What are your weapons?

M. I thought it might come to that; but you need n't trouble yourself to call me out, because I sha' n't come.

H. And do you flatter yourself I can't force you? I know duelling is out of fashion in this infernal cold-blooded country; but even here there are insults a man can't put up with and hold his head up before the world: take care I don't put such an insult upon you. (Drawing near, and lifting up his hand.)

M. Don't try *that* on again; I may be less patient the second time. I might send you into the street without the trouble of going down stairs; there's two stories' fall, not to speak of the area spikes; you might hurt yourself.

H. Very well. We are by ourselves, there would be no use in insulting you here; but take care: the first time we meet in company, I will lash you across the face with my horsewhip. We shall see then if you will refuse me satisfaction.

M. We shall. If you were only a duellist, I doubt if I should think myself bound to risk my life against yours. But I presume even the laws which you recognize absolve me from the obligation of going out with a swindler and a forger.

H. (*grinding his teeth*). Do you wish to provoke me to murder you?

M. O, I'm not the least afraid of that! For a man who can snuff a candle at twenty paces to call out another who never fired a pistol in his life is no great piece of heroism; but to commit a murder requires some pluck. You've defied transportation, but I don't think you're the man to risk the gallows. Good morning.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHASE.

CONSTANCE; WILDRAKE.

WILDRAKE. Kind lady, I attend your fair commands.

CONSTANCE. Worthy sir,
Souls attract souls, when they're of kindred vein.
The life that you love, I love. Well I know,
'Mongst those who breast the feats of the bold chase
You stand without a peer; and for myself,
I dare avow, 'mong such none follows them
With heartier glee than I do.

WILD. Churl were he
That would gainsay you, madam!

CON. (*courtesying*). What delight
To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed! seems native more of air
Than earth! whose burden only lends him fire!
Whose soul, in his task, turns labor into sport!
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
He takes away my breath! He makes me reel!
I touch not earth, I see not, hear not! All
Is ecstasy of motion!

WILD. You are used,
I see, to the chase.

CON. I am, sir. Then the leap!

To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it. Then your time
To prove you master of the manage. Now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance ; then you give him rein,
And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes,
Light as a bird on wing.

WILD. 'T were a bold leap,
I see, that turned you, madam.

CON. (*courtesying*). Sir, you 're good !
And then the hounds, sir ! Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-trained pack.
The training 's everything ! Keen on the scent !
At fault none losing heart, but all at work,
None leaving his task to another ; answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein. Away they go !
How close they keep together ! — What a pack !
Nor turn, nor ditch, nor stream divides them, — as
They moved with one intelligence, act, will !
And then the concert they keep up ! enough
To make one tenant of the merry wood,
To list their jocund music !

WILD. You describe
The huntsman's pastime to the life.

CON. I love it !
To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
A laughing holiday. Not a hill-top
But 's then alive ; footmen with horsemen vie ;
All earth 's astir, roused with the revelry
Of vigor, health, and joy ! Cheer awakes cheer,
While Echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,
Keeps up the hearty din ! Each face is then
Its neighbor's glass, — where gladness sees itself
And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad, —
Breaks into tenfold mirth, — laughs like a child, —

Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free;
Would scarce accept a kingdom, 't is so rich;
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
That life was life before!

WILD. Nay, every way
You do fair justice, lady, to the chase.

"MY NEW PITTAYATEES!"

KATTY; SALLY.

Enter KATTY, with a gray cloak, a dirty cap, and a black eye; a sieve of potatoes on her head, and a "trifle o' sper'ts" in it. KATTY meanders down Patrick Street.

KATTY. "My new Pittayatees!—My-a-new Pittayatees!—My new—" (*Meeting a friend.*) Sally, darlin', is that you?

SALLY. Troth, it's myself; and what's the matter wid you, Katty?

KAT. 'Deed, my heart's bruk, cryin'—"*New pittayatees*"—cryin' after that vagabone.

SAL. Is it Mike?

KAT. Troth, it's himself indeed.

SAL. And what is it he done?

KAT. Och! he ruined me with his—" *New pittayatees*"—with his goins-an,—the owld thing, my dear—

SAL. Throwin' up his little finger, I suppose!*

KAT. Yis, my darlint: he kem home th' other night, blazin' blind dhrunk, cryin' out—" *New pittay-a-tees!*"—roarin' and bawlin', that you'd think he'd rise the roof aff o' the house.

"Bad luck attend you; bad cess to you, you potwallopin' varmint," says he (maynin' me, i' you plaze). "Wait till I

* Getting drunk.

ketch you, you sthrap, and it's I'll give you your fill iv" — "*New pittayatees!*" — "your fill iv a licking, if ever you got it," says he.

So, with that, I knew the villian was *mulvathered*;* let alone the heavy fut o' the miscrayint an the stairs, that a child might know he was done for — "*My new pittayatees!*" — Troth, he was done to a turn, like a mutton-kidney.

SAL. Musha! God help you, Katty.

KAT. O, wait till you hear the ind o' my — "*New pittayatees!*" — o' my troubles, and it's then you'll open your eyes — "*My new pittayatees!*"

SAL. O, bud I pity you!

KAT. O, wait, — wait, my jewel, — wait till you hear what became o' — "*My new pittayatees!*" — wait till I tell you the ind of it. Where did I lave aff? O, ay, at the stairs.

Well, as he was comin' up-stairs (knowin' how it ud be), I thought it best to take care o' my — "*New pittayatees!*" — to take care o' myself; so with that I put the bowlt an the door betune me and danger, and kep' list'nin' at the key-hole; and sure enough what should I hear but — "*New pittayatees!*" — but the vagabone gropin' his way round the cruked turn in the stair, and tumblin' afther into the hole in the flure an the landin', and whin he come to himself he gev a thunderin' thump at the door. "Who's there?" says I. Says he — "*New pittayatees!*" — "Let me in," says he, "you vagabone (swarein' by what I would n't mintion), or by this and that I'll *massacray* you," says he, "within an inch o' — "*New pittayatees!*" — within an inch o' your life," says he. "Mikee, darlint," says I, sootherin' him.

SAL. Why would you call sitch a 'tarnal vagabone darlint?

KAT. My jew'l, did n't I tell you I thought it best to soother him with — "*New pittayatees!*" — with a tindher word? so says I, "Mikee, you villian, you're disguised," says I, "you're disguised, dear."

"You lie," says he, "you impident sthrap! I'm not dis-

* Intoxicated.

guised; but if I'm disguised itself," says he, "I'll make you know the differ," says he.

O, I thought the life id lave me, when I heerd him say the word; and with that I put my hand an — "*My new pittayatees!*" — an the latch o' the door, to purvint it from slip-pin'; and he ups and he gives a wicked kick at the dook, and says he, "If you don't let me in this minit," says he, "I'll be the death o' your — '*New pittayatees!*' — o' yourself and your dirty breed," says he. Think o' that, Sally dear, to abuse my relations.

SAL. O, the ruffin!

KAT. Dirty breed, indeed! By my sowkins, they're as good as his any day in the year, and was never behoulden to — "*New pittayatees!*" — to go a beggin' to the mendicity for their dirty — "*New pittayatees!*" — their dirty washins o' pots, and sarvints' lavins, and dogs' bones, all as one as that cruk'd disciple of his mother's cousin's sister, the owld dhrunken aper-se-and, as she is.

SAL. No, in troth, Katty dear.

KAT. Well, where was I? O, ay, I left off at — "*New pittayatees!*" — I left off at my dirty breed. Well, at the word "dirty breed," I knew full well the bad dhrup was up in him; and, faith, it's soon and suddint he made me sensible av it, for the first word he said was — "*New pittayatees!*" — the first word he said was to put his shoulder to the door, and in he bursted the door, fallin' down in the middle o' the flure, cryin' out — "*New pittayatees!*" — cryin' out, "Bad luck attind you," says he, "how dar' you refuse to let me into my own house, you sthrap," says he, "agin the law of the land," says he, scramblin' up on his pins agin as well as he could; and, as he was risin', says I — "*New pittayatees!*" — says I to him (screeching out loud, that the neighbors in the flure below might hear me), "Mikee, my darlint!" says I.

"Keep the pace, you vagabone!" says he; and with that, he hits me a lick av a — "*New pittayatees!*" — a lick av a stick he had in his hand, and down I fell (and small blame to

me), down I fell on the flure, cryin' — "*New pittayatees!*" — cryin' out, "Murther! murther!"

SAL. O the hangin' bone villian!

KAT. O, that's not all! As I was risin', my jew'l, he was going to sthrek me agin; and with that I cried out — "*New pittayatees!*" — I cried out, "Fair play, Mikee," says I, "don't sthrek a man down"; but he would n't listen to ray-son, and was goin' to hit me agin, when I put up the child that was in my arms betune me and harm.

"O," says I, "Mikee, darlint, don't sthrek the babby"; but, my dear, before the word was out o' my mouth, he sthruk the babby. (I thought the life 'id lave me.) And, iv course, the poor babby, that never spuk a word, began to cry — "*New pittayatees!*" — began to cry and roar and bawl, and no wonder.

SAL. O, the haythen, to go sthrek the child!

KAT. And, my jew'l, the neighbors in the flure below, hearin' the skrimmage, kem runnin' up the stairs, cryin' out — "*New pittayatees!*" — cryin' out, "Watch, watch! Mikee McEvoy," says they, "would you murther your wife, you villian?" "What's that to you?" says he; "is n't she my own?" says he, "and if I plaze to make her feel the weight o' my — "*New pittayatees!*" — the weight o' my fist, what's that to you?" says he; "it's none o' your business, anyhow, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 't will be betther for your — "*New pittayatees!*" — 't will be betther for your health, I'm thinkin'," says he; and with that he looked cruked at thim, and squared up to one o' thim (a poor definceless craythur, a tailor).

"Would you fight your match?" says the poor innocent man.

"Lave my sight," says Mike, "or, by jingo, I'll put a stich in your side, my jolly tailor," says he.

"Yiv put a stich in your wig already," says the tailor, "and that'll do for the present writin'."

And with that, Mike was goin' to hit him with a — "*New pittayatees!*" — a lift-hander; but he was cotch howld iv

before he could let go his blow; and who should stand up forninst him, but — "*My new pittayatees!*" — but the tailor's wife (and, by my sowl, it's she that's the sthrapper, and more's the pity she's thrown away upon one o' the sort), and says she, "Let me at him," says she; "it's I that used to give a man a lickin' every day in the week: you're bowld an the head now, you vagabone," says she; "but if I had you alone," says she, "no matther if I would n't take the consait out o' your — "*New pittayatees!*" — out o' your braggin' heart"; and that's the way she wint an ballyraggin' him; and, be gor, they all tuk patthern afther her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that I vow to the Lord the very dogs in the sthreet would n't lick his blood.

SAL. O, my blessin' an them!

KAT. And with that, one and all, they begun to cry — "*New pittayatees!*" — they begun to cry him down; and, at last, they all swore out, "Hell's bells attind your berrin," says they, "you vagabone!" as they just tuk-him up by the scruff o' the neck, and threw him down the stairs; every step he'd take, you'd think he'd brake his neck (Glory be to God!), and so I got rid o' the ruffin; and then they left me cryin' — "*New pittayatees!*" — cryin' afther the vagabone, though the angels knows well he was n't desarvin' o' one precious drop that fell from my two good-lookin' eyes; and, O, but the condition he left me in!

SAL. Lord look down an you!

KAT. And a pretty sight it id be, if you could see how I was lyin' in the middle o' the flure, cryin' — "*New pittayatees!*" — cryin' and roarin', and the poor child, with his eye knocked out, in the corner cryin' — "*New pittayatees!*" — and, indeed, every one in the place was cryin' — "*New pittayatees!*"

SAL. And no wondher, Katty dear.

KAT. O, bud that's not all. If you seen the condition the place was in afther it; it was turned upside down, like a beggar's breeches. Troth, I'd rather be at a bull-bait than at it, — enough to make an honest woman cry — "*New pittaya-*

tees!" — to see the daycent room rack'd and ruin'd, and my cap tore aff my head into taththers — throth, you might rid-dle bull-dogs through it; and bad luck to the hap'orth he left me, but a few — "*New pittayatees!*" — a few coppers; for the morodin' thief spint all his — "*New pittayatees!*" — all his wages o' the whole week in makin' a baste iv himself; and God knows but that comes aisy to him! and divil a thing had I to put inside my face, nor a dhrop to drink, barrin' a few — "*New pittayatees!*" — a few grains o' tay, and the ind iv a quarther o' sugar, and my eyes as big as your fist, and as black as the pot (savin' your presence), and a beautiful dish iv — "*New pittayatees!*" — dish iv delf, that I bought only last week in Temple Bar, bruk in three halves, in the middle o' the ruction, and the rint o' the room not ped, and I dipindin' only an — "*New pittayatees!*" — an cryin' a sieve-full o' pratees, or schreechin' a lock o' savoys, or the like.

But I 'll not brake your heart any more, Sally dear. God's good, and never opens one door but he shuts another, and that's the way iv it; an' strinthins the wake with — "*New pittayatees!*" — with his purtection — and may the widdy and the orphin's blessin' be an his name, I pray! And my thrust is in the Divine Providence, that was always good to me, and sure I don't despair; but not a night that I kneel down to say my prayers, that I don't pray for — "*New pittayatees!*" — for all manner o' bad luck to attind that vagabone, Mikee McEvoy. My curse light an him this blessid minit! and —

A voice at a distance calls, "Potatoes!"

KAT. Who calls? — (*Perceives her customer.*) — Here, ma'am. Good-by, Sally, darlint, good-by. "*New pittay-a-tees!*"

[*Exeunt by opposite sides of stage.*]

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

MR. WOODLEY, *a merchant*; OSWALD, *his son*; AMELIA, *his daughter*;
EDWIN LOVELL, *a poor young artist*; BRIDGET; MESSENGER.

SCENE I.—MR. WOODLEY'S *parlor, decorated with evergreen and holly.*
OSWALD *is examining a new writing-desk.*

OSWALD. How kind and thoughtful father is, to give me *just what I wanted* for my Christmas present! Ink-stand, pen-wiper, paper-cutter, a box of pens, ruler, stamps, — everything complete; and well stocked with paper and envelopes, too! This cost not a trifle, dear father! I must try to return his kindness by being attentive to his wishes. Ah! here is something for sister, too! I wonder what it is! I'll wait till she comes in. (*Enter AMELIA.*)

AMELIA. Good morning, Oswald!

BOTH. Wish you a merry Christmas!

AM. Where's father?

OS. He's gone. He was called down town quite unexpectedly. See what I found just now for me! Isn't it a beauty?

AM. That is charming! (*Opening and examining the desk.*) Why, it was only yesterday I heard you wishing for a writing-desk. But what is this? (*Taking up package.*) "To my dear Amelia, with a 'Merry Christmas,' — from Father." What can it be? (*Sitting down, and holding the package in her lap while she carefully unwraps it.*) It is quite heavy. Ah! a book. What a beauty! — filled with exquisite pictures! Father could n't have given me anything that would have pleased me half so much. See this view, Oswald; isn't it perfect? (*Oswald sits down beside her, and they examine the book together.*) And this! Here is a copy of one of Raphael's famous pictures. Here is another. This is copied from one of Correggio's. M — m —! (*almost hugging the book.*) What a darling present!

OS. Amelia, I know a boy who would be very glad to examine this elegant book. He has no chance of seeing

anything of the kind, except by gazing in at the windows of the bookstores.

Am. Who is he ?

Os. His name is Edwin Lovell. His father has seen better days, but has met with misfortunes, so that he has a hard struggle to support his family. Edwin has a genius for drawing, though he has never had the means of cultivating it to any great extent. He is a sensible boy, too ; and I like him very much. His mother must be a nice woman ; for though their income is so small, Edwin is always clean and neat. He is a fine-looking fellow, too.

Am. I should like to know him. Why do you not invite him here ?

Os. All his leisure time is devoted to drawing. He saves what little money he gets, to buy paper and pencils. He never likes to see anything wasted that can be used for drawing, and is glad to get even the blank side of a letter.

Am. As poor as that ! How I wish we could help him in some way !

Os. Last Saturday I thought I would call for him, and take him to see some very fine pictures which were to be sold at auction on Monday. Their door was opened by a green Irish girl, who knew no better than to show me at once up stairs to Edwin's chamber,—a very small place, perfectly clean, but furnished in the scantiest manner. There was no fire in the room. Edwin was sitting at a little pine table with his coat on, and his feet wrapped in an old shawl of his mother's, to keep them warm. He was very busy, copying a head of Decatur from a China pitcher, improving on it so much that it really made a very fine drawing.

Am. Poor fellow ! had he nothing better to copy ?

Os. That is what I asked him ; but he confessed he had so few models that he was glad to copy anything he could get, provided it was not positively bad. He showed me several original drawings which father would say were quite remarkable ; and some admirable copies, though many of them were taken from very coarse prints, for want of better.

AM. How glad he would be to have this elegant book to study and draw from!

OS. I guess he would! But that book probably cost ten dollars; and I don't suppose he ever had ten dollars in his life, poor boy!

AM. I shall be glad to lend it to him.

OS. He has so little time to draw, that it would be a long while before he could return it; or rather, he would be so uneasy at keeping it long, that I know he would send it back before he had half done with it. And besides, he would have no satisfaction in drawing from *your* book, he would be in such constant fear of soiling it in some way. He is very unwilling to borrow that which is new or valuable.

AM. What a pity a boy of such genius should have such difficulties to contend with!

OS. That is generally the way, you know, with *real talent*. Some of the greatest artists that have ever lived have been obliged to struggle with poverty, much as Edwin Lovell is now doing.

AM. (*rising as if she were to leave the room*). Yes, that is true. (*Returns to the table, as if to examine Oswald's desk.*) Oswald (*in a hesitating manner*), I would like to ask you one question. When we receive a present, does it not become our own?

OS. Certainly.

AM. And are we at liberty to do just what we please with it?

OS. Precisely: only I think we had better not destroy it.

AM. Of course not, — but — we may give it away.

OS. Why, I do not know. I should not like to give away a present given me by any one I loved.

AM. But if, in giving it away, you made the one to whom you gave it happier than you could possibly be in keeping it yourself.

OS. If you were sure that would be the case —

AM. O, I am very sure! I can answer for myself. Therefore, dear brother, I beg you will accept my new book.

OS. (*astonished*). For me? I do not understand this. You

know I have already a Christmas gift. I cannot take yours.

AM. Yes, Oswald, for once allow me to make you a present. It is the first time in my life that I have had it in my power to give you anything of consequence. I shall be so happy if you accept it. There it is. (*Laying the book on Oswald's knee.*)

OS. But, sister, how *can* you part so soon with father's present to you? You were delighted with it just now.

AM. I have looked it through.

OS. (*smiling*). Well, Amelia, since you are so generous as to give it to me, you know it will still remain in the house. I shall put it away carefully in my little book-case, and whenever you wish to look at it, just tell me so, and you shall have it, any time.

AM. (*looking disappointed*). But, Oswald, are you going to keep it always?

OS. Always, as the gift of my good sister.

AM. But I do not *insist* on your keeping it forever, Oswald. I shall not be offended in the least if you give it away. Indeed, I would rather you should give it away than not, and as soon as possible, too, — this very day, if you choose.

OS. Well, I must say, Amelia, you have a very strange way of making a present, — wanting it to be given away again immediately.

AM. Why, Oswald, you know you do not draw.

OS. No, indeed. I wish I could!

AM. And, if you could, father would gladly supply you with all the models you should need.

OS. I suppose he would, as he never lets us want for anything that could add to our improvement.

AM. Had not the book better be given to some one that *does draw* very well, — beautifully, indeed, — but has no money to buy copies or models?

OS. In one word, had not this better be given to Edwin Lovell?

AM. Yes; since it must be told, that is exactly what I mean.

Os. So I guessed from the beginning. But why did you take such a roundabout way of giving him the book?

Am. I don't suppose he would accept it from me, — a young girl whom he has never seen; but he would n't mind taking it as your gift, since you are an acquaintance of his.

Os. Say, rather, a friend.

Am. I know you so well, that after our conversation about him, I was certain that if I gave the book to you, you would give it at once to the poor boy; and I confess I was much disconcerted when you pretended at first that you would keep it always.

Os. Amelia, the book is yours, and the suggestion is yours. I will not take to myself more merit than I deserve. If you are determined to give this elegant book of engravings to Edwin Lovell, the best way is to wrap it in a sheet of paper, and address it to him. Add a few words on the inside, requesting him to accept it from an unknown admirer of early genius.

Am. That would be a good plan. I wonder I did n't think of it before. I will set about it at once.

Os. Here is a nice sheet of paper, and here is my new writing-desk. Let it be used for the first time in a good cause.

Am. (*sits down and writes*). I never wrote anything with more pleasure.

Os. Be sure to put "early genius."

Am. Yes, I have.

Os. Let me see it. I never saw any writing of yours look half so pretty. Now I will wrap it up carefully, and tie it round with red tape. Girls seldom do such things well. (*He wraps it up and ties it.*) There, now direct it.

Am. The next thing is, whom shall we get to carry it?

Os. I will take it to the Intelligence Office, round the corner, and give one of the black boys that is always loitering there a trifle to carry it to Mr. Lovell's house, and tell him to just leave it with whoever may open the door.

Am. That will do very well. Now, Oswald, make haste, for I hear father coming.

SCENE II. — EDWIN LOVELL'S room, scantily furnished. EDWIN, with his overcoat on and his feet wrapped in an old shawl, sits at the table drawing from an old bit of China ware. He occasionally stops to breathe upon his benumbed fingers.

EDWIN. Christmas Day! It does not look much like it here. It is a beautiful sunny day out-of-doors anyhow! How I wish some of the sunshine would take a tangible form in the shape of a good fire to warm a fellow! That would be a Christmas present worth having. But stop! If Santa Claus could give me what I want most, I would n't ask for comforts for myself. If I could only do something to help father get into business again, or have the means of providing a more comfortable home for dear mother, it would be the happiest Christmas I could possibly have. (*A knock at the door.*) Come in!

Enter BRIDGET.

BRIDGET. An' sure, Masther Edwin, the saints has not forgot ye's, as ought not to be forgotten, on this blissid Christmas Day. Here's a book for ye, signed and delivered. An' who should bring it but that young brat of a Joe Wiley, that's allers making fun of a poor gurrul when she's hurryin' to church to say her prayers.

EDWIN. What is it you say, Bridget? Something for me?

BRIDGE. For yerself intirely (*courtesying*), long luck to ye!

EDWIN. And who, did you say, brought it?

BRIDGE. That young divil of a Joe Wiley, sure; and whin I axed him who for was it, he said, "Had I no eyes in my head to see Mr. Edwin Lovell on the kiver?" An' I said, "No, troth, I'd not seen ye's sin' the marnin'."

EDWIN. Well, I am very much obliged to you, Bridget, and I wish you a merry Christmas!

BRIDGE. The same to yersilf, Masther Edwin, and manny o' them! But sure, did n't I lave my pertatees a bilin' that's for ye's dinner and the rist o' the family? and I must n't be for detainin' ye, and burning their skins aff, — bad luck to 'em!

[*Exit.*]

EDWIN (*opening the package*). This — is — superb! — filled

with fine engravings! (*Claps his hands with delight.*) What a treat before me! Who cares for bare walls and cold feet? I am rich as Croesus! Who in the world could have sent it?—Stop! here is a note, written in a female hand. More mysterious yet! (*Reads.*)

“Will Edwin Lovell please accept the enclosed, from an unknown admirer of early genius.”

I am completely puzzled! No ordinary taste could have selected such a treasure of art. So elegantly got up, too. Ah, what is this? (*Reading from the fly-leaf.*) “To Amelia Woodley, from Father.” Amelia Woodley! why, that must be Oswald’s sister. I have never seen her, but I have heard Oswald speak of her often. I remember he said she had a great taste for drawing, and would enjoy looking over my sketches. I see through it all! Oswald has often said he wished I had better materials to work with. He has probably said the same to his sister. She has a kind heart,—I know that,—Oswald said so; and she has sent me her own Christmas present, unbeknown to her father. I must not keep it. It is a great temptation. I may never have such a chance for study again. What would be the harm in keeping it a week or so, and then returning it? But no; it is not honorably mine for an instant. I will not tempt myself any longer by admiring it. I will write a note of acknowledgment, and return it. (*Sits down and writes.*) There, now I will wrap it up again, direct it to Oswald, and leave it myself at Mr. Woodley’s door. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—MR. WOODLEY’S parlor. *Present, MR. W., OSWALD, and AMELIA. MR. W. sitting at the centre-table looking over some English newspapers.*

MR. WOODLEY. I have been reading a long critique upon a new picture by an American artist now in London. It is a very favorable notice, and speaks well for the progress of art in our own country. Amelia, if I am not mistaken, there is in your new book an engraving from this very picture. Let me look at it again.

AMELIA looks embarrassed, glances at OSWALD, and does not know what to say.

My dear, did you not hear me? If you can get the book conveniently, I should like to look at that plate.

AM. (*confused and trembling*). I—I— (*Her eyes filling with tears.*)

MR. W. Amelia, has any accident happened to the book?

AM. No, my dear father, but—I have given it away.

MR. W. Is it possible that you were so soon tired of your father's Christmas gift?

AM. O no, no! but there is a poor boy who draws beautifully; and I thought it would make him so happy—Oswald, you tell!

OS. Well, you see, father, a boy that I know, named Edwin Lovell, has a great genius for drawing. He is very poor, and he copies old bits of china or anything he can find, for the sake of having something to draw from. He is good as gold, too. When Amelia heard me say how he would enjoy having such a book to sketch from, she could not rest till I helped her plan to give the book to Edwin without his knowing where it came from. I can see now, we ought to have told you about it.

MR. W. I am much disappointed. There is not another such a book to be found in the country. I was looking forward with so much pleasure to having the book to look over with you these long winter evenings.

AM. O father, I am so sorry if I have taken any pleasure from you! I did n't think of that. I only thought how delighted the poor boy would be in having such a beauty of a book to copy from. Oswald says he has so little in life to make him happy. You *will* forgive me, dear father, won't you? I did not *mean* to do wrong.

MR. W. Well, well, child! it can't be helped now. We must make the best of it. I like to see you so thoughtful for those less fortunate than yourself. (*The door-bell rings. SERVANT enters, and gives OSWALD the package.*)

OS. Ah, this is so like Edwin! He sends back the book

of engravings with this note. (*Reads note to himself, then hands it to his father.*)

MR. W. (*reads aloud*).

"Accident has discovered to me to whom I am indebted for a most beautiful present. But though it excites my warmest gratitude, I cannot consent to accept it under circumstances of mystery to which the parents of my kind friends may be strangers. I return it with a thousand acknowledgments.

"EDWIN LOVELL."

Noble boy! he deserves kindness. Oswald, run after him, quick! Make him come back and spend the day with us. (*OSWALD runs out.*) I wonder who his father is! Lovell? Lovell? the name sounds familiar. They are no common people, to have a boy like that.

AM. Oswald says his father was once in good business; but through dishonesty of other parties he was left penniless. And since then he has not been able to get ahead in life.

OSWALD enters, leading EDWIN.

OS. Father, this is my friend, Edwin Lovell.

MR. W. (*shaking him heartily by the hand*). Glad to see you, my young friend! Very glad indeed! Make yourself at home here to-day. We feel that Christmas would not be complete without you.

EDWIN. Thank you, sir! thank you!

MR. W. Edwin, this is my daughter. (*EDWIN and AMELIA shake hands shyly.*)

AM. Happy to see you.

EDWIN. I—ought— (*Confusedly.*)

MR. W. No apologies,—no nonsense! We must all be jolly to-day. Come here, my little girl. (*To AMELIA. He holds out the book to her.*) Take this and give it the second time to Oswald's young friend, and our friend,—(*to EDWIN*) with my sanction. You will not again refuse my daughter's gift, though you so honorably returned it when you suspected that she offered it unbeknown to her parents. (*EDWIN takes it, bowing his thanks.*) And now there is one thing more I want to

speak of. I hear your father was in business formerly. Is his name Henry C. Lovell?

EDWIN. That is my father's name, sir.

MR. W. (*shaking EDWIN's hand again*). You don't say so! I have shaken your hand once for your own sake; now I must shake it for your father's. Why, I used to know Henry C. Lovell well. No man I respected more. How is it I have not seen him, all these years?

EDWIN. After my father's failure he was so discouraged he left the country. But as he did not succeed in getting into business, we returned here a year ago; and my father has had a little to do, but not enough to keep him in good spirits, nor my mother from want.

MR. W. How strange are the ways of Providence! I have been looking for months for a trustworthy man to take charge of an important branch of our business. Your father is just the man we want.

OS. (*throwing up his hat*). Hurrah! This is the merriest Christmas I ever had! and I think we may thank Edwin for it. (*Dancing around him and patting him on the back.*)

EDWIN (*almost too much moved to speak*). I assure you — it is far the happiest Christmas I ever had, — thanks to you all! (*Bowing to AMELIA.*)

AM. I am sure I never knew what a merry Christmas was before, compared to this, — did you, dear father?

MR. W. Heaven bless you, my children! Be assured I never had a more blessed Christmas, thanks to the good Father for giving me such children, who find a Christmas more merry in doing good to others than in hoarding up for themselves. (*Looking upward, he rests a hand on the head of AMELIA and of OSWALD. OSWALD holds out his hand to EDWIN.* — CLOSING TABLEAU.)

ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

ST. PHILIP. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to
Rome?

YOUTH. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

ST. And when you are one, what do you intend?

Y. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

ST. Suppose it so: what have you next in view?

Y. That I may get to be a canon too.

ST. Well; and how then?

Y. Why, then, for aught I know,

I may be made a bishop.

ST. Be it so:

What then?

Y. Why, cardinal's a high degree, —

And yet my lot it possibly may be.

ST. Suppose it was, what then?

Y. Why, who can say

But I've a chance of being pope one day?

ST. Well, having worn the mitre and red hat
And triple crown, what follows after that?

Y. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth that wishing can procure.

When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then I must die.

ST. What! must you die, fond youth, and at the best
But wish, and hope, and may be all the rest?

Take my advice: whatever may betide,
For that which *must be*, first of all provide;

Then think of that which *may be*, and indeed,

When well prepared, who knows what may succeed, —

But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope?

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SNOBBLETON; JONES; PRUDENCE.

SNOBBLETON. Yes, there is that fellow Jones again. I declare, the man is ubiquitous. Wherever I go with my cousin Prudence, we stumble across him, or he follows her like her shadow. Do we take a boating? So does Jones. Do we wander on the beach? So does Jones. Go where we will, that fellow follows or moves before. Now, that was a cruel practical joke which Jones once played upon me at college. I have never forgiven him. But I would gladly make a pretence of doing so, if I could have my revenge. Let me see. Can't I manage it? He is head over ears in love with Prudence, but too bashful to speak. I half believe she is not indifferent to him, though altogether unacquainted. It may prove a match, if I cannot spoil it. Let me think. Ha! I have it! A brilliant idea! Jones, beware! But here he comes.

Enter JONES.

JONES (*not seeing SNOBBLETON, and delightedly contemplating a flower, which he holds in his hand*). O, rapture! what a prize! It was in her hair, — I saw it fall from her queenly head. (*Kisses it every now and then.*) How warm are its tender leaves from having touched her neck! How doubly sweet is its perfume, — fresh from the fragrance of her glorious locks! How beautiful! how — Bless me! here is Snobbleton, and we are enemies!

SNOBBLETON. Good morning, Jones, — that is, if you will shake hands.

JONES. What! you — you forgive! You really —

SNOB. Yes, yes, old fellow! All is forgotten. You played me a rough trick; but let bygones be bygones. Will you not bury the hatchet?

JONES. With all my heart, my dear fellow!

SNOB. What is the matter with you, Jones? You look quite grumpy, — not by any means the same cheerful, dashing, rollicking fellow you were.

JONES. Bless me, you don't say so! (*Aside.*) Confound the man! Here have I been endeavoring to appear romantic for the last month, and now to be called grumpy,—it is unbearable!

SNOB. But never mind. Cheer up, old fellow! I see it all. I know what it is to be in —

JONES. Ah, you can then sympathize with me! You know what it is to be in —

SNOB. Of *course* I do! Heaven preserve me from the toils! And then the letters, the interminable letters!

JONES. O yes, the letters! the *billets doux*!

SNOB. And the bills, the endless bills.

JONES. The bills!

SNOB. Yes; and the bailiffs, the lawyers, the judges, and the jury.

JONES. Why, man, what are you talking about? I thought you said you knew what it was to be in —

SNOB. In debt. *To be sure* I did.

JONES. Bless me! I'm not in debt, — never borrowed a dollar in my life. Ah me! it's worse than *that*.

SNOB. Worse than that! Come, now, Jones, there is only one thing worse. You're surely not in love?

JONES. Yes, I am. O Snobby, help me, help me! Let me confide in you.

SNOB. Confide in me? Certainly, my dear fellow! See! I do not shrink. I stand firm.

JONES. Snobby, I — I love her.

SNOB. Whom?

JONES. Your cousin, Prudence.

SNOB. Ha! Prudence Angelina Winter?

JONES. Now don't be angry, Snobby! I don't mean any harm, you know. I — I — You know how it is.

SNOB. Harm, my dear fellow! Not a bit of it. Angry! Not at all. You have my consent, old fellow. Take her. She is yours. Heaven bless you both.

JONES. You are very kind, Snobby, but I have n't got her consent yet.

SNOB. Well, that is something, to be sure. But leave it all to me. She may be a little coy, you know; but, considering your generous overlooking of her unfortunate defect —

JONES. Defect! You surprise me.

SNOB. What! and you did not know of it?

JONES. Not at all. I am astonished! Nothing serious, I hope.

SNOB. O no! only a little — (*He taps his ear with his finger, knowingly.*) I see you understand it.

JONES. Merciful heaven! can it be? But really, is it serious?

SNOB. I should think it was.

JONES. What! But is she very dangerous?

SNOB. Dangerous! Why should she be?

JONES. O, I perceive! A mere airiness of brain, — a gentle aberration, — scorning the dull world, — a mild —

SNOB. Zounds, man, she's not crazy!

JONES. My dear Snobby, you relieve me. What then?

SNOB. Slightly deaf; that's all.

JONES. Deaf!

SNOB. As a lamp-post. That is, you must elevate your voice to a considerable pitch in speaking to her.

JONES. Is it possible? However, I think I can manage. As, for instance, if it was my intention to make her a floral offering, and I should say (*elevating his voice considerably*), "Miss, will you make me happy by accepting these flowers?" I suppose she could hear me, eh? How would that do?

SNOB. Pshaw! Do you call that elevated?

JONES. Well, how would this do? (*Speaks very loudly.*) "Miss, will you make me happy —"

SNOB. Louder, shriller, man!

JONES. "Miss, will you —"

SNOB. Louder, louder, or she will only see your lips move.

JONES (*almost screaming*). "Miss, will you oblige me by accepting these flowers?"

SNOB. There, that may do. Still, you want practice. I perceive the lady herself is approaching. Suppose you retire

for a short time, and I will prepare her for the introduction.

JONES. Very good. Meantime, I will go down to the beach, and endeavor to acquire the proper pitch. Let me see: "Miss, will you oblige me —"

[Exit JONES.]

Enter PRUDENCE.

PRUDENCE. Good morning, cousin. Who was that speaking so loudly?

SNOB. Only Jones. Poor fellow, he is so deaf that I suppose he fancies his own voice to be a mere whisper.

PRU. Why, I was not aware of this. Is he very deaf?

SNOB. Deaf as a stone fence. To be sure, he does not use an ear-trumpet any more, but one must speak excessively high. Unfortunate, too, for I believe he's in love.

- PRU. In love! with whom?

SNOB. Can't you guess?

PRU. O no; I have n't the slightest idea.

SNOB. With yourself! He has been begging me to obtain him an introduction.

PRU. Well, I have always thought him a nice-looking young man. I suppose he would hear me if I should say (*speaks loudly*), "Good morning, Mr. Jones!"

SNOB. *Do you think he would hear that?*

PRU. Well, then, how would (*speaks very loudly*) "Good-morning, Mr. Jones!" — how would that do?

SNOB. Tush! he would think you were speaking under your breath.

PRU. (*almost screaming*). "Good morning!"

SNOB. A mere whisper, my dear cousin. But here he comes. Now do try and make yourself audible.

Enter JONES.

SNOB. (*speaking in a high voice*). Mr. Jones, cousin. Miss Winter, Jones. You will please excuse me for a short time. (*He retires, but remains where he can view the speakers.*)

JONES (*speaking shrill and loud*). Miss, will you accept these flowers? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

PRU. (*in an equally high voice*). Really, sir, I — I —

JONES (*aside*). She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. (*Increasing his tone.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers — FLOWERS? I plucked them sleeping on the hill — HILL.

PRU. (*also increasing her tone*). Certainly, Mr. Jones. They are beautiful — BEAU-U-TIFUL.

JONES (*aside*). How she screams in my ear! (*Aloud.*) Yes, I plucked them from their slumber — SLUMBER, on the hill — HILL.

PRU. (*aside*). Poor man, what an effort it seems for him to speak! (*Aloud.*) I perceive you are poetical. Are you fond of poetry? (*Aside.*) He hesitates. I must speak louder. (*In a scream.*) Poetry — POETRY — POETRY!

JONES (*aside*). Bless me, the woman would wake the dead! (*Aloud.*) Yes, miss, I ad-o-r-e it.

SNOB. Glorious! glorious! I wonder how loud they *can* scream. O vengeance, thou art sweet!

PRU. Can you repeat some poetry — POETRY?

JONES. I only know one poem. It is this: —

You'd scarce expect one of my age — AGE,
To speak in public on the stage — STAGE.

PRU. Bravo! bravo!

JONES. Thank you! THANK —

PRU. Mercy on us! Do you think I'm DEAF, sir?

JONES. And do you fancy *me* deaf, miss? (*Natural tone.*)

PRU. Are you not, sir? You surprise me.

JONES. No, miss. I was led to believe that you were deaf. Snobbleton told me so.

PRU. Snobbleton! Why, he told me that you were deaf.

JONES. Confound the fellow! he has been making game of us.

THE FRENCHMAN'S MALADY.

MERCHANT; FRENCHMAN.

SCENE, *the MERCHANT'S counting-room. Enter FRENCHMAN.*

MERCHANT. Good morning, sir! How do you do?
FRENCHMAN. Sick, — very sick!

MER. What's the matter?

FRENCH. De times is de matter.

MER. *Detimes?* What disease is that?

FRENCH. De maladie vat break all de merchants ver much.

MER. Ah! the times, eh? Well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but how do they affect you?

FRENCH. Vy, monsieur, I lose de confidence.

MER. In whom?

FRENCH. In everybody.

MER. Not in me, I hope?

FRENCH. *Pardonnez-moi, monsieur*; but I do not know who to trust *à present*, when all de merchants break several times, all to pieces.

MER. Then I presume you want your money?

FRENCH. *Oui, monsieur*; I starve for want of *l'argent*.

MER. Can't you do without it?

FRENCH. No, monsieur, I must have him.

MER. You must?

FRENCH. *Oui, monsieur*. I did put in your hands five thousand dollair, for invest him, what you call. You have pay me intairest all right, but I want ver much de five thousand dollair, ver much, ver much!

MER. And you can't do without it?

FRENCH. No, monsieur, not von leetel moment longare.

MER. (*makes out a check, and hands to FRENCHMAN*). There, sir.

FRENCH. Vat is dis, monsieur?

MER. A check for five thousand dollars, with the interest due.

FRENCH. (*with amazement*). Is it *bon*?

MER. Certainly.

FRENCH. Have you *l'argent* in de bank ?

MER. Yes, to be sure.

FRENCH. And it is *parfaitement* convenient to pay de same ?

MER. Undoubtedly. What astonishes you ?

FRENCH. Vy, dat you have got him in dees times.

MER. O yes ; and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice.

FRENCH. (*perplexed*). Monsieur, you shall keep *l'argent* for me some leetel year longare.

MER. Why, I thought you wanted it.

FRENCH. *Tout au contraire*. I no want de *l'argent*. I want de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I want him ver much. Suppose you got him, den I no want him at all. *Vous comprenez*, eh ?

MER. All right, sir.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO RAISE THE WIND.

TIGG ; PECKSNIFF ; SLYME.*

SCENE, the bar-room of the Blue Dragon.

TIGG (*dragging in PECKSNIFF by the collar*). You were eaves-dropping at that door, you vagabond !

PECKSNIFF (*shaking himself free*). Where is Mrs. Lupin, I wonder ? Can the good woman possibly be aware that there is a person here, who —

T. Stay ! Wait a bit ! She *does* know. What then ?

P. What then, sir ? what then ? Do you know that I am the friend and relative of the sick gentleman above stairs ? That I am his protector, his guardian, his —

* TIGG represents the shabby-genteel in its last stage ; PECKSNIFF, a smooth, well-dressed man, with a prodigious collar ; SLYME, a miserable-looking wretch, worn out with low dissipation. TIGG's manner is dashing, independent, and highly affected ; PECKSNIFF's, grave and cold, very much constrained ; SLYME's is dull and stupid, indicating partial inebriety.

T. Wait a bit! Perhaps you are a cousin, — the cousin who lives in this place.

P. I am the cousin who lives in this place.

T. Your name is Pecksniff?

P. It is.

T. (*touching his hat*). I am proud to know you, and I ask your pardon. You behold in me one who has also an interest in that gentleman up stairs. Wait a bit. (*Pulling off his hat, and dropping from it a handful of dirty letters and broken cigars; and selecting one of the former, which he hands to PECKSNIFF.*) Read that!

P. This is addressed to Chevy Slyme, Esq.

T. You know Chevy Slyme, Esq., I believe? Very good: that is my interest and business here.

P. (*withdrawing from TIGG*). Now, this is very distressing, my friend. It is very distressing to me to be compelled to say that you are not the person you claim to be. I know Mr. Slyme, my friend. This will not do; honesty is the best policy. You had better not, you had, indeed.

T. Stop! Wait a bit! I understand your mistake, and I am not offended. Why? Because it is complimentary. You suppose I would set myself up for Chevy Slyme. Sir, if there is a man on earth whom a gentleman would feel proud and honored to be mistaken for, that man is Chevy Slyme. For he is, without exception, the highest-minded, the most independent-spirited, most original, spiritual, classical, talented, and most thoroughly Shakespearian, if not Miltonic, and at the same time, most disgustingly unappreciated dog I know. But, sir, I have not the vanity to attempt to pass for Slyme. Any other man in the wide world I am equal to. But Slyme is, I frankly confess, a great many cuts above me. Therefore you are wrong.

P. (*holding out a letter*). I judged from this.

T. No doubt you did. But, Mr. Pecksniff, the whole thing resolves itself into an instance of the peculiarities of genius. Every man of true genius has his peculiarity. Sir, the peculiarity of my friend Slyme is that he is always waiting round the corner. He is perpetually round the corner, sir. He is

round the corner at this instant. That is a remarkably curious and interesting trait in Slyme's character ; and whenever Slyme's life comes to be written, that trait must be thoroughly worked out by his biographer, or society will not be satisfied. Observe me, society will not be satisfied.

P. (*coughing nervously*). Hem !

T. Slyme's biographer, sir, whoever he may be, must apply to me ; or, if I am gone to that what's-his-name from which no thingumbob comes back, he must apply to my executors for leave to search among my papers. I have taken a few notes, in my poor way, of some of that man's proceedings — my adopted brother, sir — which would amaze you. He made use of an expression, sir, on the fifteenth of last month, — when he could not meet a little bill, and the other party would not renew, — which would have done honor to Napoleon Bonaparte in addressing the French army.

P. And pray what may be Mr. Slyme's business here, if I may be permitted to inquire ?

T. You will give me leave, sir, first to introduce myself. My name, sir, is Tigg. The name of Montague Tigg will perhaps be familiar to you, in connection with the most remarkable events of the peninsular war.

PECKSNIFF *shakes his head.*

T. No matter : that man was my father, and I bear his name. I am consequently proud, — proud as Lucifer. Excuse me, one moment. I desire my friend Slyme to be present at the remainder of this conference. (*Withdraws, and returns followed by SLYME, who looks stupidly at PECKSNIFF, and PECKSNIFF looks coldly at him.*)

T. (*pretending to address SLYME, who has been whispering in his ear, touching his elbow, and making other signs to him to ask money of PECKSNIFF. TIGG speaks loud enough for MR. PECKSNIFF to hear.*) Chiv, I shall come to that presently. I act upon my own responsibility, or not at all. To the extent of such a trifling loan as a crown piece, to a man of your talents, I look upon Mr. Pecksniff as certain. O Chiv, Chiv ! you are, upon my life, a strange instance of the little frailties that beset a mighty mind ! If there had never been a telescope in this world, I should have been quite

certain, from my observation of you, that there were spots on the sun ! Well, never mind ! Moralize as we will, the world goes on. As Hamlet says, Hercules may lay about him with his club, in every possible direction ; but he can't prevent the cats from making a most intolerable row on the roofs of the houses, or the dogs from being shot, in the hot weather, if they go about the streets unmuzzled. Life's a riddle, a most confounded hard riddle to guess, Mr. Pecksniff. Like that celebrated conundrum, " Why is a man in jail like a man out of jail ? " there's no answer to it. Chiv, my dear fellow, go out and see what sort of a night it is. (*SLYME goes out. TIGG returns to PECKSNIFF.*) We must not be too hard upon the little eccentricities of our friend Slyme. You saw him whisper to me ?

P. I did.

T. You heard my answer, I think ?

P. I did.

T. Five shillings, eh ? Ah ! what an extraordinary fellow ! —very moderate, too. Five shillings, to be punctually paid next week ; that's the best of it. You heard that.

P. I did not.

T. No ! That's the cream of the thing, sir. I never knew that man fail to redeem a promise in my life. You're not in want of change, are you ?

P. No, thank you, not at all !

T. Just so ; if you had been, I'd have got it for you. (*Whistles, and walks about with an air of unconcern.*) Perhaps you'd rather not lend Slyme five shillings ?

P. I would much rather not.

T. It's very possible you may be right. Would you entertain the same sort of objection to lending *me* five shillings, now ?

P. Yes : I could n't do it, indeed !

T. Not even half a crown, perhaps ?

P. Not even half a crown.

T. Why, then, we come to the ridiculously small sum of eighteen-pence. Ha, ha !

P. And that would be equally objectionable.

T. (*shaking PECKSNIFF by both hands*). Sir, I protest you are one of the most consistent and remarkable men I have ever met. I desire the honor of your better acquaintance. There are many little characteristics about my friend Slyme, of which, as a man of strict honor, I can by no means approve. But I am prepared to forgive him all these slight drawbacks and many more, in consideration of the great pleasure I have this day enjoyed in my social intercourse with you, sir. It has given me a far higher and more enduring delight than the successful negotiation of any small loan, on the part of my friend, could possibly have imparted. I beg leave, sir, to wish you a very good evening. (*They go off different ways.*)

DR. ARNOLD'S PRESCRIPTION.

DR. GRAY ; AUNT SOPHY ; FELICIA, *her niece.*

SCENE I. — *In front of Aunt Sophy's house, which is tastefully decorated with vines and flower-pots.*

FELICIA (*alone*). Heigh-ho ! Am I homesick, or am I not ? that's the question. It is five weeks since I left the gayeties of city life, to lounge and grow fat in this out-of-the-way place. Almost the last thing mother said to me was, to "keep a diary." Ha, ha ! what an idea ! An interesting set of pages it would be, — so full of incident ! Let me see : rise in the morning at six ; breakfast at half past six ; help Aunt Sophy with the dishes ; hear her say, "Wonder how many eggs the hens have laid !" take my hat and basket and stroll into the barn to visit that family of cacklers ; disturb their equanimity by inspecting their sanctuaries ; bring back my basket of eggs into the kitchen, place them on the table in the most dutiful manner, and hear auntie say, "My dear, would you like fried pork and eggs, or baked beans for dinner ?" Then I stroll off with a book ; I know nothing till the dinner-horn sounds. Then a nap ; then a visit to the post-office ; then supper ; then helping auntie a little ; then

bedtime. Five times seven are thirty-five. Well, then, thirty-five repetitions of the aforesaid items would be the sum-total of my diary. My dear mother, a charming diary I could write! Worthy of publication in the "Atlantic" or "Harper's." But I ought to add something to my sketch-book. How pretty the river looks, winding through the valley, the green slopes on either side! I mean to try and sketch it. (*Takes her sketch-book, and draws. DR. GRAY enters unobserved, and, glancing over her shoulder, watches her drawing a few moments without speaking.*)

DR. GRAY. You need somewhat heavier touches just there, if I may interfere. Don't you see how black the shadows fall?

FEL. Dr. Gray! How you startled me! How dare you look over my shoulder, sir? Don't you know how rude it is?

DR. G. How rude is it?

FEL. So rude that if I were n't so glad to see you I should send you away. Where did you come from? Did you rain down with the sunbeams?

DR. G. (*smiles, and strokes his mustache musingly*). Just now I came from Shell Beach, where my mother and sister and a few friends are wasting the summer hours; and there I heard that you were here.

FEL. How nice it is to see you! it seems like old times. I was just on the point of getting home-sick, and you have cured me. Sha'n't we go up to the house, so that I may introduce you to Aunt Sophy?

DR. G. Unless you vote against it, I should rather stay here the little time I have to stay; I should have to divide you among so many up there.

FEL. And I being so insignificant, you think there would n't be enough to go round? By the way, where do you mean to settle, doctor? When I last had the pleasure of talking with you, your mind was perplexed by the query.

DR. G. Yes. What would you advise? How would it do to settle hereabouts?

FEL. In this wilderness? Waste your sweetness on this desert air, and practise patience instead of medicine? Be-

sides, I heard auntie say that there was a new doctor here already.

DR. G. Indeed! Did she mention his name?

FEL. Yes; it's Dr. Arnold morning, noon, and night. If I don't take his doses, I have a chronic dose of himself. She sings his praises loud enough to make his fortune. I dare say he has given up advertising. He cured auntie of a fever when the old doctor over at Shell Beach had given her up.

DR. G. Then you have n't seen him?

FEL. No; the truth is, I'm afraid to face such a paragon. He was here the first night I came, and auntie begged me to go down and see him, but I had a headache, you know. Travellers always have headaches; it's one of their perquisites.

DR. G. And he might have cured it. So he was here the first day you came, eh?

FEL. Yes; and he was coming to-day, so I took my sketch-book and trudged out here. I don't care to see their old country doctors; they must be stupid enough.

DR. G. Oh! is he an old fellow?

FEL. I don't know; wears a wig, perhaps, and green goggles, and takes snuff. He's a bachelor, at least; for auntie—dear old goose!—suggested that it would be ever so nice if he would take a fancy to me, in order that we might live near her. It never occurred to her that I might have a word to say in the bargain. I laughed so heartily at the idea that Aunt Sophy was quite put out, do you know, and told me at last that there was no danger of my doing half so well as to marry a country doctor. I hope I sha' n't. See, I've found a four-leaved clover!

DR. G. Which means good luck.

FEL. Which means that I shall put it over the front door, and trust to fate.

DR. G. In the shape of Dr. Arnold?

FEL. The fates forbid!

DR. G. Ah, what prejudices you women cherish! According to your own acknowledgment you have not seen this

doctor ; according to the opinion of your friends he is worth seeing —

FEL. When one is ill.

DR. G. And yet you avoid and despise his shadow. I very much doubt if you do not have him in your cup yet, and to some purpose.

FEL. O, you disagreeable man ! You mean that when I *do* see him I shall fall in love with him. In that case I shall take infinite pains to avoid him. He's as bad as the Gorgon's head ; for one would as soon be turned into stone, for all I know, as to fall in love with a man one hates. Besides, if he were Adonis himself, I should say, "No, I thank you, my pretty man," if he invited me to share this wilderness with him.

DR. G. Ah ! And you would not consent to live here on any terms ? How people differ ! Now *I* like it.

FEL. O, it does very well for a summer's vacation.

DR. G. And nothing more ? You think that there is n't a possibility of my persuading anybody to share my cottage, in case I should make up my mind to settle here ?

FEL. (*aside.*) *Who* is he going to ask to share his cottage ? (*Aloud.*) I dare say you might find *some one* who would n't — object.

DR. G. But not Miss Felicia Saxon. Well (*taking out his watch*), it's time I was off ; five o'clock. Your bugbear must be gone before this, unless he stays to tea. By the way, send me word, will you, how you like him, and who comes in under the four-leaved clover.

[*Exit.*]

FEL. (*following him with her eyes, and repeating.*) "But not Miss Felicia Saxon." Why does he take it for granted ? If he wanted to know, why did he not ask outright, without any beating about the bush ? How could I tell him that I should n't mind if only *he* were here too ? No, he must have been joking ; he must have been thinking of some one else. (*Sighing profoundly, and picking up her sketch-book.*) There ! four-leaved clover, omen of good luck, I'll put you there, because I said I would do so (*placing it over the door*) ; but I have little faith any good luck will come to me. I wonder whom he was thinking of ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — AUNT SOPHY'S dining-room. *She is busy setting the table.*

AUNT SOPHY. Now the butter and the apple-sarse, then tea 'll be ready. (*Sets two chairs. FELICIA enters.*) Where have you been, child? You always *do* contrive to hide yourself when the doctor's here. Sit down, child. I 'll put tea right on. (*Adds the tea, etc.*) Yes, doctor was here, and asked if you were well; and I told him you were well enough to be galivanting over the neighborhood all the afternoon.

FEL. He wanted to give me a dose of calomel, I suppose. I hate doctors' stuffs, and doctors; at least (*remembering an exception*), at least most of them. I've been sketching the interval; I have n't been galivanting, and I don't know what it means.

AUNT S. What do you call sketching? Those little daubs of lead-pencil marks? Looks as if the crows had walked over the paper. Dear me! is that the nonsense folks call sketching? You 'd better been at home churning; it's a sight more profitable.

FEL. I leave that for country doctors' wives. By the way, Aunt Sophy, your Doctor Arnold wears a wig, does n't he?

AUNT S. *My* Dr. Arnold! When you see him you will wish he was *yours*. What if he *does* wear a wig, miss? Is there anything disgraceful in that? (*Adjusting her own false front.*)

FEL. O no: only it shows that he's no chicken, as they say; and for my part, I would rather be a young man's slave than an old man's darling.

AUNT S. Which only shows your bad taste and inexperience. But you need n't worry: young or old, Dr. Arnold would n't waste a thought on such a chit as you, — though you might thank your stars if he should, in spite of forty wigs. (*Chuckling softly behind her tea-urn.*)

FEL. If he would n't waste a thought on me, why in the world do you try to make my mouth water? I'm sure *I* don't want to lead him into any such extravagance.

AUNT S. We 'll see, my gal, — we 'll see what we 'll see. Eat your supper in peace now, do. Have another cup o' tea?

There 's a letter for ye on the table in t' other room, when ye've finished.

FEL. Is there? Well, you 'll excuse me, please. I've eaten quite enough. [Exit.]

AUNT S. Law, now, why did I up and tell her about that letter in such a hurry? She never eats enough to keep a mouse alive. (*Puts tea-things on a waiter, and takes them to the kitchen.*)
FELICIA returns with a note.)

FEL. Dr. Gray's handwriting. (*Opens the note and reads.*)

"DEAR MISS FELICIA,—Have you made the acquaintance of Dr. Arnold yet?—poor man! And how fares it with the four-leaved clover? I am delegated to present you with my sister's love—to which may I add my own?—and to request the pleasure of your company at Shell Beach any fine day this week. I should be most happy to call for you, but duty beckons in another direction. Yet I shall try to give myself a half-holiday, should you consent to make it one.

"Hopefully yours,

"A. L. GRAY."

O, I should so like to go! But how to get there? I can't walk that distance, and all the farm-horses are at work, I suppose. (*AUNT SOPHY appears at the door.*) Dear me! where 's my godmother that she can't make me a coach-and-six out of the squash-vines and the squash-bugs?

AUNT S. Where do you want to go?

FEL. (*hastily putting the note in her bosom*). Mrs. Ames, a friend of mine and mamma's, wishes me to spend the first fine day with her at Shell Beach.

AUNT S. Perhaps Dr. Arnold will happen along, and take you in. He drives from Dan to Beersheba on his visits, and would n't think anything of doing a body a good turn.

FEL. I'd rather stay at home.

AUNT S. You're a very silly girl.

FEL. Perhaps so; but silly girls are just the ones who like to have their own way. Can't you send me to Shell Beach?

AUNT S. Well, perhaps Jones will harness old Jolly and drive you over, if you're set upon it, and are up early enough. And there 's the stage. Go over in the stage, and

I'll send Jones and Jolly to fetch you home. That'll be handiest.

FEL. O, thank you! You are the best of aunts, after all, if you have gone wild over that old Dr. Arnold. I dare say you can't help it; he's bewitched you.

AUNT S. Just wait till he bewitches you.

FEL. (*laughing*). Yes. Just wait.

[*Exit FELICIA.*]

AUNT S. That 'ere gal is a sly puss. There's no coaxing her with milk or cream. For all the world like our Tab. "Tab! here, Tab!" says I, "come and get your supper." Never a step does Marm Tab budge; but sits there winking and blinking at me, as if she was perfectly indifferent. But I sets down the sasser o' milk, I goes to my work; first thing I know the sasser's clean. So, Miss Felicia, I'll just go about my work. I'll just — wait.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *Shell Beach.*

DR. G. (*looking at his watch*). Past the hour when Miss Felicia was to be here. She may not come! She goes back to the city so soon, I wish I might see her. Some one comes! (*FELICIA enters, jauntily dressed in a walking-suit and straw hat. DR. G. extends to her both hands.*) Welcome to Shell Beach! My mother and Mrs. Ames are waiting to be introduced to you. Shall we linger here awhile, or shall we go in immediately?

FEL. (*carelessly*). As you please. It makes no difference to me.

DR. G. (*aside*). Cool enough, for a summer's day. (*Aloud.*) And have you not met Dr. Arnold yet? And has the fated fairy prince not entered beneath the four-leaved clover? (*Laughing.*) How do you know what will happen while you're away?

FEL. When the fairy prince comes, may I be there to see! No, I have n't met the tiresome old doctor yet, though auntie suggested that if he happened along I might ride over here with him.

DR. G. But he did n't happen along?

FEL. No, thank goodness! I took the stage over. Mr. Jones is coming to take me home.

DR. G. Mr. Jones? Ah! I don't remember hearing you mention him before. A particular friend of yours? Lawyer, doctor, merchant, thief? He's a thief if he comes with intent to steal my little friend Felicia. (*With ill-concealed curiosity.*)

FEL. (*aside*). Jealous, eh? at least, this savors of it. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Jones and I are on very good terms, that is, as good as the circumstances demand. (*Laughing.*)

DR. G. Indeed! May I ask if he is a resident at Farm-field?

FEL. O yes.

DR. G. Then, of course, he can have no hope.

FEL. He does n't seem to be despairing, however.

DR. G. Hoping against hope, perhaps. I heard of a Mr. Jones who is teaching drawing in the West Parish, — not wearing a wig, but whose locks are silvered with the frosts of many winters, to put it poetically; perhaps this is your friend?

FEL. On the contrary, Mr. Jones — my friend, as you choose to call him — is not over thirty, with hair of your color, and a golden mustache.

DR. G.

“Distrust that man, although he be your brother,
Whose hair is one color and his mustache another.”

FEL. Be still! I won't have Mr. Jones slandered. He has a figure like a Titan; he has big blue eyes. Don't you like blue eyes?

DR. G. No; they remind me of crockery.

FEL. They remind *me* of sapphires and turquoises. However, he has an aquiline nose.

DR. G. And a bad temper, of course. In short, I don't fancy anything I hear about this Mr. Jones.

FEL. That does n't signify, so long as my Aunt Sophy does.

DR. G. O, then he is *her* admire—

FEL. He is one of her farm hands, if you please.

DR. G. Cruel girl! I sha' n't forgive you in a hurry. Jones is a great burden off my mind. What possessed you?

FEL. One likes to make believe have a lover once in a while, you know.

DR. G. What's the use of making believe when the reality's staring you in the face?

FEL. O, make-believe lovers are n't so troublesome as real ones.

DR. G. I suppose not. They don't ask you to live in the backwoods with them.

FEL. I hope not. Why is he always harping upon living in the country? (*Aside.*)

DR. G. I suppose, now, that no one could persuade you to such a sacrifice?

FEL. I hope no one will try. (*Loftily.*)

DR. G. Well (*after a pause*), when I marry, I hope my wife will love nature.

FEL. I should rather she would love me, if I were you (*archly*). But was n't it a joke? My drawing-master used to say to me, "You are de most great big lover of de Nature, Mees Felicité, she do have; you do show it in de every touch!"

DR. G. He was a flatterer.

FEL. I thank you. Nobody can bring such an accusation against you. (*A pause.*) I think we had better go and speak to your mother. (*Somewhat crestfallen.*) It must be almost time for Mr. Jones to come for me.

DR. G. O, not so bad as that, I hope. I should give myself the pleasure of taking you home, but I have an engagement.

FEL. What a pity! (*forgetting herself.*) Where are you going?

DR. G. To see Miss Atherton.

FEL. Oh! (*involuntarily; then biting her lips.*) Is she — is she as beautiful as ever?

DR. G. Quite as beautiful. I am quite anxious about her.

FEL. It is more than flesh and blood can bear (*aside*). I thought (*faltering*), — I thought *that* was all over.

DR. G. No, there has been a relapse; and that, you know, often proves fatal. (*FELICIA staggers.*) What is the matter, Miss Felicia? Can I do anything for you?

FEL. No, thank you; nothing is the matter. I — (*putting her hand to her head*) — I felt a sudden pain in my head; that is all.

DR. G. Come in and see my mother, and rest. You look very tired.

FEL. Thank you ; if you 'll excuse me, I 'll go home. I am not feeling very well.

DR. G. You must allow me to accompany you.

FEL. No, I thank you. I can get along very well alone. *(He follows her.)* Indeed, Dr. Gray, I *prefer* to go alone. Good day. [Exit.]

DR. G. So, so ! what does all this mean ? A pretty kind of story I shall have to make up to my mother, to account for the sudden disappearance of the young lady. She looked charming when she first came, — rosy as Hebe herself. What could have made her turn pale so suddenly ? There must have been a mental disturbance. What were we talking about ? I remember, Miss Atherton ; and I said I was feeling anxious about her. Could that have troubled her ? I dare not believe it. But I must go and apologize to my mother for the nonappearance of her guest. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. — *A room in Aunt Sophy's house.*

AUNT S. I should like to know what on airth has come over our Felicia. It did n't do her any good to go junketing over to the beaches. She does n't care anything about reading her books ; and here 's her sketching, as she calls it, not touched. She 's lost her appetite, too ; and that 's a bad sign. No matter what I cook up, she does n't care a fig for it. The child 's sick. Like as not her liver 's out of order ; folks' livers is the peskiest things to keep a running. I don't like to have nobody's life on my mind ; so I 'll just send round for Dr. Arnold, and he 'll do the right thing for her. Here she comes, now, as dumpty as you please.

FELICIA *enters slowly, and falls listlessly on the lounge, with a book in her hand.*

AUNT SOPHY *watches her a few moments.*

AUNT S. What are you readin', child ?

FEL. Tennyson.

AUNT S. That ain't to the p'int. Read out something, so I can hear what 's afore your eyes this minute.

FEL.

"O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!"

DR. G. *appears just outside the door.* AUNT S. *runs to meet him.*

AUNT S. There! Dr. Arnold, I'm right glad to see your face and eyes!

FEL. That horrid Dr. Arnold! I won't see him!

AUNT S. I've been worried out of my night's sleep along of this child, and her folks a hundred miles away. I've given her herb-tea and peppermint, and they did n't do her no more good than so much water. Law bless you, if she was love-sick, she could n't be worse off, with no relish for her victuals. Ever since she went over to the beach to see them Amesses, whoever they may be —

FELICIA *tries to make her escape from the room.* DR. G. *overtakes her, grasping her shoulder.* *She turns round, confronting DR. G.*

DR. G. Whither away, Miss Felicia, before I've so much as felt your pulse? Come, how do you like Dr. Arnold, at your service? What do you think of his green goggles? How does his wig fit, think you?

FEL. (*amazed*). Dr. Gray! Dr. Arnold! Which? How? I don't understand. I thought —

AUNT S. Dr. Arnold Gray, you little goose. I thought everybody knew *that*. You see there's an old Dr. Gray over to Shell Beach, and he is n't no sort of a favorite, and so we've got into the way of calling this one Dr. Arnold, to distinguish, so when we send for the doctor they sha' n't get the wrong one. There, I believe to my heart I smell my sass a-burning; just like Mary Jane to be talking to the men folks out the window and letting everything go to ruin! You'll prescribe all right for her without me, doctor? [Exit.]

DR. G. Yes, if she'll take my prescription.

FEL. What is it?

DR. G. It is — myself. You see, I should n't dare to prescribe so boldly, but that I am convinced I'm your Fate. I came in under the four-leaved clover.

FEL. (*laughing*). So you did. Has Miss Atherton — (*Drawing away from the doctor's arms.*)

DR. G. Yes, she has quite recovered; she rode out to-day for the first time.

FEL. Then she has been ill.

DR. G. After getting over a fever she had a relapse. I believe I told you before. (*Impatiently.*)

FEL. I believe you did; but I thought, — I thought that it was *you* who had a relapse. Thank you, Dr. Arnold, I will take your prescription.

BOUND FOR DETROIT.

PAT; CLERK; AGENT.

SCENE, a railroad ticket-office.

PAT. Shure, is this the road to Da-throit?

CLERK. Yes; send you right through on the railroad.

PAT. Shure, it's the rale road I mane, an' none o' thim chatin' turnpikes.

CL. You want to go by the Grand Trunk?

PAT. Divil a bit! I've no clothes fur a trunk, let alone money fur the buyin' uv wun.

CL. Well, you want to go to Detroit?

PAT. Shure, I do.

CL. Which line will you take?

PAT. Och! any line, shure; a fish-line for a throut or two, perhaps.

CL. No, no! how would you like to go, — which way?

PAT. How wud I like to go? Shure, like a gintlemon, an' the same way me cousin Mick Dolan wint.

CL. And what way was that?

PAT. Shure, he said it was a mighty quick way.

CL. Then you want a ticket on the express line. Give me ten dollars.

PAT. Tin dollars! What wud I give yees tin dollars fur?

CL. For your ticket by the Express.

PAT. Shure, it's no express I warnt at arl; it's the way to Da-throit.

CL. I know that ; but there are three "ways," as you call 'em, — Express, Trunk Line, and Central. What line will you take ?

PAT. (*puzzled*). Ah, — eh ?

CL. (*leaning over counter*). Come, my good fellow, what will you take ?

PAT. (*glancing at a big ink-bottle that stands on the counter*). Shure, I'll take a dhrop o' whiskey, if it 's the same to yure honor.

AGENT. Here, you stand aside, please ! I 'll find out what the fellow 's after. — You want to go to Detroit ?

PAT. You may say that.

AG. And you want to buy a ticket ?

PAT. Divil a bit.

AG. What *do* you want, then ?

PAT. Shure, I warnt to know the way to Da-throit.

AG. Well, buy a ticket, and that will *show* you the way.

PAT. But would n't yure honor show me the way ?

AG. But how can you get there without the ticket ?

PAT. Shure, *I mane to walk*.

BILL WAINWRIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

A BUMMER ; A TRAVELLER ; CLERK OF THE STORE ; IDLERS OF THE TOWN.

SCENE, *the veranda or porch of a country store.*

BUMMER. You fellers hev' bin tellin' some whappers ; but none uv 'em ain't a parin' to what happint to Bill Wainwright wunst, an' it 's true, too.

TRAVELLER (*inquiringly*). Ah ?

BUM. Bill was a private in the Fust Tennessee Ridgmint when they was in Mexico. One night he was on guard at a place whar his beat was n't more 'n twenty feet long, but was a most petikler post, on account it was at a ford whar the innimiy mought surprise the hull army ef the sentry did n't keep his eye peeled.

TRAV. (*faintly interested*). Yes ?

BUM. Well, Bill, he marched up an' down, keepin' a bright lookout, ixpishly on the crick. All to wunst he seed su'thin' comin' outen the water.

TRAV. (*more interested*). Ha !

BUM. He tuck a good squar look, for he had strekt orders not to fire on no account, onless the Mexicans war approachin'. The derned thing wobbled outen the water, an' then he seed it was a crowdin' big alligator, more 'n fawty foot long.

TRAV. (*quite interested.*) Well ?

BUM. I tell yer he was in an awful fix. He dusn't fire, bekase the alligator was n't one o' them yaller-bellied Mexicans ; an' he dusn't run away an' desart his post, bekase that was death by the artickles o' war. So all he could do was to jab the varmint with his bagnet. But, bless your soul, 't wa' n't o' no use !

TRAV. (*excited*). No ?

BUM. No, *sir* ! The cretur's hide was as thick an' hard as fawty sides o' sole-leather, an' the bagnet busted in two. Then the alligator fetched him a wipe with his tail, an' the fust thing he knowed he knowed nothin'. Jest then the relief came up ; but it was too late. The alligator had swallowed Bill right down, an' the way they knowed it was him, they seed the butt-end of Bill's muskit in the jaws of the animil as he dove into the crick.

TRAV. I don't doubt the story ; but I wonder how you know all the particulars so well. Were you on the relief ?

BUM. No, I was n't nuther.

TRAV. How did you learn all the facts ?

BUM. How did I larn the fax ? Ef you 'll order the cider I 'll tell yer.

TRAV. Certainly. — Mr. Clerk, let this gentleman have a good glass of cider, and I 'll pay for it.

BUM. Yere 's yer good health, an' more like you to come to town frekwently. Well, stranger, — ah ! that 's smackin' good cider, — well, yer see, the fact is, — I 'M BILL WAINWRIGHT.

A FAMILY JAR.

JOHN BROOKE; MEG BROOKE, *his wife*; MR. SCOTT; LOTTY, *a Servant*.

SCENE I. — *A room in MEG's house. MEG, arrayed in a dainty morning-dress, a bit of a muslin cap on her head, is engaged in putting the room to rights, and dusting.*

MEG. Yes! I am determined to be a model house-keeper! Every room shall always be in the most perfect order. No dust, no fly-specks, from one end of the house to the other. Dear John loves order so well! Bless his heart! What won't I do to please him? He shall find home a paradise. He shall always see me with a smiling face. No matter what happens while he is gone, or how much out of sorts I may feel, when I know it is time to expect him, I shall take care to look my prettiest, and have a kiss of welcome for him. He shall always find a good table, too. That is so important. He shall fare sumptuously every day; so that he will declare he never knew what good living was, when he had to depend on those vile restaurants. — Here he comes now, all ready to go down town.

Enter JOHN, wearing a thin overcoat, hat in hand.

JOHN. I am off, dear!

MEG. O, must you go so soon?

JOHN. Yes, dear. I ought to have gone ten minutes ago. How charming you look this morning! You don't find house-keeping a great bugbear, do you?

MEG. I guess I don't! For my part, I don't see what people mean by making such a talk about the difficulties of house-keeping. It is only fun to me. Perhaps it is because you are always so kind and considerate.

JOHN. Do you think so? Well, it is pleasant to hear you say so, at any rate. Perhaps you may not always think so; for instance, when I might chance to meet a friend, and ask him home to dinner, and you know nothing about —

MEG. Now, John, dear! did you ever come home and find me looking otherwise than you would have me look, should half a dozen friends come in unexpectedly? Or should you ever have been ashamed of our table since we were married?

JOHN. No, Meg. I must say you have surpassed my expectations in this respect. But I thought perhaps you might be shy at the idea of entertaining strangers, for fear everything on the table should not be "O. K."

MEG. My husband shall always feel free to bring a friend home whenever he likes. I shall always be prepared. There shall be no flurry, no scolding, no discomfort, but a neat house, a cheerful wife, and a good dinner. John, dear, never stop to ask my leave. Invite whom you please, and be sure of a welcome from me!

JOHN (*aside*). How charming to hear her talk thus! It is a blessed thing to have a superior wife! (*Aloud.*) I must go now. (*Giving her a parting salute.*) Shall I send home veal or mutton for dinner?

MEG. Beef to roast, dear, for to-day; and any vegetable you may happen to fancy. Would you like an oyster-soup, too? If so, stop in and order home a quart of oysters. Only a quart; that will be sufficient. O, something more! Have sent at once—at once, remember!—a dozen or so of little jars, each holding about a pint. Our cur-rants are all spoiling. I must make some into jelly this very day.

JOHN. All right. I'll remember. Beef—vegetables—oysters—and jelly-jars.

MEG. And be sure and have the little jars come at once!

JOHN. Yes. Good-by, dear!

MEG. Good-by! (*Throwing a kiss after him. Exit JOHN.*) Now I must finish dusting this room, and then I'll run up stairs and change my dress, and put on a big calico apron. I must have that jelly on at once, so as to have it out of the way in season for dinner.

SCENE II.*—*In front of MEG's house, which is closed, and curtains down, as if no one lived there. The door-steps have a neglected appearance. Enter JOHN BROOKE and SCOTT.*

JOHN. I am so glad you happened along to-day, Scott! Now you'll see what comfort there is in married life, and in having a little home of one's own. If I can only tempt you into giving up bachelordom, I shall think I have done a good day's work, — eh, Scott?

SCOTT (*smiling*). I am ready to be tempted, if I can be as lucky a fellow as you seem to be.

JOHN (*looking in surprise at the closed windows*). Why, what does this mean? (*Tries the door.*) Front door locked, too. I'll wager it has n't been opened this morning. (*Pushing some mud off the step with the toe of his boot.*) I'm afraid something has happened! Just amuse yourself in the garden a minute, Scott, while I look up Mrs. Brooke. (*They leave the stage in opposite directions.*)

SCENE III.—*MEG's kitchen in great disorder. On the table several little jelly-pots on a waiter, partly filled with currant juice. A kettle on the floor; another on the fire. LOTTY standing by the table, calmly eating bread-and-butter and currant juice. MEG sits sobbing dismally, with her apron over her head. SCOTT is seen looking slyly through the window.*

JOHN (*rushing in*). My dearest girl, what is the matter?

MEG. O John, I am so tired, and hot, and cross, and worried! I've been at it till I'm all worn out. Do come and help me, or I *shall* die! (*Throwing herself on JOHN's breast.*)

JOHN. What worries you, dear? Has anything dreadful happened?

MEG (*despairingly*). Yes.

JOHN. Tell me quick, then. Don't cry. I can bear anything better than that. Speak out, love! What is it?

MEG. The — jelly won't jell — and I don't know what to do!

JOHN (*laughing heartily*). Is that all? Fling it out of the

* In cases where it is inconvenient to make changes of scenery this scene may be omitted.

window, and don't bother any more about it. I'll buy you quarts if you want it; but for heaven's sake, don't have hysterics, for I've brought Jack Scott home to dinner, and —

MEG (*casting JOHN off, clasping her hands with a tragic gesture, and falling into a chair*). A man to dinner, and everything in a mess! John Brooke, how *could* you do such a thing?

JOHN. Hush, he's in the garden! I forgot the confounded jelly; but it can't be helped now. (*Surveying the room with an anxious eye.*)

MEG (*petulantly*). You ought to have sent word, or told me this morning; and you ought to have remembered how busy I was!

JOHN. I did n't know it this morning, and there was no time to send word, for I met him on the way out. I never thought of asking leave, when you have always told me to do as I liked. I never tried it before, and hang me if I ever do again! (*With an aggrieved air.*)

MEG. I should hope not! Take him away at once. I can't see him; and there is n't any dinner.

JOHN. Well, I like that! Where's the beef and vegetables I sent home, and the pudding you promised?

MEG. I had n't time to cook anything; I meant to dine at mother's. I'm sorry, but I was *so* busy. (*Beginning to be in tears again.*)

JOHN. It's a scrape, I acknowledge; but if you will lend a hand, we'll pull through, and have a good time yet. Don't cry, dear, but just exert yourself a bit, and knock us up something to eat. We're both as hungry as hunters, so we sha' n't mind what it is. Give us the cold meat, and bread and cheese; we won't ask for *jelly*.

MEG (*touched by his joke, and losing patience*). You must get yourself out of the scrape as best you can. I'm too used up to "exert" myself for any one. It's like a man, to propose a bone and vulgar bread and cheese for company. I won't have anything of the sort in my house. Take that Scott up to mother's, and tell him I'm away, sick, dead, — anything. I won't see him, and you two can laugh at me and my jelly

as much as you like; you won't have anything else here. (*Defiantly. Then, casting away her pinafore, she precipitately leaves the room.*)

JOHN (*looking after her, and biting his lips with indignation*). It is n't fair to tell a man to bring folks home any time, with perfect freedom; and when he takes you at your word, to flare up and blame him, and leave him in the lurch to be laughed at or pitied. No, by George, it is n't! And Meg shall know it too. But it won't do to stand here and talk, with Scott waiting outside there, hungry as a bear. Here, Lotty, straighten matters out a little. Throw away all your sweet stuff, and hide the pots.

LOTTY. Yes — sir.

JOHN. Now give us a clean table-cloth.

LOTTY. Yes — sir. (*JOHN helps her adjust it on the table.*)

JOHN. So, — that's right, is n't it?

LOTTY. Yes — sir.

JOHN. What on earth ails my feet? They stick to the floor as if they meant to grow there. (*Looks at the soles of his boots.*) Currant jelly, by jingo! (*LOTTY covers her mouth to suppress a laugh.*) What a mess to get a fellow into! Lotty, can't you get a dish-cloth, — towel, — floor-rag, — anything, to wipe up a little?

LOTTY. Yes — sir. (*Brings in a mop, and quickly passes it over the floor. JOHN in the mean time takes a newspaper out of his pocket, tears it, and wipes the jelly off the bottom of his boots.*)

JOHN. There! (*throwing the paper into the fire*) that will do! Now, what is there in the house to eat? Where do you keep the victuals? (*LOTTY opens the closet door.*)

LOTTY. Not much in there, sir.

JOHN. I'll warrant it! (*Takes out a cold bit of lamb; smells of it.*) That's eatable. Put that on.

LOTTY. Yes — sir.

JOHN (*taking out another plate with some once-carved bones and bits of ham on it*). Put that on.

LOTTY. Yes — sir.

JOHN. Here's some cold potatoes. Put them on.

LOTTY. Ye-es — sir.

JOHN. What's this?

LOTTY. Pudding-sauce.

JOHN. Put it on.

LOTTY. Sir?

JOHN (*impatiently*). Put it on!

LOTTY (*aside*). Well, I never!

JOHN (*taking out a covered dish and opening it*). Cheese. Put it on.

LOTTY. Yes — sir.

JOHN (*taking out a plate of broken bread*). Is this the best bread you have in the house?

LOTTY. Yes — sir.

JOHN. Put it on.

LOTTY (*aside*). O, mercy! what would Missis say if she only knew?

JOHN. Now we've got the royal feast spread; I must call in the invited guest.

LOTTY. Sir?

JOHN (*glancing at table*). You don't suppose we are going to eat with our fingers, do you? Put on some plates, and knives and forks.

LOTTY. Yes — sir.

JOHN. Hang it all! (*Goes out and brings in SCOTT.*) Walk right in. (*Slapping his back.*) Make yourself at home. I am sorry I cannot have the pleasure of introducing you to my better half. The truth is, — she — is n't well — has met with an accident. (*LOTTY struggles to suppress an explosive laugh.*)

SCOTT. I am sorry. Nothing serious, I hope?

JOHN. O — no; accidents will happen in the best of families, you know. (*Aside.*) Won't I give her a piece of my mind? (*Aloud.*) Mrs. Brooke is the most hospitable of hostesses, — always delighted to see her friends, — as she would be now, were it not for this unforeseen accident. (*Aside.*) Confound that jelly! (*Aloud.*) Here, take a bit of this lamb. It was delicious yesterday. Wife has a knack of giving such a relish. (*Aside.*) As if a *ton* of that sweet stuff could pay for this!

SCOTT. I declare, John, you wear the honors of a host well.

JOHN. Never happier in my life. — Bring in some cider !

LOTTY. Yes — sir.

JOHN. Wife's uncle sent her some very nice cider, — pure article, — just from the press.

SCOTT. I am particularly fond of cider. None of your lager-beer, when I can get good cider !

LOTTY *returns with a jug. She fills from it a small pitcher, which she then places on the table.*

JOHN. Now some goblets.

LOTTY. Yes — sir.

JOHN (*delightedly filling both goblets from the pitcher*). I am really glad we happened to have this nice cider in the house, since you are so fond of it.

SCOTT. Thank you. (*Raising the glass, and looking through it.*) It is wonderfully clear.

JOHN (*clicking his goblet against Scott's*). Here's to the health of the future Mrs. Scott ! (*They both drink, but commence at once to strangle and cough.*)

LOTTY (*throwing up her hands and screaming out*). O, mercy ! I got the wrong jug ! I have given them vinegar !

SCENE IV. — MEG's parlor, containing sofa, chairs, rocking-chair, and table.

MEG, *prettily dressed, enters with her work-basket, which she places on the table.*

MEG (*looking at her watch*). Almost time for John to be here. I don't care ! I'm not particularly anxious to see him ! He had no business to serve me so ; he knew I was going to make jelly. A queer time those horrid creatures must have had ! Lotty says, John pulled out all the odds and ends he could find in the pantry, — even to those bones I was to make a soup of. What *would* mother say ? I know, I suppose. She would say, "Meg, dear, be the first to ask pardon, if you err." I can't ! I won't ! He don't deserve it, — so there ! — Hark ! he's coming ! (*Takes out her work, rocks to and fro, and begins to hum a song. Enter JOHN.*)

JOHN (*aside*). I was over-anxious about her making herself

sick with crying. Dignified as you please! (*Walks leisurely to the sofa, and reclines upon it.*) We are going to have a new moon, my dear.

MEG. I've no objection. (*A pause.*)

JOHN. I met your sister Jo down the street. She was in a great hurry about something.

MEG. That's nothing unusual. (*A pause.*)

JOHN. Do you know what day of the week Christmas occurs on, this year?

MEG. I presume the almanac will tell you.

JOHN looks about abstractedly for a moment, and then with apparent indifference takes out his newspaper and reads it. MEG turns her back, and sews for dear life.

MEG (*aside*). O dear! married life is very trying, and does need infinite patience as well as love, as mother says. (*Glances at JOHN.*) He looks tired. Poor John! Shall I be sorry for this? It was too bad to get angry with him this noon. (*Puts down her work, and rises to her feet.*) Mother says, hasty words often pave the way for bitter sorrow and regret. I will be the first to say "Forgive me!" (*Goes slowly across the room, and stands at the end of the sofa, near JOHN's head. He takes no notice of her.*) I can't give in!—This is our first misunderstanding; I'll do my part, and have nothing to reproach myself with. (*Stoops, and kisses his forehead. JOHN seats her by his side in a moment.*)

JOHN. It was too bad to laugh at the poor little jelly jars! Forgive me, dear; I never will again.

MEG. Ha, ha! Do you think I believe you? By the way, John, how many courses did you have for dinner?

JOHN. So many that Scott said he had a right good time, and wants to come again.

MEG. Good! He must come! and I shall not be content till I write a note and invite him. (*Goes to the table and writes, then hands the note to JOHN.*) There; will that do?

JOHN (*reads*).

"Unfortunate occurrences having deprived me of the pleasure of meeting to-day my husband's old friend, will Mr. Scott favor us with his company to dine next Tuesday, and thus give happiness to

"MEG BROOKE."

JOHN. That is like you, dear! And I shall order for dinner?

MEG. Oysters, —

JOHN. Oysters, —

MEG. Beef to roast, —

JOHN. Beef to roast, —

MEG. Vegetables, —

JOHN. Ah, yes! Vegetables, —

MEG. But *not* jars for jelly, John!

JOHN (*apparently surprised*). No!

MEG. "No?" You saucy fellow! (*Boxing his ears.*)

JOHN. I tell you what, Meg (*throwing his arm around her waist*), I should not object to having some — more — *jars* in the house, if we can have them filled with such sweets as these. (*Kissing her.*)

MEG. Are you sure they will *keep* well?

JOHN. So sure that I sincerely hope (*taking Meg's hand, and looking to the audience*) family peace may be preserved in every FAMILY JAR.

CRAB VILLAGE LYCEUM.

THE PRESIDENT; MR. HOBBS; MR. STUBBS; MR. SNUBBS; MR. TANTRUM; MR. SLOW; MR. SURE; MR. TRIPP; MR. STUMP; MR. PARLEY; MR. FLAREUP.

MR. HOBBS. Mr. President: The subject afore the meetin' for debate this evenin' is Newspapers; and I rise to say that I take t' other side.

MR. STUBBS (*springing to his feet*). Mr. President, I'd like to ask what the speaker means by t' other side.

MR. HOBBS. By t' other side I mean — t' other side; and that's the side, of course, that's opposed to t' other side.

MR. STUBBS. Mr. President: If by t' other side the speaker intends to cast any insinuations upon the side that I am on, allow me, Mr. President, to say that his remark is unparliamentary and untrue.

MR. SNUBBS. Mr. President: If the gentlemen who have begun the debate will come to the p'int, — that is, if they have any p'int to come to, — and not talk round the p'int, I'll be most obleeged; if not, I shall make it a p'int to object: and I'll say, further, that if they hain't got any p'int to come to, they'd better app'int some other speakers, and not disap-p'int the meeting.

MR. TANTRUM. Mr. President: I hope speakers will not be allowed to interrupt speakers in this way. For if speakers are to be permitted to interrupt speakers in this manner, then there is an end of free speech, and speakers may as well keep their seats. No gag-laws, Mr. President. If I understood Mr. Snubbs correctly, Mr. Snubbs called upon Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Hobbs to come to the p'int; and I will say that when Mr. Snubbs calls upon Mr. Stubbs or Mr. Hobbs to come to the p'int, Mr. Snubbs requires more of Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Hobbs than Mr. Snubbs himself can do. For he never can come to the p'int as long as he remains so blunt.

MR. SLOW. Mr. President, — Mister — Pres-i-dent: The subject before this meeting, for debate this evening, as one of the previous speakers has so well observed, is the subject of Newspapers; *be they a cuss, or be they a blessin'*? Mr. President, I agree with the previous speaker.

MR. SNUBBS, MR. STUBBS, MR. HOBBS, and MR. SURE *all spring to their feet at once, shouting*, "MR. PRESIDENT! MR. PRESIDENT!"

THE PRESIDENT (*rapping on his desk*). Order! order! Mr. Sure has the floor.

MR. SURE. Mr. President: When I started to come to the meetin' this evenin', my marm she called me back, and says she, "Amy," says she, — for she mos' gen'ly allus calls me Amy, though my name's Amos, named arter my uncle Amos. I guess most of the members present knowed my uncle Amos; and, though I do say it, in the words of Milton, —

"Take him altogether

We never shall look upon his likeness agin."

But as I was a-goin' to say, she called me back, and says she,

"Amy," says she, "what's the debate on to this evenin'?" says she.

And when I said Noospapers, says she, "Noospapers," says she, — "noospapers; that's a good subjec' for debatin' on to," says she. "And now, Amy," says she, "don't forgit that your father never took a noospaper in his life, and he allus got along without 'em, till he was run over by the railroad, and both legs broke, and they're all a useless expense," says she; "and if anybody claims they're necessary, you jest up and ax 'em, What did Adam and Eve, what did Noar, what did the Patriarchs do without noospapers?" says she. And now I ax that question. Mr. President, I stand here, and ax, What's the good o' noospapers, which our forefathers got along without 'em, and never heard of sich a thing? Mr. President!

MR. TRIPP. Mr. President and Gentlemen: When a gentleman comes into this lyceum, and carries into the debate some remark which his *marm* made to him just previously to his leaving the parental domicile, and he makes that remark his argyment, his sole argyment, in the discussion, Mr. President, we naturally infer that he has no ideas of his own on the subject, and that he had better have sent his marm in his place, while he stayed to home to tend the baby. For my part, I stand up for the newspapers; and beg to suggest, that if the father of the last speaker *had* taken a paper, and if the last speaker had been brought up to *read* that paper, we should have been saved the humiliating spectacle, Mr. President, of a young man coming here without a notion of his own in his addled brains, to tell us what his *marm* told him to say!

MR. STUMP. Mr. President: Newspapers is a cuss. Takin' newspapers is money throwed away; and readin' newspapers is time throwed away. Better be doin' suthin useful, — chop-pin' wood or darnin' stockin's. I knowed a man once that was allus a master-hand to be allus forever a readin' a newspaper; and that man was took up for sheep-stealin'; and 't was proved agin' him, — proved agin' him, Mr. President! That's

what comes from readin' newspapers. Newspapers is a cuss.

THE PRESIDENT. If Mr. Snipe is present, we should be glad to hear from him on this momechewous question.

MR. PARLEY. I see Neighbor Snipe this mornin', and he told me to tell the meetin' that his hoss wa' n't shod, and not bein' able to git his hoss shod, or to git a hoss, he found it impossible to 'tend the meetin'. He wished me partic'lar to mention to the meetin' that the man that had been in the habit of shoein' his hoss was off on a spree, and so could not shoe his hoss, and, his hoss not bein' shod, he could not 'tend the meetin'. He wished me partic'lar to state to the meetin', that, as his hoss was not shod, he could not 'tend the meetin'. His hoss not bein' shod, he could not 'tend the meetin'.

MR. FLAREUP. Mr. President: I wish friends in the fore part of the meeting would speak up, so that friends in the back part of the meeting could hear what's going on in the front part of the meeting. It is almost impossible for friends in the back part of the meeting to hear what's going on in the front part of the meeting. Friends in the back part of the meeting feel as much interest as friends in the front part of the meeting; and it is highly necessary that friends in the fore part of the meeting should speak up, so that friends in the back part of the meeting can hear what friends in the fore part of the meeting have to say. And, therefore, I say that if friends in the fore part of the meeting would speak up, so that we setting in the back part of the meeting could hear what's going on in the front part of the meeting, it would be very satisfactory to friends in the back part of the meeting.

MR. HOBBS. As it's gittin' some late, and as Mr. Snipe is not present, and as a question of this natur' had n't oughter be decided in a hurry, I move that this meetin' do now adjourn over to the next meetin' on Tuesday evenin' next.

MR. STUBBS. Second the motion.

THE PRESIDENT. All them that's in favor of the motion to adjourn, please signify it by saying "Aye."

ALL BUT MR. SNUBBS. Aye!

THE PRESIDENT. Contrary-minded, "No."

MR. SNUBBS. No!

THE PRESIDENT. It's a vote. This meeting is now adjourned.

AFTER SCHOOL, WHAT?

LOUISE EARNEST; KATE SPANGLE; MADGE FLYAWAY; LIZZIE HELPFUL; SUSAN EASY; MISS LESLIE, *a teacher*; LITTLE GIRL.

SCENE, *a schoolroom*. *Present, LOUISE and KATE.*

LOUISE. I say, Kate! what are you going to do when you leave school?

KATE. What am I going to do? Why, what's put that into your head?

LOUISE. It seems to me the most natural question in the world. Here we are in the last half-quarter of a four years' course. A few more weeks, and we shall be scattered, — I was going to add, as my grandmother would have done, "one to his farm, and another to his merchandise." I wish I could say it!

KATE. Ha, ha, ha! That sounds well! You wish we were going to be farmers and merchants?

LOUISE. No, I don't mean that, literally; but I wish the spirit of it were true.

MADGE (*entering*). What's that you wish were true?

KATE. Good, Madge! I'm glad you're here. Come and sit down, and hear what our future class-poet is singing about.

LOUISE. None of your nonsense, Kate! I'm in dead earnest; I mean every word I say; I can't say half I feel on the subject!

MADGE. What's up now? More fun? I am in for that! Was just wishing I could hear of some good news to drive dull care away.

KATE. Anything but fun. We are going to have a sermon. We have already had the text.

LOUISE. I'll tell you, Madge: I have been turning it over in my mind lately, how we girls are going to employ our time when we get through school. You know I have four brothers —

MADGE. Yes, I know that.

KATE. Of course! Madge always finds out, somehow or other, how many brothers any of us girls have. But go on with your story, Louise. I'll try to hold my tongue for five seconds.

LOUISE. How many seconds?

KATE *puts her finger on her lips, and holds up five fingers, trying to look prim and sober.*

LOUISE. As I was saying, I have four brothers, who are all studying; and when we are at home together at vacation, I hear them discussing with the utmost eagerness what each shall do in life. Now, I have been with my brothers so much all my life, sharing their sports, in-doors and out, that I feel quite out in the cold when they get to talking about their future. I must say I was n't much flattered the other day when I heard Will say, "What a bother it is, trying to find the right thing to do! Now, girls don't have such a time. All they have to think of when they leave school is, what shall be the color of their next dress."

KATE. I hope you don't object to a girl's giving attention to her dress, (*Looking over her shoulder with satisfaction at her own showy, well-fitting basque.*)

LOUISE. O no! of course not. But dress is not everything.

KATE. Dress is a good deal, let me tell you that! I'll wager I could make a better impression on your brothers, or any other young gentlemen, if I had on a stylish dress.

MADGE. That's so.

LOUISE. I would n't give a fig for any man who judged a girl by her dress alone!

MADGE. Nor I. One of the jolliest times I ever had in my life — when we were at the beach, you know — was one

day when I had gone with Hal and Herbert on a fishing-scraps; had on a short dress, jacket to match, big rubber boots, and a great sun-hat that looked like a Chinese umbrella. You, Kate, would n't dare to go in such a rig.

LOUISE. I don't see anything particularly jolly in that.

KATE. Ah! she don't tell the whole story. Some of Hal's college friends came along, — where's my fan? — only half a dozen, I believe; three out of the six were — where's my smelling-bottle? — mortally wounded by Cupid's darts.

MADGE. How absurd you are, Kate!

KATE. It is the solemn truth! (*Looking very wise.*) One will never be seen on this mundane sphere again. The other two are still lingering along, but these (*MADGE gets up and tries to stuff her handkerchief in KATE'S mouth*) will soon be (*struggling with MADGE*) no more. Their epitaph will be, — "Died of — a big pair of rubber boots!" (*The girls all laugh.*)

LOUISE. O Kate, you always remind me of a champagne bottle, — full of sparkle and effervescence. But, seriously, there is something quite captivating in seeing a girl brave the elements in pursuit of health and fun. Suppose Madge had worn a long trail down over the rocks and into the fishing-wherry; don't you believe those same fellows would have laughed at her? My brothers would.

MADGE. I don't care that (*snapping her fingers*) whether a man laughs at me or not! When I'm in for a good time, don't bring me any of your trails and flounces! I hate long dresses, unless I am off for a horseback ride; and even then I wish I could cut off about so much (*measuring half a yard with her hands*).

SUSAN enters.

LOUISE. We are wandering from our subject somewhat. Here comes Susan Easy; let's ask her opinion. Susan, what are you going to do when you leave school?

SUSAN. Do? I'm sure I don't know, — never asked myself. I suppose I shall do as other girls do: stay at home, when I am not away visiting; read, and write to my friends; practise a little; go to the opera. Won't it be jolly to have no more compositions to write?

KATE. I don't dread compositions very much.

SUSAN. You don't? They are the bugbear of my life.

MADGE. Louise, you have made me a little curious. I want to know what you are going to do.

LOUISE. That is just what I don't know. Wish from the bottom of my heart, I did.

KATE. How absurd you are, Louise! You know I am crazy to have you go to Washington with me and spend the winter.

LOUISE. Yes, you would be very proud of me and my gay outfit of three or four dresses, would n't you, Kate?—you, with your splendid wardrobe, fresh from Paris. Say, Kate, be honest, and tell me if you should look forward now with quite so much zest to a winter in Washington, if you were to have no elegant dresses to display? Let me see; how many dozen have you ordered from Paris?

KATE (*a little touched*). I won't tell you, because you have hurt me. Just as if I should stop to ask how many yards of silk or cashmere you had in your trunk, if I could only have your own dear self!

LOUISE. Good! good! I am glad I have brought you to the point at last. You have acknowledged now that dress is not everything.

MADGE. Yes, she has owned up handsomely.

SUSAN (*to LOUISE*). You are one of the queerest girls I ever knew. Guess I should n't have to be asked twice to spend the winter in Washington!

LOUISE. I should enjoy going there,—hope I shall sometime; but I have a question or two to settle first. I can't enjoy myself anywhere till I know what I ought to do, when we leave these dear rooms. Kate, you don't suspect it, but I am quite as much exercised about you as about myself. Now, you have splendid talents. (*KATE bows mockingly.*) Your father has spent a small fortune on your education. It is a wicked shame for you to be so indifferent as to what you ought to do with your acquirements. You'll never rest content to simply dress and flirt; you know you won't.

SUSAN. Perhaps she 'll get married.

LOUISE. That's all true. I hope she will some time. But in the mean while what is she to do, to think of? I don't know why girls should sit down and wait for marriage any more than their brothers. Any sensible man would think better of a girl if she exercised her faculties in some way helpful to society, than if she let them die out for want of use.

MADGE. So I say. Here comes Lizzie Helpful. She never talks much with us girls. I don't like to ask her about herself.

LIZZIE *enters*.

LOUISE. I had just as lief. I will be thankful to any one to show me the truth. Lizzie, we are talking about what we shall do when we leave school. What are you going to do? Are you anxious to have school close?

LIZZIE. Were I to consult my inclinations, I might stay here and study always; but I have others besides myself to think of. Perhaps you do not know that I have lost my father. My mother's income is small. I have several brothers and sisters younger than myself. Of course I must support myself and help support them. I am in hopes to help one of my brothers through college.

SUSAN. O dear! what a life of drudgery! Don't you *hate* to teach?

LIZZIE. Not at all. At least, I do not since I hope to accomplish so much by it. I should be very glad if I could be sure of a paying school as soon as I leave here. My little sisters might come to me to be taught, and this would relieve mother of a great deal of anxiety on their account. They are bright, wide-awake girls, and mother could never afford to spend as much for their education as she has for mine.

LOUISE (*extending her hand to LIZZIE*). You are a lucky girl. I envy you. I wish every one of us could be as worthy of a diploma as you are.

MISS LESLIE (*enters, smiling*). Girls, I hope you will forgive me; but being in the next room, and the door being open, I could not avoid hearing your conversation; and I assure you the most of it has given me pleasure. You were speaking of

Lizzie Helpful just now, and I wanted to call your attention to one fact that you may not have noticed. As Lizzie has had an object in studying, an aim in life, she has never been so perplexed by the difficulties in her four years' course as some of you have. Compositions, for instance, were at first quite distasteful to her, as was algebra ; but she said to herself, I must become acquainted with these studies, or I cannot teach them to others. Hence she readily overcame her dislike to them.

I hope you will never forget your talk of to-day, girls. Think it over, and get some good out of it. I could have no greater happiness than to be sure my pupils will all make the highest use of what they have learned here. I hope to hear some day that Kate is an authoress, — writing books that will do good in the world.

KATE (*eagerly*). Do you think I ever could ?

MISS L. Madge will, I trust, teach gymnastics, and give lessons in hygiene. Susan will, I am sure, be a good little house-keeper for her mother, and keep her father's accounts. You are very quick at figures (*to SUSAN*).

LOUISE (*rising*). And I ?

MISS L. (*putting her hand on LOUISE's head and thinking a moment*). For you, dear child, I cannot seem to mark out a course. But you are thoroughly in earnest as to what is your duty. Heaven gives to those who seek. There will be a way of usefulness opened to you, I have no doubt.

A little girl enters, bringing a note to MISS L., who takes it and reads it to herself.

MISS L. (*smiling*). This is a note that will interest you, girls. (*Reads.*)

"DEAR MISS LESLIE, — We are making preparations to leave for Europe, with our little daughters. I am exceedingly anxious to find a young lady to accompany us who shall be at once companionable to my wife, and competent to educate my little girls. She must be earnest and practical, desirous not only to *be* good, but to *do* good. If you know of any such young lady among your pupils who would like the situation, please answer by return mail, and oblige,

"Yours truly,

"HENRY B. CLAFLIN."

KATE. Mr. Clafin ! I know him well. He has one of the most delightful families I ever met. I should n't object to travelling to Europe with them myself.

MADGE. I don't know who would.

SUSAN. I am dying to go to Europe.

MISS L. Louise, you have not had to wait very long for a chance to make yourself useful. I feel that this opportunity belongs to you, if you will take it.

LOUISE. O, I should like to go, above all things. I will write to my parents at once. (*Bell rings.*)

KATE. There is the bell for recitation.

MADGE. Yes, we must hurry, or we shall all be late.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE PICKWICK TRIAL.

MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH.

MR. SERJEANT BUZFUZ.

MR. SERJEANT SNUBBIN.

S. PICKWICK, Esq.

N. WINKLE, Esq.

MR. PERKER, *Attorney-at-law.*

MR. T. GROFFIN, *Juryman.*

MR. WELLER, *senior.*

MR. WELLER, *junior.*

CLERK OF THE COURT.

CRIER OF THE COURT.

MRS. ELIZABETH CLUPPINS.

Jurymen and Spectators.

MR. PICKWICK, MR. WINKLE, and MR. PERKER *discovered sitting close to each other on one side, with SAM standing behind his master's chair. Clerk of the Court sitting in front of the Judge's bench. MR. GROFFIN and other jurymen on front bench with audience.*

WINKLE. I wonder what the foreman of the jury has had for breakfast.

PERKER. Ah ! I hope he has had a good one.

PICKWICK. Why so ?

PERKER. Highly important, very important, my dear sir. A good, contented, well-breakfasted jurymen is a capital thing to get hold of. Discontented or hungry jurymen, my dear sir, always find for the plaintiff.

PICK. Bless my heart ! what do they do that for ?

PERK. Why, I don't know ; saves time, I suppose. If it's

near dinner-time, the foreman takes out his watch when the jury have retired, and says, "Dear me, gentlemen! Ten minutes to five, I declare. I dine at five, gentlemen." "So do I," says everybody else, except two men who ought to have dined at three, and seem more than half disposed to stand out in consequence. The foreman smiles, and puts up his watch: "Well, gentlemen, what do we say? — plaintiff or defendant, gentlemen? I rather think, so far as I am concerned, gentlemen, — I say I rather think, — but don't let that influence you, — I *rather* think the plaintiff's the man." Upon this two or three other men are sure to say that they think so too; of course they do; and then they get on very unanimously and comfortably.

Ten minutes past nine! (*Looking at his watch.*) Time the judge had come, my dear sir. Breach of promise trial, — court is generally full in such cases. You had better make yourself comfortable, my dear sir, before the crowd comes in.

PICK. That's the witness-box, I suppose?

PERK. That's the witness-box, my dear sir.

PICK. And that, there's where the jurymen sit, is it not?

PERK. The identical place, my dear sir.

Enter SERJEANT SNUBBIN. He sits down, and arranges his papers.

Enter SERJEANT BUZFUZ.

BUZFUZ (*to SNUBBIN*). It's a fine morning.

PICK. (*to PERK*). Who's that red-faced man who said it was a fine morning and nodded to our counsel?

PERK. Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. He's opposed to us, and leads on the other side.

PICK. Opposed to us? Then how dare he presume to tell my counsel "it's a fine morning"?

Enter MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH, attended by crier, etc., and takes his seat on the bench.

CRIER. Silence! silence! silence in the court!

CLERK. Answer to your names, gentlemen, that you may be sworn. (*Reads names of eleven gentlemen among the audience, and ends with*) Thomas Groffin!

GROFFIN. Here.

CLERK. Take the book. You shall well and truly try —

GROFFIN. I beg this court's pardon, but I hope the court will excuse my attendance.

JUDGE. On what grounds, sir?

GROFFIN. I have no assistant, my lord.

JUDGE. I can't help that, sir; you should hire one.

GROFFIN. I can't afford it, my lord.

JUDGE. Then you ought to be able to afford it, sir!

GROFFIN. Very well, my lord. Then there'll be murder before the trial's over, that's all. Swear me, if you please, sir.

CLERK. You shall well and truly try — (*gabble, gabble, gabble*) — kiss the book.

GROFFIN (*after kissing the book*). I merely wanted to observe, my lord, that I've left nobody but an errand-boy in my shop. He is a very nice boy, my lord, but he's not much acquainted with drugs, and I know the prevailing impression on his mind is, that Epsom salts means oxalic acid, and syrup of senna laudanum. That's all, my lord.

Enter MRS. CLUPPINS and friends, who take seats opposite PICKWICK, etc.

JUDGE. What's the first case on the file?

CLERK. Bardell *versus* Pickwick, my lord.

BUZ. I am for the plaintiff, my lud.

SNUB. I am for the defendant, my lud.

JUDGE. Go on.

CRIER. Silence! silence! silence!

BUZ. My lud! may it please your ludship, and the gentlemen of the jury! Never, in the whole course of my professional experience, — never, from the very first moment of my applying myself to the study and practice of the law, — have I approached a case with such feelings of deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me, — a responsibility, I would say, which I could never have supported, were I not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong that it amounted to positive certainty, that the

cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of my much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom I see now in that box before me. You are aware that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1500. But you are not aware what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you.

The plaintiff, gentlemen, — the plaintiff is a widow. Yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of its royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, — the only pledge of her departed exciseman, — Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front-parlor window a written placard, bearing the inscription, "Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire withih."

I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document: "Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman." Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion: all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, — "Mr. Bardell was a man of honor, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by

this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch. The train was laid. The mine was preparing. The sapper and miner were at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days, — three days, gentlemen, — a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within. He took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. The man was Pickwick, — Pickwick, the defendant.

Of this man Pickwick I will say little. The subject presents few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and of systematic villany.

PICK. (*jumps up*). How dare you, sir!

PERK. Hush, my dear sir; pray sit down.

CRIER. Silence! silence in the court!

BUZ. I say *systematic villany*, gentlemen. And when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them. And let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Styles, or Brown, or Thomson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that on many occasions he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy ; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any "alley tors" or "commonneys" lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles, much prized by the youth of this city), made use of this remarkable expression: "How should you like to have another father?" I shall prove to you further, gentlemen, that, about a year ago, Pickwick began suddenly to absent himself from home during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client ; but I shall show you also that his resolution was not at the time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, — if better feelings he has, — or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed over his unmanly intentions, by proving to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly, and in terms, offered her marriage, — previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract. And I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends, — most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen, most unwilling witnesses, — that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, — letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which

speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery, — letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye; letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let us read the first: “Garraway’s, twelve o’clock. Dear Mrs. B., — Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.”

Gentlemen, what does this mean? “Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick”! Chops! gracious heaven! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?

The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious: “Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.” And then follows this remarkable expression: “Don’t trouble yourself about the warming-pan.”

The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire, a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the “slow coach” mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and

whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you !

But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. It is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down, but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass, but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house. Even the voice of the child is hushed. His infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps. His "alley tors" and his "commoneys" are alike neglected ! He forgets the long familiar cry of "Knuckle down" ; and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, — Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street, — Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward, — Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans, — Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, to gaze without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him, the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.

BUZ. Call Elizabeth Cluppins.

CLERK. Elizabeth Puppins !

CRIER. Elizabeth Muffins !

MRS. CLUPPINS enters witness-box.

BUZ. Pray compose yourself, Mrs. Cluppins.

MRS. CLUPPINS sobs convulsively.

BUZ. Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins, being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment ?

MRS. CLUPPINS. Yes, my lord and jury, I do.

BUZ. Mr. Pickwick's room was on the first floor front, I believe?

MRS. C. Yes, it were, sir.

JUDGE. What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?

MRS. C. My lord and jury, I won't deceive you —

JUDGE. You had better not, ma'am.

MRS. C. I was there unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell. I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purtaties, — which was three pound for two-pence ha'penny, — when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar.

JUDGE. On the what?

SNUB. Partly open, my lord.

JUDGE. She said on the jar.

SNUB. It's all the same, my lord.

MRS. C. I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, up stairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and —

BUZ. And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?

MRS. C. Beggin' your pardon, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear.

BUZ. Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?

MRS. C. Yes, it were, sir.

BUZ. Tell us what you heard, Mrs. Cluppins, if you please.

MRS. C. I heard Mr. Pickwick's voice, my lord and jury.

BUZ. Yes, yes, I know; but what did you hear him say?

MRS. C. Mr. Pickwick said, my lord and jury, that when they married it would save Mrs. Bardell a great deal of trouble.

BUZ. Well, what next?

MRS. C. He said she would have a lively companion, who'd teach her more tricks in a week than she would learn in a year.

BUZ. What more did you hear ?

MRS. C. My lord and jury, I heard a sound like a kiss, and I peeped in, — I won't deceive you, gentlemen, — and his arms were round Mrs. Bardell's neck, and he called her a good creature.

BUZ. That will do. You can go now, Mrs. Cluppins.

SNUB. Wait a moment, Mrs. Cluppins ; I have a few questions to ask you. Pray, how do you happen to know that Mr. Pickwick ever proposed marriage to your friend, Mrs. Bardell ? Did you hear it from that lady ?

MRS. C. Lauk, sir, no ! Everybody knowed she was engaged to Mr. Pickwick.

SNUB. All very well, ma'am ; but what I ask is, how did *you* come to know it ?

MRS. C. Lord a mercy, sir ! I was told by Mrs. Mudberry, which keeps a mangle, and Mrs. Bunkin, which clear-starches.

SNUB. Do you see either of these interesting ladies in court ? Look round.

MRS. C. Bless me, sir ! that there lady looks wery like Mrs. Bunkin, but I don't think it is after all, now ; she smiles so sweet. Law ! there's Mrs. Mudberry.

SNUB. O, that's Mrs. Mudberry, is it ? She's the lady that does clear-starching, eh ?

MRS. C. No, my lord and jury, that lady keeps a mangle, and likewise goes a-charing.

SNUB. I would submit my lord, that my learned brother has put the wrong witness in the box. This woman knows nothing of her own knowledge.

JUDGE. Witness, did you ever hear the defendant say he was engaged to marry the plaintiff ?

MRS. C. I heard Mr. Pickwick ax Mrs. Bardell's little boy if he should like to have another father, my lord.

JUDGE. I think that's evidence, Brother Snubbin.

SNUB. Now listen to me, Mrs. Cluppins, and recollect you are on your oath. Do you not know that at the time of which you speak Mrs. Bardell was keeping company with the baker ?

MRS. C. Me, sir! How should I know, sir?

SNUB. Come, come, Mrs. Cluppins, none of that. Will you swear that Mrs. Bardell was not fond of the baker?

MRS. C. No, my lord and jury, I won't swear; but I think the baker was n't fond of Mrs. Bardell, or he would n't have married another lady.

JUDGE. What reason have you for supposing there was anything at all between the plaintiff and defendant?

MRS. C. Because Mrs. Bardell fainted right away.

JUDGE. What 's that got to do with it?

MRS. C. Why, my lord, because Mr. Pickwick asked her to name the day. When Cluppins asked me to name the day I fainted away stone-dead, my lord and jury; and everybody that is a lady, and behaves herself as sich, always do faint away when asked to do that.

JUDGE. Did you ever receive love-letters, Mrs. Cluppins?

MRS. C. Law, sir, — my lord, I mean.

JUDGE. Before you were married, did your lover ever write letters to you?

MRS. C. When me and Mr. Cluppins kept company, in course I received love-letters, like other ladies.

JUDGE. Did Mr. Cluppins ever call you "chops" as a term of endearment, or "tomato sauce"?

MRS. C. I should liked to have caught him at it, my lord. The idea!

JUDGE. What did he call you, then?

MRS. C. He called me a duck, my lord and jury, — his little duck.

JUDGE. Is he fond of roast duck?

MRS. C. O, ain't he, my lord! And ingins too.

JUDGE. If he had been fond of chops and tomato sauce, do you think he might have called you that as a term of affection?

MRS. C. Yes, my lord, he might have called me his lamb chop.

JUDGE. Ah, just so! Have you any more to ask the lady, Brother Snubbin?

SNUB. No, my lord.

MRS. C. Yes, my lord and jury, a lamb chop. For Cluppins is a loving husband to me (*sobs*), though he do be fond of a little drink, which there 's no denying of. He earns his guinea a week regular, gentlemen, in the hairdressing line, — and I'm the mother of eight children, my lord. It 's wery hard, my lord and jury, to feed 'em all, let alone clothes (*cries*) ; and Cluppins he do swear hawful, he do, when he have had a little. He goes to the public dreadful, that he do (*sobs*). But he 's a good father, that he is, my lord and jury, — least-ways, when he 's sober.

JUDGE. What, what, what ! What 's all that about ?

MRS. C. Yes, my lord, little Johnny 's cutting his teeth ; and my eldest daughter Elizabeth Jane, she is a-taking care of him ; and only nine years old, my lord, and good as gold. A real blessing is children, my lord ; and though they will dirty themselves in the gutter, my lord, and plague one's life, it 's human nature, my lord and jury.

JUDGE. What 's the woman chattering about ? Cannot you hold your tongue, madam ? Turn her out of court, somebody !

BUZ. Call Nathaniel Winkle.

CLERK. Nathaniel Winkle !

WINKLE. Here. (*Steps into the box.*)

JUDGE. Don't look at me, sir ; look at the jury.

BUZ. Now, sir, have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you ?

WIN. Winkle.

JUDGE. What 's your Christian name, sir ?

WIN. Nathaniel, sir.

JUDGE. Daniel ; any other name ?

WIN. Nathaniel, sir — my lord, I mean.

JUDGE. Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel ?

WIN. No, my lord ; only Nathaniel ; not Daniel at all.

JUDGE. What did you tell me it was Daniel for then, sir ?

WIN. I did n't, my lord.

JUDGE. You did, sir. How could I have it on my notes, unless you told me so, sir ?

Buz. Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my lord. We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done, I dare say.

JUDGE. You had better be careful, sir.

Buz. Now, Mr. Winkle, attend to me, if you please, sir, and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunctions to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?

WIN. I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I can recollect at this moment, nearly —

Buz. Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?

WIN. I was just about to say that —

Buz. Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?

JUDGE. If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir.

Buz. Come, sir; yes or no, if you please.

WIN. Yes, I am.

Buz. Yes, you are. And why could n't you have said that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff, too; eh, Mr. Winkle?

WIN. I don't know her. I've seen her.

Buz. O, you don't know her, but you've seen her. Now have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle.

WIN. I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick, in Goswell Street.

Buz. How often have you seen her, sir?

WIN. How often?

Buz. Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir.

WIN. How often? Why, a good many times.

Buz. I ask you, sir, how many times?

WIN. Well, let me see. Really, it is quite impossible to say with accuracy.

Buz. Have you seen her twenty times, sir?

WIN. O yes! more than that.

Buz. More than that? A hundred times?

WIN. No, I think not so frequently.

Buz. Will you swear you have not seen her fifty times?

WIN. I cannot be certain.

Buz. Do you venture to swear you have n't seen Mrs. Bardell fifty times? Come, sir, recollect you are on oath. Speak out!

WIN. Well, I think it is possible I may have seen her fifty times.

Buz. You are a pretty fellow to prevaricate in this manner!

JUDGE. You had better mind what you are about, sir, or I shall be obliged to commit you.

Buz. Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at those apartments in the plaintiff's house, in Goswell Street, on one particular morning in the month of July last?

WIN. Yes, I do.

Buz. Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir; we must have it sooner or later.

WIN. The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist, and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away.

Buz. Did you hear the defendant say anything?

WIN. I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if anybody should come; or words to that effect.

Buz. Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question, "My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself in this situation, for to this situation you must come," or words to that effect?

WIN. I—I did n't understand him so, certainly. I was

on the staircase, and could n't hear distinctly ; the impression on my mind is —

Buz. The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle. You were on the staircase and did n't distinctly hear ; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted ? Do I understand that ?

WIN. No, I will not.

Buz. Ah, I thought so. (*Sits down.*)

SNUB. (*stands up*). I believe, Mr. Winkle, that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man.

WIN. O no ; old enough to be my father.

SNUB. You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married ?

WIN. O no ; certainly not.

SNUB. I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle. Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case ?

WIN. O no ; certainly not.

SNUB. Has his behavior, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, treats them as a father might his daughters ?

WIN. Not the least doubt of it. That is — yes — O yes — certainly.

SNUB. You have never known anything in his behavior towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious ?

WIN. N—n—no, except on one trifling occasion, which I have no doubt might be easily explained.

SNUB. You may go, Mr. Winkle. (*Sits down.*)

Buz. (*rises*). Stay, Mr. Winkle, stay. Will your lordship have the goodness to ask him, what this one instance of suspicious behavior towards females on the part of this gentleman, who is old enough to be his father, was ?

JUDGE. You hear what the learned counsel says, sir. Describe the occasion to which you refer.

WIN. My lord, I — I'd rather not.

JUDGE. Perhaps so ; but you must.

WIN. There was a spinster lady at Ipswich, my lord.

JUDGE. Well !

WIN. Perhaps, my lord, it would be better to ask Mr. Pickwick himself. There he is, my lord.

JUDGE. If you waste the time of the court any longer, I'll commit you.

WIN. Mr. Pickwick, my lord, was — was — found, my lord, in a chamber, my lord.

JUDGE. Well, what of that ? I suppose he went there to sleep. It was night, I suppose ?

WIN. Yes, my lord, midnight.

JUDGE. I don't see, Brother Buzfuz, that you can make anything of this, because even if Pickwick was committing a burglary, this is not the court to try him.

BUZ. Ask the witness, my lord, what concern the spinster lady had in the matter.

JUDGE. Answer the question, sir.

WIN. She was engaged to be married, and the marriage was broken off, because of Mr. Pickwick, — my — lord.

JUDGE. Because Pickwick changed his mind ?

WIN. No, my lord. Pickwick, quite accidentally, my lord, was — my lord — yes, my lord, — with his nightcap on, my lord, — he would have taken it off out of respect of the lady's feelings, my lord, but the strings were in a knot, my lord, and he could n't get it off, my lord, and — and — the lady, my lord, — lady she — she — that's all, my lord.

JUDGE. Don't tell me, sir. Where was the lady all this time ?

WIN. She was taking off her things, my lord ; putting up her back hair, my lord.

JUDGE. What ! before Mr. Pickwick, in the same room ?

WIN. Yes, my lord.

JUDGE. And Mr. Pickwick had his nightcap on ! O, O,

I see it all now ! And the lady engaged to another gentleman, was she ? You may go now, Mr. Winkle, if you like.

[WINKLE retires.]

BUZ. Call Samuel Weller.

MR. WELLER *steps briskly into the box.*

JUDGE. What's your name, sir ?

SAM. Sam Weller, my lord.

JUDGE. Do you spell it with a V, or a W ?

SAM. That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spell it with a V.

MR. WELLER, SENIOR (*from the audience*). Quite right, too, Samuel. Put it down a "We," my lord ; put it down a "We."

JUDGE. Who is that who dares address the court ? Do you know who that was, witness ?

SAM. Yes, my lord. I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord.

JUDGE. Do you see him here, now ?

SAM. (*looking up to the ceiling*). No, I don't, my lord.

JUDGE. If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly.

SAM. Thank ye, my lord.

BUZ. Now, Mr. Weller.

SAM. Now, sir.

BUZ. I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case ? Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

SAM. I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is.

BUZ. Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose ?

SAM. O, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

JUDGE. You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir ; it's not evidence.

SAM. Wery good, my lord.

BUZ. Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant, eh, Mr. Weller ?

SAM. Yes, I do, sir.

BUZ. Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

SAM. I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury, and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days.

JUDGE. You had better be careful, sir.

SAM. So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord; and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes, — wery careful indeed, my lord.

The JUDGE, eying SAM doubtfully over his spectacles, motions BUZFUZ to go on.

BUZ. Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?

SAM. Certainly not; I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

BUZ. Now attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage and yet you saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?

SAM. Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that 's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, -p'rhaps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only *eyes*, you see, my wision 's limited.

BUZ. Now, Mr. Weller, I 'll ask you a question on another point, if you please.

SAM. If you please, sir.

BUZ. Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November last?

SAM. O yes, wery well.

BUZ. O, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller; I thought we should get at something at last.

SAM. I rayther thought that, too, sir.

BUZ. Well, I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial, eh, Mr. Weller?

SAM. I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial.

Buz. O, you did get a talkin' about the trial! Now, what passed about the trial? Will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?

SAM. With all the pleasure in life, sir. Arter a few unimportant observations from the wirtuous female as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg, — them two gen'l'men as is sittin' over there.

Buz. The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?

SAM. Yes; they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick.

Buz. It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir.

SAM. Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?

SNUB. Not I, Mr. Weller; thank you.

Buz. You may go down, sir. That's my case, my lud.

SNUB. My lud, and gentlemen of the jury, I rise to address you on behalf of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case; and never, in the course of my experience as an advocate, have I had a case placed in my hands in which I felt more confidence of a favorable verdict, both from the merits of the case itself, and from the intelligence brought to its consideration by the high-minded, independent, and intellectual jury whom I have now the honor to address.

Gentlemen, my learned brother has expatiated with his customary eloquence and ingenuity upon the imaginary wrongs of this angling widow; and when I say angling widow, let me be distinctly understood, gentlemen, as meaning all that those words imply. With all due respect to the weaker sex, gentlemen, whom I honor, and whom you honor, I say *angling*, gentlemen, and I say *widow*, and I put the words together, and deliberately, emphatically, and unqualifiedly repeat, *ANGLING WIDOW*!

For, gentlemen of the jury, let me beg you to bring to bear for a moment upon this extraordinary case the intelligence which I see beaming in your countenances ; and to go back with me to that deceitful placard which, according to my learned brother's own showing, was placed in the plaintiff's window in Goswell Street : " Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within." Why *single* gentleman, gentlemen of the jury ? Obviously, because no gentleman who was not single would suit her artful purposes. She was not angling for fish already caught, but for some fine, plump, unsuspecting gudgeon (*waving hand towards Pickwick*), still sporting, free and happy, in the liquid element of single blessedness. In short, she was a widow, gentlemen, and none but single gentlemen were in demand. And the moment, the fatal moment, when she had inveigled one—I will add, this one—to set foot in those dangerous lodgings in Goswell Street, she considered her prey secure ; for if, in the innocence and integrity of his soul, he should remain insensible to her arts, — as really happened, — there remained a breach of promise case to be trumped up, and undertaken "on spec," as one witness has aptly phrased it, by a couple of crafty attorneys.

Thus the spider, Bardell, ensnared the fly, Pickwick, or attempted to ensnare him, as she might have attempted, gentlemen, to ensnare one of you. For, if I mistake not, — and if I do mistake I beg to be corrected, — there is not a gentleman before me who has not some time in his life been single, if not single to-day. Make the case your own, gentlemen. You are single, and you are in search of lodgings, and you see the plaintiff's placard in the window in Goswell Street, and are taken in. You are noted for your benevolence and urbanity. You take notice of her little boy ; perhaps you even go so far in your condescension as to allude to "alley tors" and "commonneys" when you meet him on the stairs. You treat her respectfully in her own house, and in your absence limit your correspondence to the subject of chops, tomato sauce, and warming-pans. Now, what is there in warming-pans ? Gentlemen of the jury, I repeat,

what is there in warming-pans, chops, and tomato sauce? And when this designing female faints, or pretends to faint, — yes, gentlemen of the jury, pretends to faint, — in your presence, relying upon your goodness of heart and humanity not to let her fall, and, true to your nature, you do not let her fall, what is there in that act which should render you liable to a suit for damages?

But, gentlemen of the jury, this case is so plain that argument seems superfluous; and I leave my client in your hands, relying upon your intelligence, your sound judgment, and uprightness to give him an honorable acquittal, and at the same time, by your just verdict, to show to those matrimonial brigands that they must not look to a jury of high-minded English gentlemen to assist them in their villanous designs.

JUDGE. Gentlemen of the jury! You have listened with great patience to the arguments of my learned brothers and to the evidence they have laid before you. The chief point depends upon the defendant's letters to the plaintiff, which are admitted to be in his handwriting. You have heard that he called her by the endearing epithet of "chops and tomato sauce"; and one witness, a lady of great respectability, who gave her evidence, I am bound to say, with great fairness, told us that it depended entirely upon what a gentleman liked in the way of eating, whether he called his sweetheart by one name or another, she herself having been called a duck because her lover was fond of that bird. Now, gentlemen, on turning to the law-books I find a precedent quite in point. It is recorded in "*Nickleby*," a work of high authority, that in the case of "*Mantalini v. Mantalini*," the husband called his wife "essential juice of pine-apple," no doubt because he was fond of rum made from that delicious fruit. I would also refer to another legal authority, by whom it is declared, —

"Love is like a mutton-chop:
Sometimes cold, and sometimes hot."

Though nothing is expressly said about tomato sauce in this case, yet we are justified in supposing the defendant Pickwick intended to express superlative affection in adding sauce to

the "chops," which he undoubtedly called the plaintiff, Mrs. Bardell. I also find, by reference to a case decided by the Chief Justice of Pekin, that "a first chop lady" is one who is generally admired, and from Linnæus I gather that the "tomato," of which the defendant's sauce is made, is synonymous with "love-apple." Therefore there can be no reasonable doubt but that to call a lady "chops and tomato sauce" is in the highest degree significant of affection; and I would also add, gentlemen, — though it will naturally occur to yourselves, — that, *chops* and *ribs* being synonymous, our first mother must have been one of Adam's chops; and the conclusion is inevitable that the defendant led the plaintiff, by somewhat symbolical language, to believe that he wished her to hold the same loving relation in respect to himself as Eve did to Adam. If anything more were wanting to show the significance of the expression, I would remind you that when a man admires a woman he is said to look at her like the animal from which chops, either mutton or lamb, are cut, — that is, he casts sheep's eyes at her: all of which I think, gentlemen, goes to show the real meaning of the defendant's expression of "chops and tomato sauce." Well, gentlemen, if you are of the opinion I have expressed, you will have no difficulty in finding a verdict for the plaintiff, with such damages as may seem reasonable. I need hardly say that if Mrs. Bardell be right, Mr. Pickwick must be wrong; and if you think the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence, you will of course believe it; and if you don't you won't. Now, gentlemen, it is for you to give a verdict.

CRIER. Silence in the court!

CLERK. Gentlemen of the jury, are you all agreed?

JURY. We are.

CLERK. Do you find for the defendant or the plaintiff?

JURY. For the plaintiff. Damages £ 700.

MR. WELLER, SENIOR (*from the audience*). O Sammy, Sammy, my boy! vy worn't there a halebi?

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

GOLDEN PIPPINS.

A THANKSGIVING DRAMA.

MARK DOUGLASS, *a captain in the army*; JENNINGS, *a lieutenant*; RACHEL MARTIN, *engaged to DOUGLASS*; MRS. MARTIN, *her mother*; WIDOW TAYLOR; PATRICK.

SCENE I. — *A country parlor. Enter RACHEL with a rustic hat on, carrying a basket of wild-flowers and autumn leaves. MARK DOUGLASS follows.*

MARK. Now, Rachel, seriously, you are not vexed with me? (*RACHEL keeps her face turned from him, as she pulls to pieces the wild-flowers in her basket.*) Rachel! (*A pause.*) You do not understand me. Do you think I forget you when the question comes home to me whether I should join the army or not? You do not know me if you think so. You were the first one I thought of; and I said, She is patriotic; she will take pride in bidding me go to help defend our country. Ray—dearest—(*Trying to take her hand.*)

RACHEL (*snatching away her hand*). Dearest! As if I could believe that! Going off to be gone three years, and never even telling me you had a thought of enlisting. Why, Keziah Truman's beau never so much as goes to Boston without asking her leave. And Charlie Jenkins, *he* said he should never even wish to do a thing without consulting my wishes!

MARK (*impatiently*). Charlie Jenkins! What is he to me? What is he to you?

RACHEL. Nothing now. But he *might* have been! And perhaps—if I had known—it would be all very well if you should join the "Home Guards." A uniform becomes you; I should n't object to the martial *éclat*. But to go down among those rebels without even consulting my wishes in the matter, is altogether a different thing.

MARK. I see you are in no mood to discuss this matter impartially just now, Rachel. I had thought to find you feeling differently.

RACHEL. In no mood! I beg your pardon, Captain Douglass

(*petulantly*), it is n't at all necessary to discuss a matter so perfectly indifferent to me.

MARK. Rachel, you seem to have forgotten the engagement.

RACHEL (*sharply*). Engagement! I am tired of an engagement that only fetters one party, while the other is free as air.

MARK. Tired! (*Hesitating a moment, as if striving to command his voice.*) Do you wish to be released, Ray? Tell me, — yes or no! (*Sternly.*)

RACHEL (*with pettish abruptness*). Yes!

MARK. Then good by, Ray. [Exit.

RACHEL (*looking after him*). Gone? Gone? O no! it cannot be! He will be back! He could not stay away — Stop! The regiment starts to-morrow morning. He has gone back to the camp. I may not — I *cannot* see him again. (*Covers her face with her hands; then looks at her ring.*) My engagement-ring, I ought to have returned it to him. I *will* — some time! And yet — how can I? I can almost seem to hear his voice, as he said, when he put this little turquoise ring on my finger, "Let it be a token between us, dearest, like the signet-rings of old times. Wherever I may be, this ring will always bring my heart back to its queen." And now — (*Bursts into tears.*)

SCENE II. — MRS. MARTIN'S kitchen. *A table on which are seen apples, a squash, pan of flour, etc.* MRS. M. *making preparations to bake pies; RACHEL dreamily watching her.*

MRS. M. I wonder how many pies I ought to make for Thanksgiving. Let's see, — ten squash-pies, — your father thinks a heap of my squash-pies, — five apple, ten mince; and then I might as well use up some o' them air cranberries from the south lot. That'll be enough, won't it?

RACHEL. What, ma'am?

MRS. M. Law, child, what are you dreaming about? Lucky your father don't have to depend on you for his dinners. He'd fare like Job's turkey, I'm thinking. (*A knock.*) Hark! who's coming? (*Goes to the door. Enter WIDOW TAYLOR.*)

WIDOW T. How do you do, Miss Martin? Glad to see you.

MRS. M. Thank you. Glad to see you. Take a chair.
(*Placing rocking-chair by the fire.*)

WIDOW T. Thankee, Miss Martin; my feet is cold. Won't you take the rocking-cheer yourself?

MRS. M. No, thank you; sit down.

WIDOW T. Dretful keen wind, ain't it? (*Untying the strings of her worsted hood.*) Powerful sharp frost last night. Deacon Pettibone's dahlias is black as soot, and all Miss Morrison's mornin'-glories is blasted. Why, Rachel, child, what ails you? All the neighbors are talkin' 'bout how you 've changed!

RACHEL (*turning away embarrassed*). I am well enough.

MRS. M. Here, child, take this dish of apples, and be a-peelin' 'em. We 've got lots to do to-day.

WIDOW T. (*in a mysterious whisper*). I tell ye what, Miss Martin: you jest take a double handful o' green willer-bark, and bile it up well, — or snakeroot-tea ain't bad, — and give her a pint night and mornin'. It's the most strengthening thing! But I've come round to tell you what the Women's Committee have decided on.

MRS. M. (*inquiringly*). Ah, indeed?

WIDOW T. We all feel to be dretful thankful the harvest 's been so good, and — and — everything 's fetched up jest about right; and so we thought it would be kind o' squarin' up with a marcful Providence to send a box or tew o' things out to them poor soldiers that 's a fightin' like all possessed! It 's only accordin' to Scriptor, you know, and it would be a kind o' nice little Thanksgivin' gift, now would n't it? (*Drooping her eyelids sanctimoniously.*) Miss Darby 's kindly gin us a bushel o' them sweet-potatoes they raised in the south pasture-lot. They 're a little damaged, not exactly fit for market, but there 's no doubt the soldiers 'll be glad to get 'em; and Miss Deacon Pettibone has promised us a lot o' that there fermented peach-sass, and Desire Wallis has made up a sight o' book-marks, and Widow Smith has cooked a peck o' dough-nuts, without no sweetnin'. Sugar 's so high, and 'tain't likely the soldiers care for sweet stuff. As for me, I reely don't like to tell about *my* mite; but I hunted up a few o'

poor dear Deacon Taylor's old trousers and coats in the garret, — a little moth-eaten and rather tender, but I hain't no doubt they 'll be welcome. Old Jones has giv' us half a pound o' tea and a pound o' candles, and Mr. Meriam contributes a set o' law-books, that they tell me is dretful improvin' readin'. And the committee calc'lated you and Rachel would help us.

MRS. M. Of course we will, and —

WIDOW T. Then I may as well be stirrin' (*jumping up*), for I've got to see Miss Dr. Davison and Squire Ladd yet to-night. Good evenin' t' ye, — and don't forget the willer-bark tea!

MRS. MARTIN and RACHEL both burst out laughing as the door closes.

MRS. M. Poor Mrs. Taylor!

RACHEL. Mamma, how can she? (*Indignantly.*) *Such a box for the soldiers! Why, it would only be an aggravation!*

MRS. M. Never mind, Ray, dear; we 'll send something worth having. I 'll make up a lot of *real* doughnuts, and pack 'em round the biggest pair of turkeys father can find, with a box of little pumpkin-pies. Mighty smart it would be in us to be willin' to have them poor boys go off to the war, and then have 'em think we would turn the cold shoulder on 'em, and never think of their comfort. Law, child, what does ail ye? You look as pale as our field daisies do in June. Do stir yourself up a little! You don't begrudge a few of our goodies, do ye?

RACHEL. No, indeed, I don't! I wish we could send them everything we own in the world!

MRS. M. We 'll set about it this very day.

RACHEL. Is n't there anything I can do to help?

MRS. M. Help? Of course there is! You ain't no great help about the cookin'. You might get a barrel of apples ready, and see that there ain't a mean apple in the lot. We 'll send a barrel o' them golden pippins from the old tree beyond the brook, — the kind Mark Douglass liked so well.

RACHEL. That would be the very best thing to send, — a barrel of apples; they would n't dry up like cake or pies.

MRS. M. I'll get Patrick to bring in an empty barrel.
(*Goes to the door, shouts through her hand.*) Patrick! Patrick, go round behind the barn and pick me out a nice barrel. Bring it in here.

PAT (*from without*). Yes, ma'am.

MRS. M. Now I'll go right ahead makin' the pies and cake, and gettin' the turkey ready, while you are a-fixin' the apples.

RACHEL. Where shall I find them?

MRS. M. They're in the garret, in that old green chest by the north window.

RACHEL. O yes, I know. (*Going towards the door.*)

MRS. M. I'll tell Patrick to bring in some clean straw to pack 'em in. Be sure and put in a plenty to prevent their mellerin' against each other.

RACHEL. I will. (*Going.*)

MRS. M. Mind and don't put any specked ones in.

RACHEL. I'll look out for that.

[*Exit.*]

MRS. M. (*pausing in her work*). Now ain't it good to see our Rachel takin' a little interest in something? Law! I would send a box of goodies to the soldiers every month, if I thought she would only spunk up a little and help. Nothin' like givin' girls something to do! I believe that's half that ails our Rachel. She don't have half enough to do. That's what her father's always a-preachin', and I believe he's more'n half right. (*Enter PATRICK, with a barrel.*) That's a good-lookin' barrel; put it over here. (*PATRICK moves towards the door, which he opens.*) Here, what are you doin' with that air barrel?

PAT. An sure, did n't you say bring it into the house, and is n't the cellar the part o' the house where ye keeps the good barrels?

MRS. M. Yes, sartinly, but I want it here now. I am going to send it to the soldiers, and I want you to get me some nice straw to put in it.

PAT. (*gazing at the barrel, scratching his head*). It's straw ye're going to be sendin' to the soldier-bys, is it? Bedad, ye're going to trate them like hosses. Is it for beds to the soldiers ye'd be sending it?

MRS. M. (*impatiently*). Patrick, you do not understand, and I don't care if you don't understand. Get me some straw, and get it quick too!

PAT. (*aside*). By Saint Peter! I thought o' being a soldier-by meself, but faith ye 'll not get Patrick Flanagan a fighting for the country, wid nothing but sthraw to ate when he 'd be lying dead on the field. [*Exit.*]

MRS. M. What a sarcy feller that is! How Mr. Martin can put up with him is more 'n I can tell. I wonder where Mr. Martin is now. (*Wiping her arms and hands on the family towel.*) I must go and hunt him up, and get him to kill a pair of nice fat turkeys. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter RACHEL, with her apron full of apples; empties them near the barrel; gets a towel to wipe them. PATRICK comes blundering in with a huge bundle of straw.

PAT. Here 's yer sthraw, Miss Martin, — the best I could find. How many bundles more shall I get ye? (*Throwing it on the floor, looks up with amazement at RACHEL.*) Faith, Miss Martin tould me to be bringing in quick some sthraw for the soldiers to ate, — and she 's gone intirely. And it 's yer own swate self that 's here, — and no grumbler aither.

RACHEL (*sternly*). Patrick!

PAT. An' them 's very purty apples ye have there, sure! As fresh as the rose an yer chakes.

RACHEL. This straw is quite sufficient. You may go, Patrick.

PAT. (*sidling towards the apples*). Say, ye wud n't mind me taking an apple, wud ye, miss?

RACHEL. O, certainly not. Here, take half a dozen. (*Aside.*) Anything to get rid of him.

PAT. Thank ye, miss! Lang life to ye! (*Goes off, singing.*)

RACHEL. What a boor! But yet he has a kind heart; and it 's good to have some one round that is always so bright and cheerful. (*Begins to wipe apples again, packing them in the barrel.*) Dear Mark! How I wish these apples could go to you! I would kiss every one of them! But how foolish to think of such a thing! Among so many companies in the

regiment, it is not at all likely they would happen to go to him. And of course I would n't direct the barrel to him. I would n't dare to; it would be the town talk. Besides, he considers our engagement broken (*sighing*), — broken! He may find some one else to love before I see him again! (*Looking down at the engagement finger, she misses her ring. She springs up, letting the apples fall from her apron to the floor.*) My ring! (*Almost out of breath.*) I've lost it! No matter; I shall find it! How foolish I am to tremble so! (*Searches eagerly around the room.*) I — don't — see — where — it — can be! It can't have gone through these cracks in the floor! It is too cruel to think of! To think I should have lost it! While I wore it, I could still fancy our parting was a dream. (*Sits down, and, covering her face with her apron, sobs.*) Now it is gone, — gone!

SCENE III. — *The camp. Tent and stack of arms in background. A sentinel on duty. In the foreground CAPTAIN MARK DOUGLASS, with hammer in hand, is opening a barrel.*

JENNINGS (*dancing round the barrel*). A barrel of golden pip-pins! O Mars! is n't it jolly?

MARK. We're very much obliged to Company A. I hope you did n't forget that, Jennings.

JENNINGS. O, of course I did the polite. Company A was so obliging as to send us the barrel, and keep the great leviathan of a box for its own delectation. I just wish you could have seen Dodsley's face when he opened it!

MARK. What do you mean?

JENNINGS. Such a conglomeration of decaying Carolina potatoes, sour sweetmeats, old rags, and law-books! I did n't stop to investigate very closely, however; it was my interest to roll the barrel down hill as fast as possible, lest Dodsley should repent of his generosity. I confess I was a little nervous while you were opening the barrel, lest it should contain cold victuals and pine kindlings. Hullo! what's this? (*Taking a slip of paper that had lain beneath the lid.*) "A Thanksgiving remembrance!" Much obliged to you, my unknown friend. I'll keep *my* Thanksgiving now.

MARK (*catching the paper from JENNINGS's hand. Aside*). Rachel's handwriting!

JENNINGS. I must go and tell the other fellows of our good luck. [Exit.]

MARK. The same old apples that used to lie like spheres of gold in the long grass of the river meadow! I thought I knew them! What — what is this I see among the straw? Something bright. *(Holds up the ring to view.)* Now, is n't that strange! If I am alive, it is the very turquoise ring I gave to Rachel Martin! *(Kisses it.)* Dear little ring! how well I remember when I slipped it on to the little brown finger, saying, half in play, half in earnest, "Wherever I may be, this ring will always bring my heart back to its queen." O, pshaw! what a fool! That is all gone by. We are nothing to each other. If she cared much for me, she would have written one little line to a fellow. She has written! This slip of paper is in her handwriting. Did she know? O, could she have known? I'll see if I can't get a furlough. God grant she has called me back to her!

SCENE IV. — MRS. MARTIN'S parlor. RACHEL sitting on a low stool by the fire, her head resting dejectedly on her hand.

RACHEL. O dear! what a Thanksgiving Day this has been! Everybody so cheerful and merry about me; and I so sad! How could I go to the party to-night with the rest of the folks! It would have been a perfect mockery. It was no sin to tell them I was not feeling well, when I have such a terrible ache here. *(Her hand on her heart.)* Hark! Some of them are coming back! *(Starts up and listens. MARK enters softly behind her, and gently lays his hand upon her arm.)*

MARK. Rachel!

RACHEL. Mark! dear Mark! *(Throwing her arms around him.)* You will never leave me again!

MARK *(holding her from him and looking ardently into her face)*. I will tell you first, before I have to go.

RACHEL. But how — why — what made you come back?

MARK. You summoned me, Ray.

RACHEL. I? Never, Mark!

MARK *(holds up the turquoise ring with an arch look of defiance, and all at once the truth breaks upon her)*. Let me put it on your finger

once again, Ray, never to be removed except for the wedding-ring of gold !

RACHEL (*letting her head droop an instant upon his shoulder, and then looking up through sparkling tears*). O Mark, I think this will be the most *real* Thanksgiving of my life !

SCENE FROM HENRY IV.

SCENE, *Bangor*. *A room in the Archdeacon's house. Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.*

HOTSPUR. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down ?
And Uncle Worcester. — A plague upon it !
I have forgot the map.

GLENDOWER. No, here it is.
Sit, Cousin Percy ; sit, good Cousin Hotspur, —
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you,
His cheeks look pale, and with a rising sigh
He wisheth you in Heaven.

HOT. And you in Hell as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLEND. I cannot blame him ; at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a coward.

HOT. Why, so it would have done at the same season if
your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never
been born.

GLEND. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

HOT. And I say the Earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLEND. The heavens were all on fire ; the Earth did
tremble.

HOT. O, then the Earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions.

GLEND. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, — that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, — clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, —
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me,
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments?

HOT. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.

MORT. Peace, Cousin Percy! you will make him mad.

GLEND. I can call up spirits from the vasty deep.

HOT. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

GLEND. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the
Devil.

HOT. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the Devil
By telling truth. "Tell truth, and shame the Devil." —
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil.

MORT. Come, come;
No more of this unprofitable chat.

GLEND. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him,

Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

HOT. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scaped he agues?

GLEND. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?

MORT. The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally.
England, from Trent, and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assigned;
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. —
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.

GLEND. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come, —
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

HOT. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land, —
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLEND. Not wind? it shall; it must: you see, it doth.

MORT. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs
me up

With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent, as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

WOR. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land:
And then he runs straight and even.

HOT. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

GLEND. I will not have it alter'd.

HOT.

Will not you?

GLEND. No, nor you shall not.

HOT.

Who shall say me nay?

GLEND. Why, that will I.

HOT.

Let me not understand you then:

Speak it in Welsh.

GLEND. I can speak English, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament, —
A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOT. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart!
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.

'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

GLEND. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

HOT.

I do not care.

I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLEND. The moon shines fair, you may away by night :
I'll haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

MORT. Fie, Cousin Percy! how you cross my father.

HOT. I cannot choose; sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what, —
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried, "Humph," and "Well," "Go
to,"

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

MORT. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion.
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humor: faith, he does.
I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:

But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WOR. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault :
Though sometimes it shows greatness, courage, blood
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you),
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain :
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

HOT. Well, I am school'd : good manners be your speed !
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

THE PURSUIT.

SCENE, *handsome saloon. Archway in C. ; balustrade crosses stage behind C., with view of a garden and surrounding country ; set doors R. and L. H. ; small table, L. H., on it books, and work, and writing materials ; sofa, L. ; two arm-chairs, R. and L. C. ; table on R. H.*

Present, the COUNTESS. HENRI is heard singing without. Enter HENRI, in livery.

COUNTESS. Well, spoiled child, will you never be reasonable ?

HENRI. Scold me ; you scold sweetly.

COUN. I am not to be disarmed by cajolery. Are you bent on being discovered by Leonie or the servants ? Will nothing serve but going singing Cimarosa in the park ; and, above all, singing him in tune and taste ?

HENRI. Unfortunately, I had heard you sing it.

COUN. Flattery is not the point ; it is ungrateful, not only to me, who love you as a sister, but to your poor mother.

HENRI. Ah, I forgot that ! What shall I do ?

COUN. Begin by answering when I call Charles, and by not answering when anybody else says Henri.

HENRI. Ha, ha, ha !

COUN. Next, don't go into ecstasies with my niece's drawings, nor answer like a hypocrite who cannot deny himself the pleasure of being charming ; henceforth I will but think it ; and, lastly, don't expose yourself by going to Lyons against my orders, as you did to-day. Unhappy boy ! do you forget that your life is in danger ?

HENRI. No : I wish I could ; but I am told it too often for that.

COUN. The new prefect, Montrichard, is coming. He is a dangerous man, — and to think he owes his nomination to me ! — who serves each government in turn, and recommends himself to each by some remarkable action.

HENRI. That is to say, by shooting two or three poor devils with their eyes bandaged and their backs to a wall.

COUN. No, he is not cruel by nature ; but neither is he a man to leave a chief of conspirators undiscovered. Your description will be everywhere ; the first soldier you meet will recognize you ; your head will be every moment in danger.

HENRI. You don't see it in the proper light. I shall hear them recite my name in the market, I shall buy my condemnation of the street-criers, and I shall chat with the *gens d'armes* about this Henri de Flavigneul. "Well, friend, is not that fellow taken yet ?" "No, he sticks to his life, it appears ; should you know him if you saw him ?" "Give me his description, will you ?"

Enter LEONIE, attired for riding.

LEONIE. I am ready, aunt. Shall I do ?

COUN. Your cravat not quite so high, dear. Who gave you that fine rose ? Charles, see my brother's horse ready.

HENRI. Yes, madam.

[Exit.]

LEO. Monsieur de Grignon, your guest, — he is down there admiring my uncle's horse.

Enter DE GRIGNON.

GRIG. What fire, what vigor! O the pleasure of being carried on such a living hurricane! Ah! (*Bows.*)

COUN. Good morning, monsieur. You are in ecstasies with a spirited horse; I wager you regret not having ridden Bucephalus.

GRIG. I do, madam; it is so beautiful, so — oh! —

COUN. You cannot find the second adjective. You will thank me for interrupting you; see! letters and journals on the table for you. Adieu!

Exeunt LEONIE and COUNTESS, followed by HENRI.

GRIG. It is my fate to love that woman, — a heroine, who has proved her own courage more than once, and looks for it in a man; so, to please her, there is not a peril to which I don't expose myself, — in imagination; and when I think of her I feel a hero, and I *am* a hero, — in imagination; but the moment I come to practise, it is not the case. This comes from my parents. I take after my mother, who was courage in person; I resemble my father, who was prudence itself. (*Sits himself at table, and writes.*) She shall have my declaration, — hot, burning, as I feel it. I'll place it there, — under the mirror; she will see it, — will read it. Ah! at last I have done a courageous act (*going, — stops*), which will enable me to be a prudent man all the rest of my life. (*Going.*)

COUN. (*without*). Louis! Joseph!

Enter COUNTESS, supporting LEONIE; DE GRIGNON meets them, and with zeal assists to place her in a chair.

GRIG. What is it?

COUN. An accident, — thrown from her pony!

GRIG. Not hurt, I trust?

LEO. No, — no!

COUN. No; but I dread the shock, — the alarm. Ring, my friend, if you please.

GRIG. Can I do nothing?

COUN. I want them to go to the market town for the surgeon.

GRIG. But I can do that.

COUN. How good of you!

GRIG. (*bows. Aside*). And then I shall be out of the way when she reads the letter. I shall soon be back. [*Exit.*]

LEO. Aunt ! if you did but know, — I can't believe it yet ; and I was so angry, — that is, so ungrateful, — poor young man, and I owe my life to him !

COUN. What is all this ?

LEO. An adventure so astonishing. Charles — no, Henri ! — no, Charles, poor Charles !

COUN. You know all ?

LEO. O yes !

COUN. O Heaven !

LEO. I will be silent, — I will be silent ; I swear to you I will aid you to protect, defend him. Can I do less now ?

COUN. You leave me without explanation.

LEO. True ; yet I feel as if all the world ought to know. Well, we were galloping in the park so nicely, when, in a moment, my uncle's horse took fright, and so did my pony after him, and dashed with me amongst the trees ; a low branch was before me, — the pony was reckless, — I should have been torn off, killed, — when Charles, who had intercepted us, flung himself on his knees before the pony, — the path was narrow, — seized him by the rein, and received me, as I slipped fainting from my saddle, and laid me gently on the grass.

COUN. Brave fellow ! It is to be hoped you will not hate him again after this.

LEO. Would you believe it, aunt ? I was in a passion with him.

COUN. For saving your life ?

LEO. No ; but for saving me in such a familiar way. Only think ! he took my hands to warm them, and revived me with his smelling-bottle ; so I could not help thinking, What business have you with a smelling-bottle ? and he said, as if we were equals, " Poor child, poor child ! " I could n't answer, because I was insensible, you know ; but I was very angry in my heart ; and when, on opening my eyes, I found him on his knees, as pale as myself, taking my hand with his,

and saying, "Sweet young lady, how are you now!" I was so enraged I gave his hand such a cut with my whip, — so! — and then I burst out crying, — I don't know why, I am sure.

COUN. (*a little uneasily*). Go on.

LEO. Imagine my surprise, my joy, when he arose, uncovered his head with a charming grace, and said, "Let your just pride" (at that word he smiled) "be appeased. He who has dared to take the hand of Mademoiselle de Villegontier is not Charles the *valet-de-chambre*, — it is Monsieur Henri de Flavigneul, the condemned conspirator."

COUN. He has thrown away his life!

LEO. Thrown away his life because he has trusted me with his secret?

COUN. And what security have I you will keep it?

LEO. What! Shall I betray him?

COUN. Betray him! O Leonie, but your goodness of heart, your very fears, will betray him.

LEO. Fear nothing; I shall be strong where *he* is in danger. [Exit LEONIE.]

COUN. She loves him, — and why should she not love him? She is young, rich, noble, like himself; then, what objection can there be? (*Taking up a letter.*) A letter to me! from Monsieur de Grignon! (*Languidly.*) I suppose I must read it. What do I read?

Enter DE GRIGNON; he stops and watches with anxiety.

Yes, yes; this is the language of love, the accent of passion, the music of the heart!

GRIG. I don't think she is angry. (*Goes out quietly.*)

COUN. He loves me. He demands my hand.

Enter LEONIE.

LEO. Soldiers, — dragoons!

COUN. Soldiers?

LEO. And *gens d'armes* in the court-yard. They are come to arrest — to arrest him!

COUN. They shall not find him. Be calm, be calm!

LEO. Calm! Ah, you can, aunt; you do not love him.

COUN. I do not love him? If he is in danger, 't will be seen who loves him most.

Enter HENRI.

HENRI. Well, they really are dragoons, *bona fide* dragoons, in search of me too.

COUN. Their officer?

HENRI. I have been in conversation with him.

LEO. How did you dare?

HENRI. I am so nearly interested in the business that I could not restrain my curiosity.

COUN. But what did he say? word for word!

HENRI. Come to arrest M. Henri de Flavigneul. That was plain speaking, was it not?

LEO. Lost, — lost!

HENRI. Not till I am found, — found!

COUN. He says well; we two must save him.

HENRI. No; we three, — let me have a hand in it. Let us find some good disguise, an original one.

COUN. We are not writing a romance, but defending a valuable life. Let me first know who are our enemies. Who is the officer of the dragoons?

HENRI. I don't know; but he is accompanied by the new prefect, the terrible Montrichard.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. The Baron de Montrichard desires to know whether Madam the Countess will do him the honor to receive him.

LEO. Oh! Oh!

COUN. Certainly, with pleasure. (*Exit SERVANT.*) The baron, and nothing decided on yet.

LEO. Fly, Henri, fly!

COUN. Stay where you are.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. The Baron de Montrichard. (*Bows.*)

Enter MONTRICHARD. Exit SERVANT.

COUN. (*Going up to meet him.*) Ah, baron, how happy I am

to see you ! You are come to thank me for your prefec-
ture ; it was not necessary ; still you do well, for, indeed, I
caballed and intrigued, and did many wicked things for you.
But success, you know, justifies anything, and here you are,
— you come to stay with me. Charles, Charles, relieve the
baron of his hat, — I insist upon it. Charles, fetch some
refreshments for the baron. [Exit HENRI.

MONT. You overwhelm me, madam. I shall never acquit
myself of my debt, unless you are devoted to the good cause
as in former times.

COUN. I am, baron.

MONT. I am glad of it. I can then offer you something,
— an opportunity of doing his Majesty service.

COUN. Give me your hand, baron ; you speak like a royal-
ist, — though you have not been one so long as I have, you
know.

MONT. Ahem ! It is to arrest the chief of a Bonapartist
conspiracy ; and, luckily, it is a man who is known to
you.

COUN. (*laughing*). To me ! I acquainted with a conspirator ?
My good sir, you have forgotten the history of France.

MONT. M. Henri de Flavigneul.

COUN. Yes, I do know him. I have seen him at his
mother's house, that smooth-faced boy ; but if he is a Bona-
partist I give him up.

MONT. I am ready to take him, countess.

COUN. And what has become of the youth ?

MONT. He is hiding.

COUN. O, he is hiding ! You should seek him, then.

MONT. He is in a chateau.

COUN. Anywhere near ?

MONT. Very near, indeed.

COUN. Where are you going to surprise him ?

MONT. I require your aid.

COUN. With all my heart ; but I don't see —

MONT. Would you believe it ? This chateau belongs to a
lady of rank, a true royalist, and my benefactress.

COUN. Like myself?

MONT. Like yourself, madam.

COUN. Ha, ha! Are you insane? Do you think I harbor conspirators?

MONT. Unfortunately, I am sure of it.

COUN. And it is for this you have gone to such an expenditure of dragoons and *gens d'armes*?

MONT. Yes, madam; and it is for this I cannot leave your house until I take with me the enemy of the king, and so prove my gratitude to his faithful subject, yourself.

Enter HENRI, with tray, etc.

COUN. Then, sir, you will have time to learn how an offended woman revenges herself.

MONT. Revenges herself!

COUN. For an unreasonable affront put on a known royalist like me. Be seated, baron; I have a word to say to you. *(They sit; HENRI approaches. To HENRI, sternly.)* What are you doing there? Finish your work, and then be gone!—Eighteen years ago a zealous young magistrate was sent to arrest three Vendean leaders at the chateau of Kermadio.

MONT. Yes, I remember it; for that magistrate was myself.

COUN. You! No; this gentleman was Procureur of the Republic.

MONT. Do you think so?

COUN. I know it.

MONT. It's possible.

COUN. It is certain, as certain as — that a little girl, aged fourteen —

MONT. Caused those Vendean leaders to escape under my nose with an address, a —

COUN. Spare my modesty, baron.

MONT. What? *(Measures her with his eyes.)*

COUN. The innocent little girl, that made a fool of the ardent youth, has been a woman some time. Ah, Sir Baron, you come and attack me in my own house! My poor prefect, what a life you have chosen! You will be fast

asleep; — get up; Flavigneul has been seen in a garret; you are heart, soul, and body in your dinner — on horseback, Flavigneul is in the forest. Beat the wood, ransack the house, run your sword through the linen as it goes to the wash; but, above all, distrust everything, — distrust my smile, distrust my tears still more, — when I am joyful, I am ill at ease: only, if you calculate so, I shall be sure to be forewarned that you are forearmed, and deceive you by double calculation. Ha, ha, ha!

HENRI (*grins at back.*) Ravishing!

COUN. What are you doing there, with your arms hanging, and your stupid, giggling face? Why don't you serve the baron? — There, take some refreshments, baron; you little know how much you will need them for your task. I don't say adieu; for I mean to keep you six months, — in fact, until you catch Monsieur de Flavigneul in my house.

[*Waves her hand, and exit.*]

MONT. What a demon of a woman! She has dazzled me with doubt. Monsieur de Flavigneul is not here.

HENRI. Will the baron be pleased — (*Follows him, with tray.*)

MONT. By and by. — No; if he was, she would not venture on all this insult and raillery.

HENRI. Baron, the countess ordered me —

MONT. Directly, I tell you. Stop! an idea. — Yes! come here, and let me look at you. You are not such a fool as you seem.

HENRI. No, sir.

MONT. You have an intelligent look at bottom.

HENRI. Yes, sir.

MONT. Your mistress used you ill just now?

HENRI (*sulkily*). She is always doing it.

MONT. And how much more wages does she give you for affronting you?

HENRI. Not a sou.

MONT. Ill-used and ill-paid, my poor fellow! My lad, would you like to gain twenty-five louis-d'ors?

HENRI. Twenty-five louis? I can't do it. (*Puts tray on table.*)

MONT. Yes, you can, — thus : this Flavigneul must be hidden in the chateau —

HENRI. So I say, sir.

MONT. Show him me, you shall have the money.

HENRI. Show him you, — twenty-five louis ! You may look on it as done, sir.

MONT. Good ! Now, you must not stay, for the countess is coming.

HENRI (*looking uneasily, as for her*). That she is. (*Going, returns.*) Sir, if I could get out of the countess's service, and you take me into yours, — for her eye sees everything, — then we could talk without suspicion.

MONT. Good ! I see I made no mistake in choosing you.

HENRI. No, sir, of course not, — twenty-five louis !

[*Exit with tray.*]

MONT. So, I've got an ally in the camp.

Enter LEONIE.

LEO. Pardon, sir, — baron, — I thought my aunt was here.

MONT. She has this moment left ; but I shall be most unfortunate should her absence make you treat me like an enemy.

LEO. Me treat you like an enemy, sir ; how ?

MONT. By retiring ; not but what I can understand your mistrust.

LEO. My mistrust !

MONT. Yes ; you thought I was here to tear from you some one who is dear to you.

LEO. (*He wants to sound me ; but I must be very cunning.*) Sir, I don't know what you mean.

MONT. It is plain enough, too. I came here for M. de Flavigneul, and surrounded your house with armed men, — my duty my only excuse ; but that is all over now.

LEO. How is that ?

MONT. I have discovered he is not here.

LEO. Ah !

MONT. And I am going.

LEO. Directly ?

MONT. Directly, — directly? Why, you make me almost suspect.

LEO. I make you suspect, sir?

MONT. You are so pleased at my departure. Perhaps I am mistaken, and M. de Flavigneul, after all —

LEO. Me pleased at your departure! On the contrary, baron, if we could keep you here a long while, — a very long while —

MONT. Ah, mademoiselle, you fall into the other extreme; and as I am a man naturally suspicious —

LEO. I don't know what you want me to say, sir.

MONT. Calm yourself, young lady; what I said was mere supposition. In point of fact, I know he is not, at least he is no longer, in the chateau. So, merely to discharge my conscience, I shall just scour the adjoining woods.

LEO. I think you ought to do that.

MONT. (*aside*). He is not in the woods. — Examine the chimneys and hiding-places in the house.

LEO. It is your duty.

MONT. (*aside*). He is not under the wainscot. — Examine, and see if he is not under any disguise. — (*Aside*.) She trembles. — And, with this view, examine all the farm servants, all the domestics. — (*Aside*.) She trembled. — And then take my leave with regret, because I quit you and madam; but still happy at not having succeeded in a duty so very painful.

LEO. A duty so very painful!

MONT. Do you not know that this young man is not a civilian, but a soldier, and that it is a court-martial which must dispose of him?

LEO. A court-martial! But they will kill him!

MONT. No; but it will go hard with him.

LEO. They will kill him! You dare not tell me so; but I read it in your face. Death, — death for him! O sir, mercy! He is but five-and-twenty! He has a mother, — she will die if he dies. (*Sinks on her knees*.) He has friends, who live only whilst he lives. Mercy! he is not culpable, — he never conspired, he told me so himself. O sir, do not condemn him, — do not condemn him!

MONT. (*aside*). This is a poor triumph. — A hard duty, mademoiselle ; I regret to say, I must act upon your information. He is here.

LEO. Here ! I did not say so.

MONT. No ; but when I proposed to examine the domestics you turned pale.

LEO. No, no, not at that.

MONT. And you said, "He told me so himself."

LEO. Did I ?

Enter HENRI.

MONT. And this moment you cried, "Do not arrest him."
LEONIE, *perceiving HENRI, utters a piercing cry, and buries her head in her hands.*

HENRI (*advancing rapidly*). I am on his track.

MONT. So am I.

HENRI. He is in the house, under disguise.

MONT. Bravo ! (*LEONIE, fearfully lifts her head.*) Poor girl ! I need not torture her any more ; besides, what is to be done must be done at once. I leave you. Keep your eye open, and mind he don't stir from the place.

HENRI. I'll keep both eyes open, sir. He sha' n't stir from the place while I'm in it. Ha, ha, ha ! What a scene !

[Exit MONTRICHARD.]

LEO. O, don't laugh, — don't laugh ! Reproach — curse me !

HENRI. You !

LEO. I am a wretch, without faith or courage.

HENRI. In the name of Heaven, what has happened ?

LEO. You trusted the secret on which hangs your life to me. Well, I have told that secret, — I have betrayed you !

HENRI. To whom, Leonie ?

LEO. To your judge, — here this instant. Cowardly wretch that I am ! — lost my presence of mind, — I was so terrified on your account.

HENRI. Is it possible ?

LEO. I destroy you, — I who would give my life for yours !

HENRI (*with joy*). What do I hear?

LEO. But I will not survive you. O, forgive me! (*Throws herself on her knees.*) O, pardon me!

Enter COUNTESS.

HENRI. Leonie, — in Heaven's name — (*Tries to raise her.*)

COUN. What do I see? What are you doing there?

LEO. I am praying for pardon. It is I who have discovered — destroyed him?

COUN. Discovered! destroyed! No; I am here.

LEO. Aunt, aunt, you will save him?

HENRI. There is not so much cause for fear; Montrichard has taken me for his accomplice.

COUN. Trust not to that, — one word, one gesture, one thought, would open his eyes. He is not to be trifled with; but I am here. [*Exit HENRI.*]

Enter MONTRICHARD.

MONT. Ladies! (*Salutes them.*)

COUN. Ah! is it you, baron? Come, I trust, to repose yourself after your fatigues. — Leonie, a seat for the prefect.

MONT. Do not give yourself that trouble, mademoiselle.

COUN. Well, what success? How many cupboards have you stormed? how many very young ladies have you measured your wit against?

MONT. Mademoiselle de Villegontier told me nothing but what I knew before, — that Monsieur de Flavigneul is in this house, in disguise.

COUN. Ah! but how will you discover which is he, out of twenty-five or thirty persons?

MONT. The circle narrows itself; and as soon as I have his description, — I expect it every minute, — I shall be able to relieve you of my prisoner.

COUN. There is no hurry, should your suspicions be incorrect, as they often are, you know. Be so good as to install yourself here without ceremony, and make my house yours.

MONT. Madam! —

COUN. And to leave you the more free in your researches, I will beg your permission to go and pass some days in the town, whither my affairs call me.

LEO. You, aunt?

COUN. Be silent!

MONT. (*aside*). Ah, I must watch this! You leave us?

COUN. Yes, sir; unless I am a prisoner in my own house.

MONT. What an idea, madam! It is mine to obey, yours to command. (*COUNTRESS rings.*)

Enter DE GRIGNON, in livery.

GRIG. The countess's carriage is at the door.

COUN. Call my maid, and let us go.

MONT. Permit me, madam! — (*To DE GRIGNON.*) Stop, approach! I examined the countess's footman just now, and methinks it was not you.

COUN. (*hurriedly*). I have two, sir.

MONT. Is this gentleman sure he always wore livery?

GRIG. (*aside*). He saw me this morning in my own clothes.

MONT. I have a vague remembrance of seeing him in another costume.

COUN. O yes; he sometimes serves me as *valet-de-chambre*.

MONT. Can you explain to me certain signs of confusion he exhibits; also a certain nobility of countenance?

GRIG. I betray myself.

COUN. I assure you, sir —

LEO. Yes, we assure you, sir —

MONT. O, that's another matter, since you assure me this young man is your footman. I will not examine him; on the contrary I arrest him. (*He walks to back of stage, and waves hand. Two DRAGOONS appear.*)

COUN. The letter! — take it from your pocket, and give it me.

MONT. Well, what say you of my idea?

COUN. I say! I say, sir, it is pushing raillery too far, and that you shall not deprive me of a valuable servant.

MONT. Why not?

COUN. Because — (*Aside to DE GRIGNON.*) The letter, or you are lost! (*GRIGNON takes out letter, and is about to hand it to COUNTESS.*) — because the man belongs to me.

MONT. That paper, — I command you to give me that paper.

COUN. I forbid you.

MONT. Resistance will be useless, — the paper!

GRIG. There, sir!

COUN. (*hands to her face.*) Lost! lost!

MONT. (*reads.*) "To Monsieur Henri de Flavigneul: My son" — (*He stops, returns letter to DE GRIGNON.*) Monsieur Henri de Flavigneul, I arrest you in the name of the king and the law.

LEO. (*joyously.*) Ah!

COUN. (*passes by her.*) Cry, foolish girl! (*LEONIE sobs.*)

MONT. Dragoons, take your prisoner.

Exeunt DE GRIGNON, and two DRAGOONS.

COUN. Baron, I implore you! (*Weeps.*)

MONT. Madam, I can listen to nothing but my duty. Forgive my importunity, — the *maréchal* must be informed; where shall I find writing materials?

COUN. In that room. My niece (*LEONIE crosses at back.*) will furnish you with them.

Enter HENRI.

MONT. (*meeting him.*) You told the truth; he was here disguised; but I have got my hand upon him. (*Lays his hands on HENRI.*)

HENRI. Well, sir! —

MONT. Silence; here are your twenty-five louis. (*Slips purse into hand, and exit, followed by LEONIE, who hangs back.*)

LEO. You are saved, — thank my aunt. Adieu!

[*Exit.*]

HENRI. Saved, — saved by you!

COUN. Not yet; I have diverted the baron's suspicions, but I still dread —

HENRI. And I dread nothing, thanks to her whose wit, whose address — I have no words to say all I feel. You,

who can do anything, who know everything, — angel, fairy, enchantress, — teach me the way to pay you all I owe you —

COUN. (*gently*). You owe me nothing, Henri.

HENRI. To pay you for all you have done and suffered, — tell me !

Enter MONTRICHARD, followed by LEONIE.

MONT. Thanks to your niece, my despatch is prepared in form.

COUN. If I could but get him away now, — hem !

MONT. (*approaching*). Forgive me my victory, madam.

COUN. Neither your victory, nor the low artifice, the treachery, by which alone you gained it.

MONT. Madam !

COUN. I repeat it, sir, — treachery ! You must have corrupted, bribed some of my people ! Don't deny it ! Ah ! your secret looks of intelligence with this Charles, your sly interviews, — it is he. (*Turns suddenly on CHARLES.*) You miserable wretch ! 't is you have betrayed me !

HENRI (*frightened*). I, madam ?

COUN. You ! I see it in your fear and your accomplice's confusion. (*Looking from one to the other.*) Out of my house ! out of my sight this moment ! (*Flies at him ; HENRI appears petrified.* *Aside*). Foolish boy, don't you see ? — Begone !

MONT. But, madam —

COUN. Your friend shall not be my servant one moment longer. (*Turns her back on him with contempt.*)

MONT. In that case, madam, he is mine.

COUN. He shall not serve you either, sir.

MONT. Why not, madam ? Come, my lad, on horseback, and go full gallop for me to St. Andeol.

LEO. (*aside*). Heavens !

MONT. This letter to the *maréchal* commanding the division —

HENRI (*going, stops*). But, prefect, I have no horse.

MONT. Take mine.

HENRI. But, prefect, the soldiers won't let me pass.

MONT. I will give the order. (*Goes up the stage and gives orders.*)

HENRI (*to COUNTESS*). You have saved my life, — dispose of that life!

MONT. Come, away with you!

HENRI. In one hour, sir, I will be at St. Andeol.

MONT. Good! (*He goes up the stage with HENRI, giving him his last orders. Exit HENRI. Calling off.*) Bring in the prisoner!

COUN. (*aside*). Too soon! — we shall be lost. I begin to doubt De Grignon's firmness. O torture! — time! time!

MONT. Ladies, the few words I must say to this unfortunate young man are for his ear alone. [*Exeunt LADIES.*]

Enter DE GRIGNON, GENS D'ARMES.

MONT. After all, he can save his life if he chooses!

GRIG. I wish he would not look at me in that absurd way. — You wish to speak with me, baron.

MONT. Yes, sir, once more, before the fatal moment.

GRIG. What moment?

MONT. You have confessed you are Monsieur Henri de Flavigneul. All I can now do for you is to insure you the respect, the privileges, due to so brave a soldier. I have to add, there is a means of safety, but I feel you will not adopt it.

GRIG. Why not? Why not? You'll see whether I won't, — without any noise!

MONT. Pardon is offered to those who will make revelations of importance; if you have any such to make me —

GRIG. To be sure I have, — of the utmost importance!

Enter COUNTESS.

COUN. My fears will not let me rest.

MONT. Be composed, Monsieur de Flavigneul can save himself by a word, and he is about to reveal —

COUN. What? What can you have to reveal, sir?

GRIG. Nothing! (*Aside.*) When she is by, I am afraid to be afraid.

MONT. But this minute you were about to reveal —

GRIG. That I have nothing to reveal.

COUN. Bravo!

MONT. But tell him, madam, not to throw away his life thus.

COUN. Yes, baron, leave me a few minutes alone with him.

MONT. Yes, he may listen to the voice of a friend ; but I can give you only until the president of the provost's court arrives, and we expect every moment —

COUN. (*to MONT.*). What comes he here for ?

MONT. I would rather not tell you. [*Exit.*]

COUN. Poor fellow, it has made me tremble as if he really — Ah, thank you, my friend, — thank you !

GRIG. (*aside*). She never looked so kindly. (*Aloud.*) You are content with me ?

COUN. Yes, and I only beg you to be firm a few minutes more.

GRIG. Firm ? I am, for you are here ; but you came just in time. I am not a hero. I am — I am — rather a coward !

COUN. (*handkerchief to her eyes*). My brave fellow, — for you are brave, — I know you better than you do ; your imagination gives way to fear, but not your heart. Your trial is ended. (*Presses his hand.*) It is but justice ! Henri must now protect himself. He must be near the frontier.

Enter MONTRICHARD.

MONT. The president is arrived.

GRIG. Well, I am at your service ; your council of war, your provost's court, your file of soldiers, —

COUN. De Grignon !

GRIG. Ten balls in the breast ! I don't care, — now I have begun, I am my mother's son. Come, sir. (*Going.* MONTRICHARD *moves towards the door.*)

COUN. Be calm, De Grignon. — Baron, who is the president of this court ?

MONT. The Count de Grignon.

GRIG. Ah ! ahem !

COUN. Then, instead of conducting Henri de Flavigneul to an ignominious death, you will conduct Gustavus de Grignon to his uncle.

GRIG. My uncle, my good uncle, — ah !

MONT. (*L., superciliously*). Ah, my good madam, and you, sir, that was pretty well acted; but I am not so easily deceived, as you may have observed.

COUN. When you get to the president you will hear the voice of nature, which is *less* easily deceived.

MONT. No! your confusion this morning when I arrested this gentleman —

COUN. Was it so well put on as all that?

MONT. But the letter I took from his pocket —

COUN. Where I had just put it for you.

MONT. O no! no! Your tears of grief —

COUN. My poor baron! — Ha, ha! if you go by such signs as that, we shall never understand one another.

MONT. What? Can you cry at will? With triumph in your heart, can you shed —

COUN. Torrents! Why not?

GRIG. (*aside with tender admiration*). Who would not love such a woman?

MONT. (*after meditating*). Who, then, is the man? for I'll swear he was here.

COUN. I leave you to guess.

MONT. A light breaks in on me, — suppose it was the other!

COUN. What! he you furnished with a safe conduct, — he you tampered with, — he for whom you implored my clemency, as I did yours for the president's nephew? Absurd! But I confess that looks more like my work.

MONT. It is he! but he is not safe. I will hunt him.

COUN. Useless! he is too well mounted.

MONT. Ah!

COUN. On the prefect's own horse. Ha, ha, ha!

GRIG. Ha, ha, ha!

COUN. His generous friend omitted nothing, not even pocket-money, — twenty-five louis, to wit, — which he bade me return you; for to pay a man to take you in seems to *us* an excess of good-nature, though you don't think so. Ha, ha!

A SEA OF TROUBLES.

GODOLPHUS GOUT, *an invalid*; HIRAM ORCUTT, *a Yankee*; WHAT'S-HIS-NAME THINGAMY, *a man of memory*; BYRON BOBOLINK, *a budding poet*; MIKE MCSHANE, *an Emerald-Isle man*; STAMMERING STEVE, *a professor of elocution*; ROBERT, GOUT'S nephew; JENNY, GOUT'S servant.

SCENE, room in GOUT'S house. Table, c., with candles burning. Easy-chair, R. of table. Entrances, R. and L.

Enter ROBERT and JENNY, meeting.

ROBERT. Good morning, Jenny. How is that lamb, my uncle, after his outbreak last night?

JENNY. O, dear Mr. Robert! he's worse than ever. Such a squally night as we have had! What could you have done to have created such a storm?

ROBERT. I merely told him the truth. The old tyrant, not content with bothering me every night by making me read aloud the whole play of Hamlet, undertook to tell me how to read it. Especially the soliloquy, —

“To be, or not to be, that is the question;
Whether 't is better in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.”

He insists upon it that Shakespeare made a mistake; that it should read, “take *oars* against a sea of trouble”; and all because he happened to go a voyage, and thinks himself a great sailor. I would n't humor his fancy, and so we parted. I rather think he'll find himself in a sea of trouble without either arms or oars!

JENNY. He's in a terrible passion, sir, and vows he will never see you again; and what's worse, look here, sir (*brings paper from table*); see what he has inserted in the paper this morning, — sent me off with the advertisement the moment you left.

ROBERT (*reading*). "Wanted, for an hour or two each day, a reader. One who understands the art, and is willing to humor an invalid, can apply at No. 4 Frankfort Square, immediately." Good gracious! why, we shall have all the unemployed in the city here; for there is no one, however poorly he may value his talents for any other business, but thinks he is a good reader.

JENNY. No doubt, sir, the house will be overrun; but he says he will have that soliloquy read to suit him if he has to try every elocutionist in the city.

ROBERT. Jenny, I have an idea!

JENNY. No, have you though? Is it an original one?

ROBERT. Not quite; but it will do. You shall pass these applicants through my hands before they see my uncle. I think we can manage to cure him of his reading mania.

GOUT (*without*). Jenny, Jenny!

JENNY. Coming, sir, coming! Where shall I take them to?

ROBERT. Into the little back-parlor. I will be there to receive them.

GOUT (*outside*). Jenny, Jenny, you jade!

JENNY. Coming, sir! O, he's in a terrible passion! All right, Mr. Robert. [*Exit.*]

ROBERT. By the sound of the old tiger's voice, I should say he *is* in a passion. Let him rave! he'll find it's not so easy to get over his sea of troubles with oars. [*Exit.*]

GOUT (*outside*). Why don't you come quicker when I call? Handspikes and grappling-irons! (*Enter GOUT and JENNY. GOUT leans on JENNY's arm; has his left foot well bundled up; carries a cane in right hand, and appears to be in much pain and a raging temper.*) O, that foot! Easy, you little jade; do you want to murder me? O, dear, dear! (*JENNY assists him down, seats him in a chair, R. of table, then brings a cricket, and raises his foot; he groaning all the time.*) Avast there, you little powder-monkey! Oh, oh! What are you about?

JENNY. I am sure, sir, I put it down as easy as possible.

GOUT. Put it down easy, but why do you take it up so

clumsily? There, that will do. Any answers to that advertisement yet?

JENNY. Not yet, sir.

GOUT. Ah, Jenny! that will bring the right man. That saucy scamp thought I was dependent upon him, did he?

JENNY. I am sure, sir, Mr. Robert is very kind.

GOUT. Hold your tongue, you chatterbox! You and he pull in the same boat. You both want to kill me, — O, that foot! — but I won't be dependent on either of you. O, do fix that cricket a little better! (*Bell rings.*) Who's that?

JENNY. It must be one of your new readers.

GOUT. Well, why don't you go and see? (*Exit JENNY. GOUT takes a pair of spectacles, and looks at watch.*) That advertisement must have appeared in the five o'clock edition; it's now seven: a quick answer, but all the better. I am impatient to know how other men will like my reading of the great soliloquy. I'm sure I'm right. What good would arms do against a sea? You must have oars to make headway. Evidently a mistake of those confounded printers! The great Shakespeare never could have made such a blunder. (*Enter JENNY.*) Well, Jenny!

JENNY (*laughing*). Ha, ha, ha! such a sight! there's the funniest man down stairs, such a guy! and he says he's a bobolink.

GOUT. A bobolink! What, a bird?

JENNY. I don't know, sir. I did n't see any feathers, but something ails him.

GOUT. Something ails him? What?

JENNY. I don't know, sir; but he sighs so dreadfully, it's enough to break your heart. Perhaps he has had his broken.

GOUT. Well, well, stop your chattering, and show him up. (*Exit JENNY.*) It must be an applicant; now we shall see, Mr. Robert, who's to be master here. (*Enter JENNY, ushering in BYRON BOBOLINK, who steps to centre of stage, faces the audience, folds his hands on his breast, and gives three monstrous sighs, with his eyes rolled up towards the ceiling. JENNY steps behind GOUT's chair.*)

GOUT. Halloo! Here's a customer. How do you do, sir?

BYRON (*slowly turning his head, looks at MR. GOUT, then resumes his former position*).

Passing well ! O, passing well !
Better than my tongue can tell. (*Sighs.*)

GOUT. Why ! what ails the man ?

JENNY. Law, sir, he's in love ! them's the symptoms, — sighs and poetry.

GOUT. Be still, you baggage ! — Well, sir, your business ?

BYRON (*with same movements as before*).

To bore to hidden springs where fancy lies,
And tap for richer thoughts the starlit skies. (*Sighs.*)

JENNY. Lies, skies, *sighs*. (*Imitating.*)

GOUT. Wells, bore, tap. Why, that chap's struck ile. He's got it on the brain. Look here, sir : what do you want ?

BYRON (*as before*).

The night was dark, O, inky dark,
And lighted was the taper,
As by its fitful, gleaming spark,
I sought to read the paper.
When, lo ! before my startled eyes,
Your want stood staring there.
“Ha, ha !” I cried, “here is a prize ;
I'll hie to Frankfort Square.” (*Sighs.*)

JENNY. O my ! what a guy ! (*Laughs.*)

GOUT. Be still, you baggage ! — Well, sir, what — what can you do ? — O, that foot ! — Can you read ?

BYRON (*as before*).

Read ? Ay, the stars, the moon, the skies,
Nature herself, and all within her lies. (*Sighs.*)

GOUT. O, confound your stars ! Can you read Shakespeare ?

BYRON (*as before*).

'T was at my mother's knee I learned
All that his mighty mind discerned. (*Sighs.*)

GOUT. Well, you must have been stage-struck at an early period of existence. But see here, Mr. Bobolink, I'm afraid you soar a little too high for me. Can you give me a specimen of your reading? Take Hamlet's soliloquy: "To be, or not to be." Jenny, give him the book! (*JENNY takes book from table, opens it, and presents it to BOBOLINK. He turns his head, looks at her, and then at the book; then resumes his former position. JENNY returns to her place behind chair.*)

BYRON (*as before*).

"To be, or not to be, — that is the question,
Said Hamlet in a fit of indigestion,
Whether 't is better in the mind to suffer?" —
Like Plato, Socrates, or —

JENNY. Some old buffer. (*BYRON turns and looks at her, then resumes his former position. GOUT shakes his cane at JENNY.*)

BYRON.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"
Continued he, himself to importune,
"Or to take arms against a sea of trouble."

GOUT. Hold on! it's time I take arms, and tell you that it's "oars against a sea of trouble."

BYRON (*turns and looks at GOUT*).

Cease, rude despoiler of my fancy's soar,
Cease, prater, cease, give o'er, give o'er!

GOUT. Well, that's what I want you to do: give oar, or leave.

BYRON.

I am thy peer, I tower amid the many:
Give o'er thy scoffing, call upon thy —

GOUT (*bawling*). Jenny! (*JENNY comes down.*) Just take that

bobolink, do him up in a parcel, mark him "This side up, with care," and send him over to Dr. Walker at South Boston.

BYRON (*as JENNY appears*).

Away, and touch me not! I can,
And do, and dare, and will, say I 'm a man.

[*Exit.*

JENNY. That bobolink should have his wings clipped.

[*Exit.*

GOUT. Well, if some lunatic asylum has n't lost its chief attraction, I will lose my guess. — O, my foot! that fellow's got me into a perspiration. (*Enter JENNY.*) Well, Jenny, who now?

JENNY. Another customer; and such a genius! He's had his nose in every room in the house coming up stairs. Here he is. (*Crosses and exits, as HIRAM ORCUTT enters.*)

HIRAM. Heow do you do, Mr.? Hope you're pretty well! Fine day: what's the news? Want a reader, don't you? 'Spect I'm the man for your money. Can do that business to a T. Got a fine edication; three winters' schooling; tucked eout three schoolmarms, and gin the committee the shaking palsy, asking so many questions they could n't answer. Why, squire, I'm the most original genius you ever saw; great on inventing anything, from a double-back action toothpick to a smokolotive ingine.

GOUT. Well, had n't you better take a little something?

HIRAM. Take something? What?

GOUT. A little breath.

HIRAM. Halloo, squire! you're a joker: that's pooty good. You's as smart and greasy as Pete.

GOUT. Pete who?

HIRAM. Petroleum. How's that? Guess that account's settled. Never keep a long reckoning. Terms, cash on delivery. (*Takes up watch from table.*) That's a darned nice watch. What did you give for it?

GOUT (*savagely*). Put down that watch, will you?

HIRAM. Sartin, squire; down she goes. (*Takes up spectacles.*)

Gold-bowed specs, I swow! (*Puts them on.*) Why, how green you look! (*Stumbles over Gout's lame foot.*)

GOUT. O, murder! You confounded, ugly, awkward cuss! Do you want to kill me? Oh, oh!

HIRAM. Well, look here, squire, don't cuss and swear like that; you hurt my feelings. What ails your foot? burnt it?

GOUT (*savagely*). No!

HIRAM. Cut it?

GOUT. No!

HIRAM. Been bit?

GOUT. No!

HIRAM. Well, look here, old gent! you're about as short as Aunt Nabby's pie-crust. What ails it?

GOUT. None of your business!

HIRAM. Well, now, I should like to know what is the matter with that foot. I'm great on doctoring; invented medicines myself. Hearn tell of Orcutt's Oderifrous Muskeeter Tormentor, ain't yer? Yer spread it on yer face, the skeeters are attracted by the perfume, and light on it, and there they stick until the powerful medicine draws out their stings, and leaves 'em as harmless as canary-birds. Never knew it to fail till a female woman tried it; and she got her face stuck so full of stings, that folks thought she was raising whiskers, and that kind a hurt it with the female women sex. But I'd like to know what's the matter with that foot.

GOUT. Well, you can't. What's your business with me?

HIRAM. Want to read.

GOUT. What can you read?

HIRAM. Anything, from "Pilgrim's Progress" to "Sweeney Todd, the Ruffian Barber"; and the more blood and thunder the better.

GOUT. Can you read Shakespeare?

HIRAM. Like a book with a red cover.

GOUT. Let me hear a little; Hamlet's soliloquy, for instance.

HIRAM. Yes, sir; but you see I've got an original conception of that are speech.

GOUT. Original? Well, let's have it.

HIRAM. S'pose you don't mind my letting out a little, do you? You see mine's the sensational style.

GOUT. Well, well, let's hear.

HIRAM *takes off his coat, folds it up; then his vest, and is about to take off his cravat.*

GOUT. Halloo! What are you doing!

HIRAM. Getting ready.

GOUT. Well, I should say you are getting ready for bed.

HIRAM. O no! I'm getting woke up.

To be or not to be, Jehu Christofer! that's the question
Before the meetin-house, whether 't is better
To git the headache, heartache, stomach-ache,
A fretting and a stewing arter pesky fortunes;
Or to take swords and pitchforks, guns and bagnets,
Agin the horsepond of muddy troubles.

GOUT. Hold on! that's quite enough.

HIRAM (*resuming his vest and coat*). Then I'm engaged, am I?

GOUT. No, sir! Your originality is too much for me.

HIRAM. Won't do, hey?

GOUT. No, sir; it will not do.

HIRAM. Well now, look here, squire; I can cure that foot.

What ails it?

GOUT. None of your business. Clear out, quick!

HIRAM. What a pesky tarnal old spitfire you are, anyhow!

GOUT. Will you leave the room?

HIRAM. Of course I will; but I say, squi—

GOUT. Well?

HIRAM. You ought to tell me one thing.

GOUT. What's that?

HIRAM. What's the matter with your foot.

GOUT (*seizing his cane, throws it at him*). Clear out! (*Exit HIRAM.*)

O, dear, dear! it's getting worse and worse. The idea of that chap's trying to better Shakespeare in that way! (*Enter JENNY.*) Well, what now?

JENNY. I rather think it's another reader.

GOUT. Send him in. (*Exit JENNY.*) Another reader! Well, if he's no better than his predecessors, his stay will be short. (*Enter JENNY, ushering in WHAT'S-HIS-NAME THINGAMY. JENNY takes her place behind GOUT's chair.*)

GOUT. Well, sir, your business?

W. T. I called, sir, in answer to that — thingumbob you had in the — what you may call it.

GOUT. The what?

W. T. Why, you know — the — O, dear! the — the — advertisement.

GOUT. O, you are a reader, are you?

W. T. Yes, something in that line.

GOUT. Who are you?

W. T. What's-his-name Thingamy.

GOUT. Who's *he*? I don't ask *his* name, I ask yours.

W. T. I told you my name.

GOUT. Look here, no contradicting! What's your name?

W. T. What's-his-name.

GOUT. O, I'm getting into a passion! Will you tell me your name?

W. T. My name is What's-his-name Thingamy.

GOUT. Where did you get that name?

W. T. It was given me by my parents, of course.

GOUT. Well! it's a queer name, anyhow. Well, Thingamy What's-his-name —

W. T. No, sir! What's-his-name Thingamy.

GOUT. Well, well! What can you do?

W. T. A little of anything and everything.

GOUT. Well, give me a specimen of your reading.

W. T. What shall I read? the — what you may call it?

GOUT. I don't know what you may call it. But I wish to hear your style of delivery in Hamlet's soliloquy. You know it?

W. T. O yes! I acted it once in the —

JENNY. What's-his-name. (*Laughs.*)

W. T. What's-its-name. The —

JENNY. Thingamy. (*Laughs.*)

W. T. Thingamy, the theatre. Played it six nights. Tre-

mendous — what you may call it — house. Showers of Thingumbob — applause — made a great what is it — hit.

GOUT (*aside*). O, I shall make a hit pretty soon. Will you go on with the soliloquy?

W. T. Certainly! To be, or not to be, that is the —

JENNY. What you may call it.

(*During this delivery of the soliloquy, GOUT is getting into a passion, shaking his fist at JENNY as she interrupts.*)

W. T. What you may call it.

Whether 't is better in the —

JENNY. Thingamy.

W. T. Thingamy to suffer;
Or to take —

JENNY. What's-its-name.

W. T. What's-its-name, against a —

JENNY. What you may call it.

W. T. What you may call it of —

JENNY. Thingumbob.

W. T. Thingumbob.

GOUT. O, pshaw! Do you call that reading?

W. T. Well, you see my what's its name — memory is a little defective.

GOUT. A little! I should say it was! You won't suit me, Mr. Thingumbob or Thingamy; so you may leave as soon as possible.

W. T. Well, but Mr. What's-your-name —

GOUT. Jenny, show Mr. Thingamy out of the "what you may call it" in double-quick time.

W. T. But, Mr. What —

GOUT. What's that to you? Leave, quick! (*Exit W. T. and JENNY.*) Was ever a man so plagued? a parcel of ignorant jackanapes, who know no more about reading than a cat about empyrical psychology. (*Enter JENNY.*) Well, who now?

JENNY. O, another applicant.

GOUT. Well, well, show him in, quick! (*Exit JENNY.*) More elocutionary displays. (*Enter STUTTERING STEVE.*) Well, sir, are you a reader?

STEVE. Y-e-e-s, sir ; I'm an el-el-el-ocution-a-a-ary t-t-t-teacher.

GOUT. The deuce you are !

STEVE. Yes, sir ; f-f-finely ed-ed-ed-u-ca-ca-ted in the art of el-el-el-o-cu-cu-tion, pr-pr-prep-pare folks for the st-st-st-age.

GOUT. Prepare fiddlesticks !

STEVE. No, sir ; I ain't a f-f-fiddler.

GOUT. What ! you an elocutionist, with that confounded stutter ?

STEVE. I don't stut-stut-stut-ter.

GOUT. Don't you ? Well, this *is* pleasant. Can you read Hamlet's soliloquy ?

STEVE. Yes, sir ; I can r-r-rattle it off.

GOUT. Well, then, r-r-rattle away.

STEVE.

To b-b-b-be, or not t-t-to be-be-be, that is the q-q-q-uestion
W-w-w-e-ther 't is b-b-b-b-etter in the m-m-mind t-t-to s-s-suffer,
The sl-sl-sl-ings and ar-ar-ar-rows of out-out-rageous f-f-fortune,
Or t-t-to t-t-t-ake ar-ar-ar-ms a-g-g-g-ainst a sea of t-t-t-t-roubles.

GOUT. There, that will do : why, you infernal impostor, you can't read !

STEVE. C-c-c-can't I, though ?

GOUT. No, you won't suit.

STEVE. V-v-v-ery s-s-sorry, s-sir ; are you the in-v-v-v-alid ?

GOUT. What's that to you ?

STEVE. P-p-pray, sir, are you a-l-l-l-one ?

GOUT. What's that to you ?

STEVE. O, n-n-n-othing ; only its d-d-d-an-gerous to be an in-v-v-v-alid, and be a-a-a-lone. S-s-s-uppose s-s-somebody, not as hon-hon-hon-est as I am, sh-sh-sh-should c-c-c-ome in here, and f-f-f-ind you alone, they might t-t-t-take up this w-w-watch, s-s-so (*takes watch*), these sp-p-p-p-ec-t-t-t-acles, s-s-so, (*takes spectacles*), b-b-b-b-blow out the l-l-light s-s-so (*blows out light*), and l-l-l-leave s-s-so. [Exit.]

GOUT. Murder, murder, murder ! (*Enter HIRAM ORCUTT.*)

ORCUTT. Halloo, old man! what's the matter?

GOUT. A light, quick!

HIRAM. Well, I can just do that; I've got a box of the Universal Safety-Match right here in my pocket; and they do say "they beat the old scratch." (*Lights candle.*)

GOUT. Well, now, what do you want here again?

ORCUTT. Well, I just dropped in to see if you had n't changed your mind.

GOUT. No, I have n't. O, I've been robbed! I'm undone!

ORCUTT. O, well, I can do you up again. (*Stoops to take hold of Gout's foot.*)

GOUT. Get out! let that foot alone! Do you want to drive me mad?

ORCUTT (*aside*). Gritting his teeth, and spasmodic contractions of the shanks. That old man's got the lockjaw; got it bad, too. Look here, Hiram! yeow ought to know what's good for lockjaw. By jingo! just the thing.

GOUT. What are you about there? Here, Jenny!

ORCUTT. I'm off. He's a pesky obstinate critter; but, if I can't cure him, my name's not Hiram Orcutt. (*Exit. Enter JENNY.*)

GOUT. Jenny! where have you kept yourself all this time? I've been robbed! Where's that stuttering fellow?

JENNY. I don't know, sir; I left him with you.

GOUT. He's robbed me and gone. I'll have no more readers in the house.

JENNY. There's another man wants to see you.

GOUT. Another reader?

JENNY. I'm sure I don't know, sir; he's very mysterious.

GOUT. Well, let's see him. (*Exit JENNY.*) I'll make one more trial. (*Enter MIKE, very cautiously.*)

MIKE. 'Sh! — 'sh! — whist — 'sh! —

GOUT. What ails you? What do you want?

MIKE. Are you Mr. Invalid? 'sh! —

GOUT. Mr. Who?

MIKE. Mr. Invalid, the man what wants a raider, 'sh! —

GOUT. What the deuce do you mean by that "'sh!" — Yes, I'm the man who advertised.

MIKE. Thin I'm the b'y for you, — Mike McShane, — shtrong for a whiskey-bout, and mighty powerful at a shindy, 'sh! —

GOUT. You won't suit.

MIKE. Won't I? Jist thry me.

GOUT. Why, you've had no education.

MIKE. Have n't I! Wa' n't I brought up by the Game Chicken, of Dublin?

GOUT. The Game Chicken! that's a pretty name for a teacher of elocution!

MIKE. O, it was a mighty fine execution that he had! 'sh! Whin does the expedition start?

GOUT. Expedition! What ails the man? Who are you?

MIKE. Don't I tell you I'm a raider? Is't to Canader ye's going? 'sh! —

GOUT. If you are a reader, give me a specimen of your powers of execution.

MIKE. Powers of what?

GOUT. Powers of execution; a display of your talents.

MIKE. Powers of execution! That's what the Game Chicken called a beautiful display of the under-cut and the square-lick.

GOUT. Well, why don't you begin?

MIKE. Where *will* I begin?

GOUT. Why, here, to be sure, before me.

MIKE. Before him! The ould feller wants a maulin'; he's got the rheumatiz, and wants a warming up. Well, well, I'll show him. (*Takes off his coat.*)

GOUT. What are you doing? Why don't you begin?

MIKE. I'm a coming to it: give me a chance to develop my muscle. Now, old gentleman, you want to see my powers of execution. (*Squares off, and flourishes his fists.*)

GOUT. Why, what are you doing?

MIKE (*dancing and flourishing his fists*). Now, mind your eye; for I'm going to show you the under-cut and the square-lick.

GOUT. Murder, murder ! Jenny, Jenny !

MIKE. Divil a bit will I murder you, only a black eye will you git.

GOUT. Keep away, you infernal Irishman !

MIKE. O, I'll only shave your nose a bit.

GOUT. Jenny, Jenny ! (*Enter JENNY.*) Get somebody and take this man away, quick !

JENNY. Why, sir ! you must n't behave in this manner.

MIKE. To be sure not, before such a purty girl. I ax your pardon, mam. The old gentleman wanted to see my powers of execution ; but, faith ! these bright eyes do too much execution for me to have any powers.

GOUT. What do you mean by this violence ? Do you call that reading Shakespeare ?

MIKE. No ; but I call this a raiding Shake-fist. (*Flourishing arm.*) What the divil do I know about Shakespeare ?

GOUT. Can you read ? (*Showing book.*)

MIKE. Raid, then ? never at all at all. O, murther ! Mike McShane, you've made a wee bit uv a mistake. I thought it was a raider you wanted to go into Canader, and take it.

GOUT. Well, you are a blundering Irishman. I want no raiders or fighters.

MIKE. I beg your honor's pardon ; but you see my friend, Phil Tooley, said there was a bit of a notice for a raider in the paper ; and I thought it was some expedition up North you had in view.

GOUT. Well, well, you can go. Jenny, show him out. You had better learn to read before you answer any more advertisements.

MIKE. Yes, sir ; I'm obliged to yer honor. I'll jist step down and show Phil Tooley a specimen of my powers of execution.

[*Exit MIKE and JENNY.*]

GOUT. I've had quite enough of readers ; and if Robert would only come back, I should be tempted to forgive him. (*Enter HIRAM ORCUTT, with a red-hot poker.*) You here again ? What have you got there ?

ORCUTT. Old gentleman, it's very evident that your

trouble is caused by lockjaw. You've got it bad; and I'm going to cure you, in spite of yourself. So keep quiet; for that bandage has got to come off, and this hot iron must be inserted into your foot to the depth of several inches.

GOUT. You infernal scoundrel! what do you mean?

ORCUTT. Mean to do a little surgery. I'm going to do you good in spite of yourself. I'm going to cure you. (*Approaches him.*)

GOUT (*flourishing his arms*). Keep off, keep off!

ORCUTT. Don't holler so; it only hurts for a minute.

GOUT. Keep off, I tell you, keep off! Jenny, Jenny!

ORCUTT. Keep still, old man! (*Stoops down to foot, Gout kicks him over, jumps up, and runs about the stage, crying, "Help, murder!"*)

HIRAM *picks himself up, and runs after him. All the characters enter, and Robert comes and catches Gout in his arms.*

GOUT. O Robert, save me!

ROBERT. All right, uncle. (*To HIRAM.*) Put up that iron, sir! What are you trying to do?

ORCUTT. To cure a bad case of lockjaw.

ROBERT. Lockjaw! why, my uncle's got the gout!

ORCUTT. The gout, the deuce! Well, I've made a pretty blunder here. Got the gout, has he?

GOUT (*starting up*). No, he has n't; for every twinge has disappeared, thanks to your new remedy! I feel as good as new. (*Enter JENNY.*)

JENNY. There's another applicant below, sir.

GOUT. Let him stop below. I want no more readers. Robert, I'll give in; you may take arms against a sea of trouble, and I'll drop the oars. But why are all these people here? Why, they are my rejected readers!

ROBERT. Uncle, I have been interfering a little in your affairs; knowing your partiality for Hamlet's soliloquy, I have been teaching these gentlemen. They acted by my orders.

GOUT. O you villain! I understand; but what shall we do with them?

ROBERT. Thank them, and let them go.

GOUT. We 'll do more than that ; we 'll give them a good dinner.

BOBOLINK. Dinner !

Before my famished eyes

Roast beef, spring chickens, and wild fowl arise. (*Sighs.*)

HIRAM. That chap's bilious. My Oderifrous Muskeeter Tormentor will draw it down as slick as goose-grease.

W. T. A dinner ! that reminds me of Mr. What's-his-name —

JENNY. What you may call it.

W. T. What you may call it.

STEVE. D-d-d-inner ! that's s-s-o-o-omething good to eat, that's so !

MIKE. Dinner, is it ? Faith, I 'll have a chance to display my powers of execution with a knife and fork.

GOUT. Yes, and a good dinner ; for no doubt the kind friends before us will say you deserve it, for having at last brought me safely through "A Sea of Troubles."

NOTE. — A masculine character, to be called SAM, may be substituted for the part of JENNY, if preferred ; and the lines so altered as to conform.

THE TRUTH-SPEAKER.

A SCENE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

GOVERNOR GRISWOLD; HETTY MARVIN, *his young cousin*; ENGLISH OFFICER; GUIDE; BRITISH SOLDIERS.

SCENE, *a green bank in a meadow. A fence in the background. HETTY knitting a woollen sock, as she watches some linen which is bleaching in the sun.*

HETTY. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. Three more rows, and then I must knit the heel. I was knitting these for Brother Jack; but I pity poor Cousin Griswold so much that mother says I may give them to him, — that is, if I get them done before he goes away. Poor man! how he must feel, shut up in that little dark attic all this time, and expecting every minute to hear the British soldiers knocking at the door, and demanding entrance to search for Governor Griswold. (*Shuddering.*) Ugh! I am glad I am not a governor! If I were, I suppose the Red-coats would be after me; and then I should be hung or shot, unless I would promise to obey King George. But I would n't promise any such thing, any more than Cousin Griswold would, — and he would die first! I wonder if my linen needs sprinkling again! (*Taking hold of the linen.*) I declare, it is quite dry already! (*Takes up pail of water, and begins sprinkling. She starts as GOVERNOR GRISWOLD leaps over the fence.*)

GRISWOLD. Hetty, I shall lose my life unless I can get to the boat before the soldiers come. You see where the roads part, close by the orchard; I want you to run down towards the shore, and meet the soldiers, who are sure to ask for me, and then you must tell them that I am gone up the road to catch the mail-cart, and they will turn off the other way.

HETTY. But, cousin, how can I say so? it would not be true. O, why did you tell me which way you were going?

GRIS. Would you betray me, Hetty, and see me put to death? Hark! they are coming. I hear the clink of the

horses' feet. Tell them I have gone up the road, and Heaven will bless you.

HETTY. Those who speak false words will never be happy. But they shall not make me tell which way you go, even if they kill me, — so run as fast as you can.

GRIS. It is too late to run! Where can I hide myself?

HETTY. Be quick, cousin! Come down and lie under this cloth; I will throw it over you, and go on sprinkling the linen.

GRIS. I will come down, for it is my last chance. (*HETTY quickly covers him with the linen, and goes on with her sprinkling. Enter BRITISH OFFICER, GUIDE, and SOLDIERS. SOLDIERS in background.*)

OFFICER. Have you seen a man run by this way?

HETTY. Yes, sir.

OFF. Which way did he go?

HETTY. I promised not to tell, sir.

OFF. But you must tell me this instant, or it will be worse for you.

HETTY. I will not tell, for I must keep my word.

GUIDE. Let me speak, for I think I know the child. Is your name Hetty Marvin?

HETTY. Yes, sir.

GUIDE. Perhaps the man who ran past you was your cousin?

HETTY. Yes, sir, he was.

GUIDE. Well, we wish to speak with him. What did he say to you when he came by?

HETTY. He told me that he had to run to save his life.

GUIDE. Just so; that was quite true. I hope he will not have far to run. Where was he going to hide himself?

HETTY. My cousin said that he would go to the river to find a boat, and he wanted me to tell the men in search of him that he had gone the other way to meet the mail-cart.

OFF. (*nodding significantly to the GUIDE*) You are a good girl, Hetty, and we know you speak truth. What did your cousin say when he heard that you could not tell a lie to save his life?

HETTY. He said, "Would I betray him, and see him put to death?"

OFF. And you said you would not tell, if you were killed for it?

HETTY (*sobbing*). Yes, sir.

OFF. Those were brave words; and I suppose he thanked you, and ran down the road as fast as he could?

HETTY. I promised not to tell which way he went, sir.

OFF. O yes, I forgot; but tell me his last words, and I will not trouble you any more.

HETTY (*sobbing, and hiding her face in her apron*). He said, "I will come down, for it is my last chance."

OFF. (*aside to GUIDE*). We are posted. We have got what we wanted. We'll catch him, if we're off quick. (*To subordinate.*) Give your marching orders. (*SOLDIERS march off.*) You're a nice little girl (*To HETTY*); and here is something to buy you a new ribbon or two. (*Throws down a purse of money and goes off.*)

HETTY *sobs a moment in silence; looks after them; picks up the purse, and indignantly throws it after them.*

GRIS. (*looking out from under the linen folds*). Are they out of sight, Hetty?

HETTY (*glancing down the road*). Yes; and O, you are lost!

GRIS. (*speaking hurriedly*). I'm not so sure of that, my girl. Go into the house quick, and tell your mother to hang a white cloth out of the upper window! No time to be lost now! (*Exit HETTY.*) My men are in the boat by the shore of the river. When they see the signal they will know danger is at hand. They will push off into the stream and watch for more signals from me. (*HETTY enters.*) Now step out on the hill in sight of the river, and tell me what you see.

HETTY *retires, but remains within speaking distance.*

HETTY. I can see a boat pushing off into the stream.

GRIS. All right! Do the men pull hard?

HETTY. Yes, I never saw men row so fast before.

GRIS. What else do you see?

HETTY. I see the Redcoats just going down to the shore.

GRIS. Good! Ha! ha! Look again!

HETTY (*shading her eyes*). They are looking after the boat. The British officer has a spy-glass. He turns and speaks to the guide.

GRIS. Softly! Now what?

HETTY. They turn around, and leave the shore.

GRIS. Thank Heaven! They think I am in the boat. Look once more, my good Hetty!

HETTY. They have left the shore, and are hurrying off towards the next town.

GRIS. Safe! safe! And all through you, my brave Hetty! (*HETTY advances towards GRISWOLD, clapping her hands*). Now go in and get your supper. When it is dark, put a light in the attic window.

HETTY. I will.

GRIS. My men will see it, and come back in the boat for me, and I shall get beyond the reach of the Redcoats.

HETTY. Cousin, I am *so* glad for you! Come with me and get some warm supper.

GRIS. No, Hetty, I must not do that; I will stay here. And when it is quite dark, bring me my little bundle of clothing, and something to eat. I shall quietly make my way down to the boat when I hear the oars.

HETTY. Well, good by, cousin!

GRIS. Good by, Hetty! If all our soldiers were as brave and true as you are, we should not have to fight many years before we should say in truth, AMERICA IS FREE!

MONSIEUR JACQUES.

MR. SEQUENCE; MONSIEUR JACQUES; VIVID; ANTONIO; NINA.

SCENE, *Dover. An attic. Door, L. H., leading to another room. A door, R. H. Window in flat, through which is seen a view of the sea. A piano-forte, L. H., upon which are scattered loose sheets of music (MS.) and a full score. An old bookcase in flat, R. H., containing a few odd volumes and printed music. A small table and buffet; some chairs, one or two of which are bottomless. The whole scene wears an air of extreme poverty. At the rising of the curtain a knocking at door, R. H.*

Enter SEQUENCE, R. H. door.

SEQUENCE (*putting his head in at the door*). I suppose I may come in? Eh! the orchestra empty? Madam, follow your leader. Mind the stairs!—this way, I am used to act as conductor,—this way!

Enter NINA, R. H. door.

I am really very sorry you should have had to mount *four octaves*,—I mean four stories high. Quite a bit of luck to have had the honor of meeting you last night at Signora Squeakini's concert. Would it be taking a very great liberty to ask if you are musical?

NINA. I have studied music from my infancy.

SEQUENCE. Bravo! then the affair, I trust, is settled; you really must take my apartment. I am perfect master of every instrument,—am principal kettle-drum at the Dover Philharmonic, and, though I say it, I have produced some works.

NINA. I am aware that the public is already indebted to you for several charming ballads; the one sung last night was singularly beautiful.

SEQUENCE. O, what! my "Azure Eyes"? You have not yet seen my "Radiant Locks"? The young amateurs prefer "My Faithless Bride," though I think very little of *that* one myself.

NINA. I believe this is the apartment you intend for my

servant? From what you said, I supposed it much larger. Indeed, Antonio is rather a friend than a servant.

SEQUENCE. You have not seen all, madam; there is another, much larger and more commodious. I intend to have them both fresh-papered; cherubims blowing trombones, — quite charming, if your servant is musical. (*Goes towards door, L. H.*) Perhaps you would like to see the other room. (*Tries the door and finds it locked.*) Dear me, it's locked! (*Peeping through the keyhole.*) Not up yet; at this time of day, too, — *forty bars* rest. A lazy old fellow, madam; but I'll soon rouse him.

NINA. Do not disturb any one, I beg. I can call again.

SEQUENCE. There is no need of ceremony with him. He's a horrid bad lodger, — owes three quarters' rent.

NINA (*going towards piano*). A musician?

SEQUENCE. Yes, — um, — a *sort* of musician, a poor devil! He used to give lessons, but it would n't do; his pupils found him rather *cracked*, so he soon lost the few he had. Bless you, he will sit for hours at that window, as though he expected the arrival of some vessel: he fancies he sees it sailing towards him; rushes down stairs in 6-8 time, and watches the face of every passenger as they come ashore; then, disappointed, his head drops, and he wanders back to this wretchedly furnished room: the furniture is *his own*, madam.

NINA. Unfortunate being!

SEQUENCE. You perceive there is no necessity to — (*Going to door, L. H.*)

NINA. Hold, sir! your story of the poor old man has much interested me: he must not be turned out on my account. (*She goes to piano and looks at the loose music.*)

SEQUENCE. Well, madam, if you do not wish him to go, your servant can occupy the other room; for there is another lodger on this floor: he's a *poet*, but unfortunately as destitute as the other.

NINA (*who has been looking at a sheet of music*). This is very strange! Why, this is the ballad that was last night sung at the concert. .

SEQUENCE (*confused*). My ballad! O yes, yes, it *is* my ballad. You see, from motives of charity, I frequently give this poor devil my music to *copy*. (*Aside*.) The old fool has kept the original; I thought I had them both. I'll take better care for the future. (*Footsteps heard*.) I think I hear your servant.

Enter ANTONIO, R. H. door.

NINA (*crossing to ANTONIO*). Have you made any discovery?

ANTONIO (*aside to NINA*). It is of that I wish to tell you.

NINA. I engage your apartments, and will to-morrow take possession. Come, Antonio.

As they are going, enter VIVID at door L. H., rapidly, with a sheet of paper in his hand; he does not perceive them.

VIVID. My dear friend, here is the finale. (*Sees NINA*.) A thousand pardons, madam!

NINA (*aside*). Again this young man!

VIVID. As I live, my incognita!

ANTONIO (*to SEQUENCE*). Who is that person?

SEQUENCE. O, the old man's fellow-lodger. (*To NINA*.) The poet of whom I spoke to you.

NINA. If I mistake not, we have met before.

VIVID. Yes, miss, — madam, — on the beach.

ANTONIO. Come, madam, we have much to do.

NINA. Yes, let us be gone.

SEQUENCE. Allow me, madam, — (*Crosses to R. H. door*.) I'll conduct you down; take care of the step; this way, madam, if you please.

SEQUENCE goes out first; VIVID bows timidly to NINA, who courtesies and goes out, followed by ANTONIO, R. H. door.

VIVID. She here! in the humble apartment of my poor friend! What could have caused this visit? Perhaps, like a guardian spirit, to succor him. I dared not even look at her. (*Runs to window*.) What if I follow and ascertain where she resides? No, no, it would be worse than folly. I will leave my finale, and seek one more glance, though I feel 't is madness.

[*Exit hastily, door R. H.*

Enter JACQUES at door B. H.; he is absent and pensive, his arms folded. He walks about the stage slowly; suddenly rushes to the window, returns, throws himself into a chair, sighs despondingly, rises, and draws from his bosom a small note. — Music.

JACQUES (*reading*). “Pars! fuis, mon cher Jacques! je volerai sur tes traces aussitôt que je pourrai; bientôt nous nous reverrons.” (*Repeats, without reading.*) “Go! fly away, my dear Jacques; I will be upon your heel as soon as I am able; soon we shall to see one another again.” Here is twenty years ago dat she write this, and she has not yet arrive! De age, or rader de deep suffering, have ridé mon visage, ruled my face wid lines, and she has not yet arrive. (*He kisses the letter.*) Ah! dese are not de light words to be brake, — “I will be upon your heel as soon as I am able.” Have she not been able yet to be upon my heel? Mais, I am tranquille, — elle viendra. Ah, oui, — yes, — she shall come, becose she know dat I expect her dis twenty years. (*He folds the letter carefully and places it in his bosom.*) Mariana! chère Mariana! let us to look once again. (*Goes to window.*) Rien! noting but de boat of de fishman! (*Returns.*) Ah! it shall not be no more to-day dat I strain my eye. Mais, — but, — demain, — to-morrow, peut-être, — perhaps, — yes, I do expect her to-morrow, to-morrow!

AIR.

Dat word wich console us, — “To-morrow, to-morrow,”

He bring wid him hope when he come to de heart, —

Mariana, my wife, come and banish my sorrow,

And jamais — non, never — again shall we part!

When, day after day, I feel life away wasting,

And dis hand vitch was *fort* tremble now more and more;

Now my hair it is silvered, — no happiness tasting, —

Still “to-morrow” I vispare, — but soon ’t will be o’er.

Allons! allons! let me drive far away from me dose ideas.

(*Goes to piano, sees paper that VIVID has left.*) Qu’est-ce-que-c’est ça?

vat is dis? Ah, my finale! A la bonne heure! Vivid have

already been here; he are so good boy, — he not had wish to

wakes me. (*Reads paper.*)

"Sound the clarion! strike the drum!
 War her flag of courage waving, —
 The warriors cry, 'They come! they come!'
 Patriot hearts all danger braving!"

Très bien! it is capital, — and my musique is a capital also. This night, pendant le silence, — when all was hush, I compose my overture; and the emotion vich it make me prove that my musique is handsome. Après my déjeuner, after my breakfast, I shall compose dis finale. (*Opens buffet.*) Mon Dieu! I forgot, — il n'y a plus rien! dere is noting no more leave. (*Shuts buffet.*) Ah! c'est vrai, — it is true; I remember I eat yesterday for my souper the little bit fromage, — the cheese that remained me. Never mind, it is already late, and the morning will soon be finish. Tinking of my opera, I shall forget my stomach. Let me see, — voyons le premier vers, — dis is the first verse.

"Sound the clarion, strike the drum."

He rushes to the piano, and arranges the loose sheets; begins to play, trying several motions to the above words.

Enter SEQUENCE, R. H. door.

SEQUENCE. Ah, there he is composing, and composed! He may keep this little room; for by taking a trifle off his rent, I can have as much of his music as I want, which I can publish under my own name, as I have done before. Friend Jacques!

JACQUES (*absorbed*). Dis is a triumph march, — I must have an accompaniment of eight horns, six trompettes, five trombones, and four long drums! I don't like him myself, — mais, but the publique like very much noise. (*He plays again, and sings*), —

"Sound the clarion, strike the drum."

SEQUENCE. Friend Jacques!

JACQUES (*still singing*), —

"Sound the clarion, strike the drum."

SEQUENCE (*louder*). Good morning, Mr. Jacques.

JACQUES. Ah! c'est vous, Monsieur Sequence, — bless a my soul, it am you! You have come by chance on purpose to carry away wid you the two romance?

SEQUENCE. Why, not exactly; but I can take them at the same time. (*Aside.*) Now to open the concert. The fact is, I have come to say —

JACQUES. Oh, oui, yes, — mais, — but, je suis bien fâché, I am sorry very much, great deal, but I have had no time, — de musique is not ready, — was malade yesterday, — very sick, — bad of de head, — O, very, — I was oblige to a good hour, to go to my sleeps.

SEQUENCE (*pointedly*). I suppose then you were playing after you were in bed?

JACQUES. Comment?

SEQUENCE. You were composing?

JACQUES. O no! I was snoring my nose, like one bassoon.

SEQUENCE. Oh! then I suppose you got up in your sleep, and hammered away till two this morning? — hem!

JACQUES. Comment? (*Embarrassed.*) Till how many?

SEQUENCE. Till two.

JACQUES. Den you have hear?

SEQUENCE. A most charming overture.

JACQUES. Ah! ah! den you have found him good, — eh?

SEQUENCE. It's a masterpiece! is it Mozart or Rossini?

JACQUES. Non, monsieur, it was my own! (*Then, with a confidential air.*) Ecoutez! my opera is at last finish, — c'est mon ouverture que vous avez entendue, — dat was my overture vitch you have hear.

SEQUENCE. Really! (*Aside.*) I could n't have believed it!

JACQUES. I have now no more to do as de finale.

He plays with his fingers while he sings, —

“Sound the clarion, strike the drum!

On battle-field dey cry, ‘We come!’”

SEQUENCE (*aside*). An opera! an opera! Now if I could but manage it, it would set all Dover by the ears. I'd have it produced in London. I should be called upon the stage,

praised by the press, my portrait lithographed; and as I walked in the streets, people would point at me and exclaim, "There goes the celebrated Sequence!" Zounds! it's worth the trial!

JACQUES (*absorbed*).

"On battle-field dey cry, 'We come!'"

Pram! Pram! Pram!

SEQUENCE. It's a pity that this opera, the fruit of your talent and your old age, should be entirely lost.

JACQUES. Lost! And what for it shall be lost?

SEQUENCE. Because, my worthy friend, you can't have the slightest hope ever to see it performed; it's without the pale of reason.

JACQUES. Vat is dat pail?

SEQUENCE. You doubtless intend to present it to one of the Metropolitan theatres? You must be aware that you could not command attention.

JACQUES. Et pourquoi que non?—and what for not? Is it because my costume annonce de want and de pauvreté?

SEQUENCE. Alas, my friend, it is but too true; it is hard, — cruel! but believe me, your opera will die with you.

JACQUES. How! my opera shall die wid me! Non, non! je te dit, it shall immortalize my name, for a long time, never no more! My opera die wid me! de labor of my old age; all gone away, for noting at all!

SEQUENCE. There might, to be sure, be a plan to get it performed; but you would n't listen to it.

JACQUES. I not listen, — dites moi, — tell to me, — O, parlez, — speak!

SEQUENCE. Well, then, since you are willing to listen to sound sense, I will speak, — the true artist is above being caught by the flatteries of the world, he is sufficiently recompensed when he hears his opera performed: as to the rest, it's all fiddle-de-dee!

JACQUES. Yes, but what has my opera to do wid dis fiddle dee?

SEQUENCE. I am coming to that directly. Now, taking it for granted that your opera will never see daylight, — rather than it should be lost, I have no objection to buy it of you, in the same way that I have bought the rest of your music, and I will undertake to get it produced.

JACQUES. Sell my opera! O, jamais! never!

SEQUENCE. O, very well! Perhaps when you think over it you'll change your mind. Good morning. (*Going, — returns.*) Friend Jacques, I have your interest more at heart than you think: I am considered a great composer; I am rich; an opera from me would be received and produced at once. Now, what does it matter if it comes before the public in the name of Jacques, Timkins, or Tomkins? You will have the satisfaction of hearing it; you shall have a front seat in the dress boxes; the theatre will be crammed; the leader's tap is heard; an awful silence reigns around, until the last crash is buried in the shouts and bravos of an astonished and deafened audience.

JACQUES (*delighted*). And I shall see all dat?

SEQUENCE. I have said it. Give me but the MS., and I'll give you a receipt for your arrear of rent, for the various other sums which you owe me, and, further, a twenty-pound note.

JACQUES. Twenty pounds! And I shall see act my opera? Twenty pounds! I shall be able wid it to reward Vivid for all dat he has done for me.

SEQUENCE. Well, you agree.

JACQUES (*hesitatingly*). Eh bien! Nous verrons, — we shall see. Je ne dis pas non, — I not say no, — I not say yes; — you are so hurry.

SEQUENCE. Well, then, I consider the affair as arranged. Give me your opera, and you shall have the money. (*Going towards the piano.*)

JACQUES (*goes up and seizes the score*). Vat, you will take my opera, — toute de suite? so very by and by! Non, non! pas encore, — not yet. (*To his opera.*) And shall you leave my house so soon? — for five year, every day, every hour you

have calm my despair ! rest near to me a little longer, before I say you my last adieu !

SEQUENCE. Well, I have no particular objection to leave it a little longer with you ; and, in the mean time, I 'll draw out your receipt, and get your twenty pounds. (*Goes to door, — returns.*) But remember, not a word, — the usual secrecy.

JACQUES. Oui, oui ! yes ! (*Sits at piano, buried in thought.*)

Enter VIVID, R. H. D.

SEQUENCE. Well, Mr. Vivid, have you any money for me yet ?

VIVID. I have not ; but I hope very soon to have some, and then —

SEQUENCE. Very soon ! — the old put-off. I have been too patient, too liberal ; but you 'll hear from me. Good morning, sir. Jacques, remember ! [*Exit R. door.*]

VIVID. "Hear from me" ! But I cannot think of him now ; brighter visions fill my soul. My efforts to overtake her were vain.

JACQUES (*absorbed at piano*). Twenty pounds ! Dat will take me to Palerme, — to Palerme ! — dat I may see her once again before to die !

VIVID (*sees him*). Poor old man ! Palerme ! ever repeating that word when his reason forsakes him.

JACQUES. Twenty pounds ! and la gloire !

VIVID. His visions are ever of fortune and happiness ! Jacques, my friend !

JACQUES (*rising*). Ah, Vivid, — c'est vous, — et bien ? — quoi de nouveau ? vot news ?

VIVID. None to comfort. I had hoped by the sale of my second volume to have obtained at least the means of alleviating our present distress, but the bookseller has refused to purchase.

JACQUES. Vat a rascal fellow, ven de verses are so handsome ! — mais, console yourself, mon ami, for I have some beautiful news for you.

VIVID (*aside*). How unfortunate ! How to ascertain her address ?

JACQUES. Qu'avez-vous donc ? Vot is de matter ? You am been for dis last two, tree days, tout triste, and dull, and absently, — and I am of it beginning to be very fidgets.

VIVID. Nay, 't is nothing.

JACQUES. I am sure dere is something on de top of your head, — I have remark it, — you have always confide your evils to your old friend, — vat is den now ? Am I no more your con fiance ? — am I no more your friendship ?

VIVID. Banish such thoughts : you arè my only friend ! I have striven to hide all from you, but 't is vain ! My brain burns while I confess my insanity.

JACQUES. You make me frightful, — dépêchez donc, — tell to me vat is it.

VIVID. I love ! without hope, — madly love !

JACQUES. Quel horreur ! You love ? Malheureux !

VIVID. O, if you knew how beautiful she is ! Twenty times have I met her in my solitary walks ; her eyes have encountered mine, — I have deeply drank of their fascination. Yesterday, while roaming despondingly on the beach, my soul filled with visions of her elysian brightness, a music outrivalling the music of the blest arrested me. Judge, O, judge my rapture ! those verses were mine, — mine ! Drunk with ecstasy, I exclaimed, “ Happy the poet thus able to dim that beaming eye with the holy tear of sympathy ! ”

JACQUES. He also de victim of love ! (*Sinks into a reverie.*)

VIVID. Judge my astonishment when, bringing your finale, I found in this room my incognita in conversation with Sequence. You do not listen !

JACQUES. Love ! O my friend, beware of it. And more, for de grande dame, de rank lady. O Vivid, prenez garde. I have never speaks you of moi-même, — of myself, — of de days dat are over. You ave always seen me poor and old, and you ave takes me by de hand widout to know me ; it is time dat you shall be more acquaint vid de histoire of your poor old friend. Sit yourself near to me. (*VIVID brings forward two chairs ; they sit.*) It is a triste histoire, — a story that is melancholick ; but it will be lesson to you.

VIVID. Nay, if it pain you, — (*He draws his chair nearer to JACQUES.*)

JACQUES (*after having seemed to collect his thoughts*). I was not born to ave de happiness, for my moder die ven I vas a vary little boy, — good vile ago. I ave evince de talent for de musique, and my fader encourage it; at nineteen year old he die also, — vidout to leave me much money. An opportunity offer himself to go into Italy, and I take hold of him. I go to Palerme. Palerme! Palerme! Ah! my brain burn only at de souvenir of dat cité.

VIVID. Compose yourself, Jacques.

JACQUES. It was at dis time I did acquaintance make vid de Count San Marco, — man proud and rempli d'hauteur. He appoint me de teacher of his daughter. O my friend, how was she different to her fader! Noting so beautiful never struck my eye; she vas von ange! she vas de beau ideal! you cannot see one times vidout to love her; et moi, and myself, while six months I am go every day to give her de lesson! I do not know how it vas, because my passion made me almost mad! mais, one night we were alone, — I found myself at her foots, — I confess my love, — she did not seeks to fly away from me; for Heaven — de bon Dieu — have mark our two souls for de love and de unité.

VIVID. You were happy?

JACQUES. Happy! I vas almost to mad. Mais, one night — O my friend! one dreadful night — a knock came to my door; I say to de knocker "Entrez!" A female wid a veil present herself, — it was Mariana! "Jacques," she say to me, "my fader vish to sacrifice me to a marriage detestable; but I am Italienne, and I love you. Let us this night fly away, — a vaisseau go from here to England, — come, — viens!" How happy dat I vas you can tink; we went to part, — we reach de sheeps, — de signal to depart is give, — I press Mariana to my heart, — de tear of joy trickle in her eye. We sail for two days; but vat is den dat sheep dat cut de wave and ride wid speed behind us? (*He rises and seems to show VIVID the sea, which he imagines he sees before him, and towards which he*

moves his hand, imitating the motion of a vessel.) Tiens, Vivid ! see you her, as she glide on de sea ? She make approach ! she is here, — la voilà ! (*VIVID makes him sit. A pause.*) Mariana make a shriek and fell senseless. It is de count, — it is her fader, and his soldats ! Dey arrest me in de name of de grand duc, — dey tie my hand, — dey carry me back to Palerme, and trow me in de prison. I am try, — I am accuse of de seduction, — I am condemn, — you understand, Vivid, — condemn, — to de galleys, — to de galleys !

VIVID. Gracious powers ! And how did you escape ?

JACQUES. One night de door of my prison opens ; somebody seize my arm and conduct me through the dark, — place in my hand a purse and a letter, — cette lettre, mon ami, this letter. (*Takes letter out and reads.*) “Go, — fly away ! I will be upon your heel as soon as I am able.” Eh bien, I was transport away. Here is de gap in my histoire, — dere is tree year of which I know noting. I remember, dey puts great deal vater on my head, — puis, one morning, dey tell me to go away from de hôpital where I ave been. I vas alone in de world ; I struggle on to give de few lessons, ven Heaven send you near to me. O my friend, the bon Dieu was good, for vidout you I should be dead. (*He lays his head on VIVID's shoulder, who dashes away a tear.*)

VIVID (*after a short pause*). And you have never since heard of your Mariana ?

JACQUES. Jamais ! Never ! While I was jeune homme, — a young man, — I expect her as a wife. Mais à present, I look to see her as a dear friend, a sister ; for she is now old like me. But I know it, — she vill come ! she vill come ! Attendez !

He goes up and watches at window, and looks anxiously out.

VIVID. And this is what I am to expect, — affection without hope ! Mariana loved him ; that thought has been the balm to heal the lacerated heart. I must cease to think of her, — she can never be mine. Absence is my only safeguard. The situation of clerk to a vessel for South America

has been offered to me. It will leave the docks to-morrow ; what if I accept it ? (*Turns his eyes towards JACQUES.*) And can I then abandon him ? O no : never !

Enter ANTONIO, R. H. door.

Again !

ANTONIO. This is the room. Does Monsieur Jacques live here ?

JACQUES. C'est moi, monsieur, — it is me. (*Coming forward.*)

ANTONIO. You ! (*Crossing to centre, and looking at him with interest.*) Monsieur Jacques, my mistress requests to speak with you.

JACQUES. To me ?

ANTONIO. She wishes to know if it will be convenient for you to see her to-day.

JACQUES. Oui, yes, certainement ; whenever she likes to please.

ANTONIO. Then she will come to-day, — *she will come !* Heaven bless you, sir ! [*He bows, and exits at R. H. door.*]

JACQUES. Those words, — dat man. I have seen him somewhere.

VIVID. He is the servant of my incognita. Are you aware that this young lady has been here once before to-day ?

JACQUES. Vraiment ! c'est bizarre ! Very strange, or rader, very natural ; she ave hear of my musique, and she come to take de lesson.

VIVID. Possibly.

JACQUES (*gayly*). In all de case, my dear boy, dis is not but some good for me. Mon Dieu ! vat a figuration I look ! You must lend me a coat, dat little chesnut coat.

VIVID. Willingly ; I'll fetch it for you. You will soon learn who she is. (*Aside.*) Still will I keep my resolve and banish myself forever. [*Exit door, L. H.*]

JACQUES. Quel malheur ! vat misfortune ! dat de blanchisseuse — de washwoman — ave not brought home my cravat. It is always so ; ven you not vant den dey come, and on de grande occasion dey stops away. To be sure, I ave only two ; so ven one is dry de oder is wets. Never mind ! (*Goes about stage, dusting chairs, etc., with his handkerchief.*) Dis visite ave

produce a singular effect upon me. Suppose she should be riche, as Vivid say, I shall perhaps be able, par sa protection, to produce my opera. O, quelle joie it vill be to see my opera perform! No, I will not never part with him!

Enter SEQUENCE, R. H. door.

SEQUENCE. I have n't been long, you see. Now, touching the *overture* I made to you this morning.

JACQUES. Your overture? it is my overture.

SEQUENCE. I mean the proposal which you agreed to. I have brought you the money, and a receipt in full of all demands.

JACQUES. Ma foi! it is true; a fine note, new all over, and a receipt.

SEQUENCE. Take them, my friend, they are yours; and though I have the reputation, you will be a man of note.

JACQUES. Non, grande merci! I shall not take them, parceque, becose I ave change my mind.

SEQUENCE. What, you want more money, I suppose, — *crescendo* in your demand?

JACQUES. Non, I won't want none. I vont let my opera go away at all.

SEQUENCE. Mr. Jacques, be careful! I am not a man to be trifled with. Remember, you owe me three quarters' rent, and it is in my power to turn you into the street.

JACQUES. I know it.

SEQUENCE. To seize your goods and sell them under your nose.

JACQUES. I know it. C'est vrai, it is true, you can do all dis, but you cannot tear from me my opera from under my nose. You may throw me away out of your house, — eh bien, I must looks anoder. I shall not complain so long as remain me my opera and my piano.

SEQUENCE. I shall sell that with the rest of the rubbish.

JACQUES. You will sell my piano! Qu'avez vous dit là? What you have say? sell my piano! You do not know dat since six year it has support me in all de misère de most

affreuse, — when for day to day I ave noting to eat. Ah! dat astonish you, — you dat ave de superfluity, while de pauvre musician often vant a morsel of bread. Dat astonish you! In de midst of dat vant, dat misère, and dat hungry, I have forgot all, all, — becose of my piano, — and you have de heart to sell it? Take my bed, — sell 'him; but leave to me, — O, leave to me my piano!

SEQUENCE. Pooh, nonsense! it shall go! (*Going towards piano.*)

JACQUES. I am old and feeble, but Heaven will give power to this aged arm; but should that arm fail to me, it must dat day kill me; but I vill never lose my hold. (*He rushes to the piano in despair, sinks exhausted, presses his head with his hands, looks roud wildly.*) Ah, where I am? in Palerme! Hush!

SEQUENCE. In one of his paroxysms again.

JACQUES. (*The orchestra plays the air of the piece; he listens.*) It is a sheep dat glide upon de water. She is come at last, — I fly to see her, — Mariana! Mariana! (*He rushes off, R. H. door.*)

Enter VIVID, with a coat, L. H. door.

VIVID (*not seeing SEQUENCE*). Here, my friend, is the — I beg pardon, I have brought poor Mr. Jacques —

SEQUENCE. Some money?

VIVID. No, a coat which I promised to lend him. (*Places it on a chair.*)

SEQUENCE. Very strange that you can afford to lend coats, and not pay me your rent. This day I have made up my mind either to have my money or you both go.

VIVID. Turn the old man out? Impossible! You do but jest; such a procedure —

SEQUENCE. I dare say you'll make a speech about humanity, and then talk very poetically about pity. I don't pretend to understand it. A man can't understand everything. I am contented to be acquainted with the sound of music and money.

VIVID. Poor Jacques! — without a home, — left to perish! — to be cast upon the cold world, — and feeble. How much is the old man indebted to you?

SEQUENCE. Fifteen pounds.

VIVID (*aside*). Fifteen pounds ! and they offered to advance me thirty ; in accepting it I save my poor friend, for some time at least, from want. (*To SEQUENCE, haughtily.*) Mr. Sequence, you will not dispose of a single article.

SEQUENCE. And who, pray, will prevent me ?

VIVID. *I !* Before the evening you shall be paid to the uttermost farthing.

SEQUENCE. The devil ! and I shall lose the opera. (*Aside.*) But you have so often promised, I would advise you to keep your word.

VIVID. Leave the room !

SEQUENCE. Turned out of the orchestra ! Take care, sir, you *keep your time !*

VIVID. Begone ! (*Exit SEQUENCE, R. H. door.*) And now to perform a last duty to poor Jacques. It is an act which will not only solace him, but will enable me to drive her loved image from my mind. She will soon be here ; I dare not see her more, or farewell to my resolution !

NINA (*without, R.*). Remain without, Antonio. He will doubtless soon return.

VIVID. Heavens ! she here ? Escape, then, is impossible. (*Goes up.*)

Enter NINA, R. H. D.

NINA (*looking anxiously round*). Everything in this wretched apartment interests me. (*Sees VIVID.*) His friend ! I am delighted to find you alone, Mr. Vivid ; I am anxious to have some conversation respecting your friend, Monsieur Jacques.

VIVID. Of Jacques !

NINA. A circumstance of importance has induced this visit. Is it not to be feared that any unexpected news may be too much for his reason ?

VIVID. The evident interest you take in my friend, — pardon, dear madam, my curiosity, but it is dictated alone by the deepest sympathy with the misery and poverty which he endures ; at his age to be reduced to the most frightful privations —

NINA. Gracious heavens! is it possible? (*Agitated.*) Is it come to this? Antonio! Antonio!

Enter ANTONIO, R. H. D.

(*She whispers to ANTONIO, who exits, R. H. D., hastily.*) Be satisfied, sir; I have both the will and means of serving your friend.

VIVID. It is kind, very kind, madam; but *I* shall this day have the means, — Heaven has unexpectedly sent them.

NINA. Your noble, your disinterested conduct does honor to your nature.

VIVID. My conduct! (*Aside.*) Now is the moment, or all is lost. I will fly to the captain, secure my papers, and pay this heartless landlord. (*To NINA.*) Pardon, madam, but an affair of importance obliges me thus rudely to leave you. (*Looks off.*) 'Tis Jacques! I will leave you: farewell, madam, (*aside*) forever. [*Exit, R. H. D.*]

NINA. I dread to see him. Heaven grant me fortitude for the melancholy task. And should all effort to save him prove unavailing, I will consign myself to the holy calm of a convent's walls, and forget forever my mountain home.

SONG. — *Palermo's Bell.*

When last I heard Palermo's bell,
 How deep and hallowed was its power!
 How sweet each tone the tale did tell,
 Of bridal joy and death's dark hour.
 But forced to roam
 From kindred home,
 I sighed a last farewell
 To sunlit bower,
 And golden flower,
 And dear Palermo's bell!

With listless eye that land is seen;
 For far-off lands my bosom burned,
 Yet sighed to leave that long-loved scene,
 Still early memory fondly turned;

But visions bright
As the fire-fly's light,
Of hope and peace do tell;
For o'er each vale,
And hill and dale,
Shall sound Palermo's bell!

At the end of song NINA retires up, R. H.

Enter JACQUES, R. H. D.

JACQUES (*not seeing her*). Again I come back alone. (*Sees coat.*) Ah, ah, de coat of Vivid! Dis lady vill soon come. (*He is about to take off his coat, when he sees NINA.*) Ah, mon Dieu! la voilà! dere she am! and I ave not ave time to — mille pardons, madam, to receive you in dis negligé of de morning.

NINA. It is I rather who should apologize for this intrusion.

JACQUES. Comment, madam! (*Aside.*) What a interest she are! Give yourself the pain to sits down. (*He hands NINA a chair with a broken seat, but instantly changes it.*) Maintenant, will you descend to instruct me of de motive of your visit?

Enter ANTONIO, R. H. D., with a tray covered, decanter, glasses, etc., which he lays on the table.

NINA. The business which brought me here will oblige me to remain with you a very long time.

JACQUES. Mais, — tant mieux, — all de better, madam. Vat a sweet eye! (*Aside.*)

NINA. And fearful that, did I not come early, I might not find you at home, I did not take breakfast.

JACQUES. O, dat always bad; you should not — jamais, never go vidout your breakfast, it is always my system.

NINA. I have therefore taken the liberty to desire my servant to bring it here. I hope you will not only pardon me, but will partake of it with me.

JACQUES. Madame!

NINA. We can, during the time, talk upon the subject that brought me here. (*To ANTONIO, who has arranged the table.*) Bring the table down.

JACQUES. I shall obey you. (*Going to the table.*)

ANTONIO. Pardon me, sir, that is *my* duty. (*Brings the table down.*)

JACQUES (*who has pulled up one of his stockings, and buckled his breeches*). Mon Dieu! Madame, I am quite confuse. (*Aside.*) Vat a pity it is not to be better decorated.

NINA. Pray be seated. Leave us, my good Antonio.

[Exit ANTONIO, R. H. D.]

JACQUES. It is only to obey you, madame, for I am already taking something, and I am no great appetite. (*Aside.*) What a large fibs! (*He looks at the table with voraciousness. NINA sits and eats a little, to encourage him. Aside.*) If dat poor Vivid was here, he would also ave a breakfast; but he is always out of de vay ven anything extraordinaire happen. (*He eats ravenously. NINA fills his glass with wine.*) You are too good, madame. (*Aside.*) Vine! vat it is a long time dat I ave it not taste! (*Drinks.*) Dis to very good cotelette! a capital shop! very handsome vine! I assure you, madame, dat I do not ave vine upon my table always, — tings are not in a flourish wid me.

NINA. And have you not tried to better your circumstances?

JACQUES. Very often, — several times. Ven I ave present myself to ave de pupils, dey say, “Vous êtes trop vieux,” — “You are too old.” Alors, den, I go to de maison of de poor old peoples, — what you call de working-house, — and dey say, “Vous êtes trop jeune,” — “You are too young,” — so I find dat I am of an age most embarrassing. What a magnifique pâté, — what a capital lark! Now, madame, am I able to know vat ave procure to me de honneur of your visite?

NINA (*aside*). Heavens! How to break it to him! You must know that I am an entire stranger here. 'T is now two months since I quitted Italy.

JACQUES (*moving suddenly*). Italy! You came from Sicily?

NINA. A passion for music predominated from my earliest youth; I employed the most distinguished masters, and was making rapid progress, when circumstances obliged me to abandon my studies and come to England. This morning chance conducted me here; some pieces of music which I happened to see on your piano gave me the highest opinion of your genius.

JACQUES. Ah, madame, your compliments flatter me.

NINA. I would become your pupil. (*Rising.*)

JACQUES. It shall give me pleasure to teach to you as well my poor abilities shall permit. I do not know why, but I cannot help to take an interest in you. Dites moi, ma chère madame ! without doubt you have already composed several things ?

NINA. As yet I have not attempted anything beyond the merest trifles ; yet there is one I should like you to hear, but that I fear to take up your time.

JACQUES. Comment donc ! it will be to me a great happiness. I only regret that my piano is such a poor box.

NINA (*crossing*). I tremble ! The subject of the romance is founded upon fact ; it really happened. The scene is Sicily.

JACQUES (*agitated*). En Sicile ! (*He regains his composure, and draws chair close to the piano.*)

NINA. Listen ! (*She watches all his emotions.*)

ROMANCE. — NINA.

A noble's daughter loved to madness
A stranger youth of low degree ;
They wed (but 't is a tale of sadness
Told throughout all Sicily), —

JACQUES (*with surprise*). Told throughout all Sicily ?

NINA. The sire pursues the truant maiden,
And soon, alas ! his step they hear ;
The youth is cast, with irons laden,
Within Palermo's dungeons drear.

JACQUES (*starting*). Within Palermo's dungeons drear.

NINA. Still cheer thee, youth ;
She watches thee !
Believe her truth,
She 'll set thee free.

JACQUES (*looking fixedly upon NINA*). *Vat* means *dis* romance ?

NINA. Listen to the second verse.

Dread surrounds him, gloom is o'er him,
 Life to him no more is dear;
 When soon a mantled form before him
 Stands within his dungeon drear.

JACQUES (*his agitation has gradually increased*). She stands within his dungeon drear?

NINA. "Fly! thy path is free from danger,"
 Cries the maid, nor cries in vain;
 "This purse, this letter, take; in stranger
 Climes we soon shall meet again!"

JACQUES. *We soon shall meet again?* (NINA, as if to calm his agitation, turns the song gayly.)

NINA. Now cheer thee, youth;
 She watches thee!
 Believe her truth,
 She sets thee free!

JACQUES (*seizing the arm of NINA, draws from his bosom the letter*). Dis letter, — look! see! it is here, here! Cette histoire, — dis histoire, — it is mine! — de prisonier is me, — de daughter of de noble is Mariana! You know her? Speak! speak! it is Mariana who ave send you to me, n'est-ce-pas? She vill come herself! O, say me, — say me, dat she vill come! She has me promise. O, speak! You reply not, — you turn away your eye! One word, — one single word! Ven I shall see her again!

NINA (*impressively*). Never! never!

JACQUES. Nevair! O mon Dieu! Nevair! Den she is — tell me not — (*Puts his hand before her mouth*). Dead! Morte! (*His head sinks on his bosom, his frenzy returns*.) Hark! do not you hear de sound of de bell! Stand away! do not make so much noise; how can she die if you talk! (*He looks up silently, as if in prayer*.)

NINA. Nay, be calm: hear me, I entreat.

JACQUES. Mariana comes to me no more. Vat I have to do here now but to die! (*He weeps, his hands clasping his face*.)

NINA. His reason returns.

JACQUES. Dead ! vidout to have seek to see me only once.
(*He tears the letter, which he throws down.*)

NINA. Accuse her not ; she would have forsaken fortune, rank, parents, country ; but after your flight she was closely guarded, and her life melted away in tears.

JACQUES (*picks up the pieces of the letter and carefully puts them into his bosom*). Pardon to her memory. Pauvre Mariana ! she vas den very unhappy.

NINA. O yes, — and loved you. She at length succeeded in obtaining the means of flight ; all obstacles were removed—

JACQUES. And what prevent her ?

NINA. She died giving birth to a daughter.

JACQUES. Grand Dieu ! and dis daughter, — where, where is she ? where is my daughter, my child ?

NINA. My father ! (*She falls on her knees before JACQUES.*)

JACQUES. C'est toi ! O yes, my heart tell me, — ma fille ! my child ! Ma chère enfant ! (*He presses her in his arms.*) Ah ! if you know how you look like her. Ah ! now I not more wish to die.

NINA. Calm yourself, my father.

JACQUES (*raising her up*). *My child, — my daughter, — mine.* Ah, how she is tall, — how she is beautiful ! O, if dis shall be an illusion. Ma pauvre tête is so weak. I am not dérangé, not mad, — am I ?

NINA. No, no, dear father ! it is indeed your child, who will never again leave you, who will soothe your grief into happiness.

JACQUES. Oui, yes ! (*Slowly.*) We will yet speak of *her* !

NINA. And now, away with want, away with poverty ! The Count is no more ! I am rich, — *you* are rich, my father.

JACQUES. Riche ! can it be ? Eh bien, tant mieux ! not for me, but for *him* who has support and suffer wid me, — my good VIVID ! O, he is a good boy ! You do not know what a générosité — what a fine heart he has ; no son could not have do no more for me ! O, how he will be astonishment !

Enter SEQUENCE, with a letter, R. H. door.

SEQUENCE. My dear Mr. Jacques, I have come to tell you —

JACQUES. Dat I must go away from your lodgment. O, very vell, I shall leave your garret room.

SEQUENCE. On the contrary, I've come to say that you may stay as long as you please. I'm paid!

JACQUES. You are paid? (*Looks at NINA.*)

SEQUENCE. This letter will explain. (*Reads.*) "Enclosed is the amount my dear friend Mr. Jacques stands indebted to you; I will call and pay your demand on myself in an hour. I sail for South America to-morrow, and —"

Enter VIVID, R. H. door.

JACQUES (*running to him, and pressing his hand*). Ah, mon ami! let me shake you.

VIVID (*aside*). She still here!

JACQUES. How ave you got all dat money? Mais ce n'est rien; tanks to dis angel, I ave no vant of noting! Dis beautiful lady, — dis incognita dat you speak to me about, — she is ma fille, my daughter, my child!

VIVID (*aside*). His daughter!

SEQUENCE (R.). His daughter! There goes his head again!

NINA (*taking the hand of JACQUES*). He speaks the truth! I am his daughter.

SEQUENCE. Is it possible?

JACQUES. Yes, it is possible, Mr. Lodging-house. (*To VIVID.*) Now we go all three to be happy.

VIVID. Alas! it is now too late.

JACQUES. Comment! Too late! It never shall be too late! And could you tink to leave me, when you know that Mr. Sequence was go to turn me out of his house?

SEQUENCE. Bless you, I respect genius too much, — I am too fond of music.

JACQUES. Oui! — yes, so fond of de musique that you will take away my piano? (*To VIVID.*) And you have sacrifice everyting for me.

VIVID. I see you rich and happy : I have now no tie to bind me here.

JACQUES. But it is now my turn to make you happy. Vat, you ave no tie to bind you here? Ven I shall be older, who shall support me, eh? Has she de strength, — dat dear child dere? Vid dis arm (*showing his left*) I can lean on her ; mais, but dis toder arm? Ah! tu n'as plus rien à faire ici? you ave no more tie to bind you here?

NINA. Mr. Vivid, you must not leave us, you will not go!

VIVID (*taking JACQUES's right arm*). Dearest lady, if you command —

JACQUES. Ah, voyez vous ça! how he is obedient to her! I remember, — mais, motus, — I shall say noting now, — but by and by, presently, I shall speak vid both of you. (*To SEQUENCE.*) Monsieur Sequence, you perceive I am not dispose to sell my opera, becose for you see I am riche!

SEQUENCE. I am delighted at your prosperity; I am sure I hope your opera will succeed. (*Aside.*) I'll go the first night and hiss it.

JACQUES. Yes, I am riche. (*Looking at NINA and VIVID, then comes forward.*) To-night, in the midst of my sorrow, I tought I hear from every side voices cry, "Brava! — "très bien!" Mais, malheureusement! my head ave been some time dérangé, and perhaps I ave only suppose dese tings. Am I mad? Did I dream dat you was please and satisfy? O, assure me dat it vas not the ravings of —

POOR MONSIEUR JACQUES.

COSTUMES.

MONSIEUR JACQUES. — Old dark smalls, gray worsted stockings, rather darned, slippers, dark waistcoat, gray woollen morning-gown, iron-gray wig, shirt-collar open.

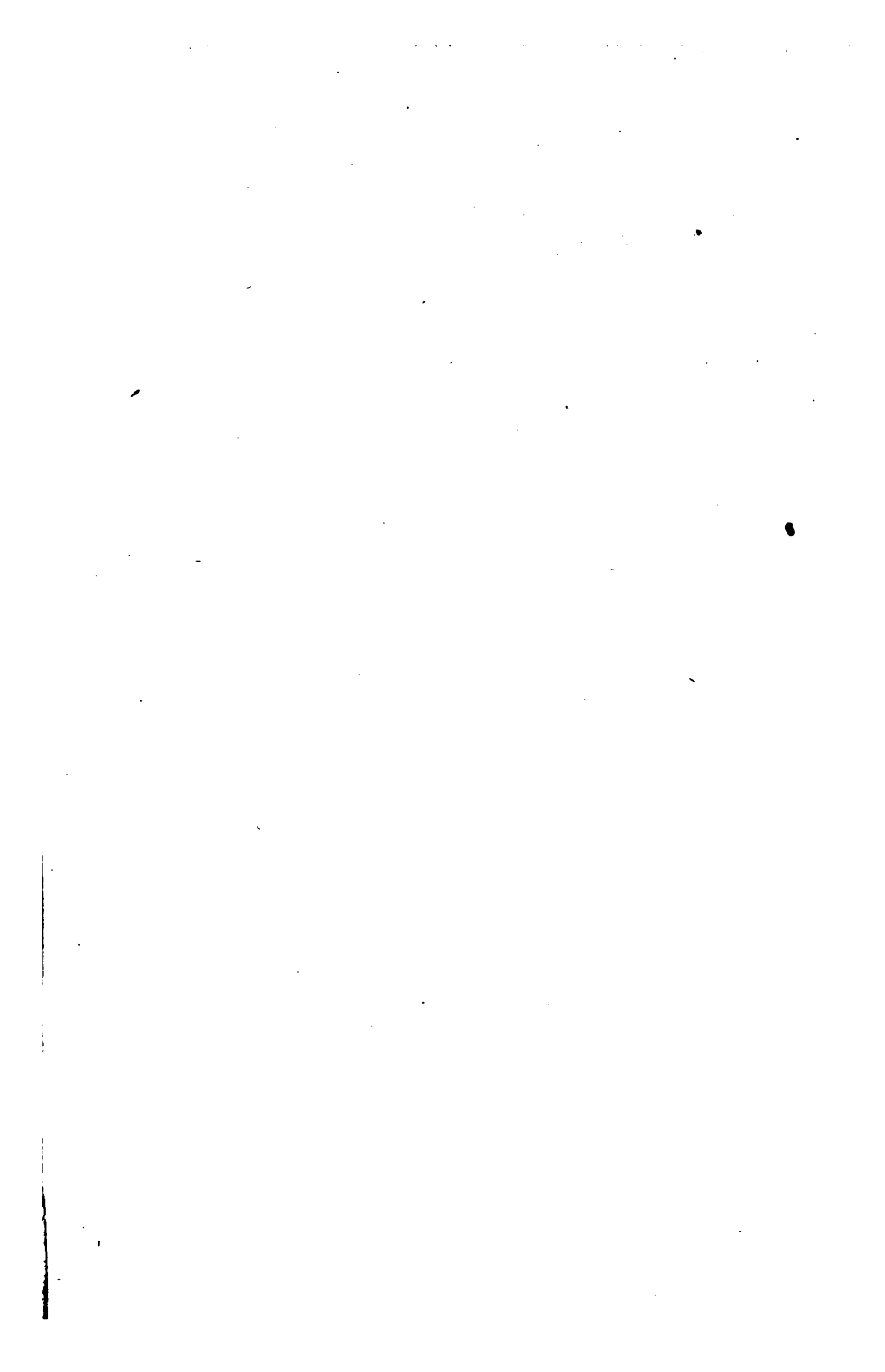
SEQUENCE. — White trousers, stockings and shoes, light vest, brown coat, white neckerchief.

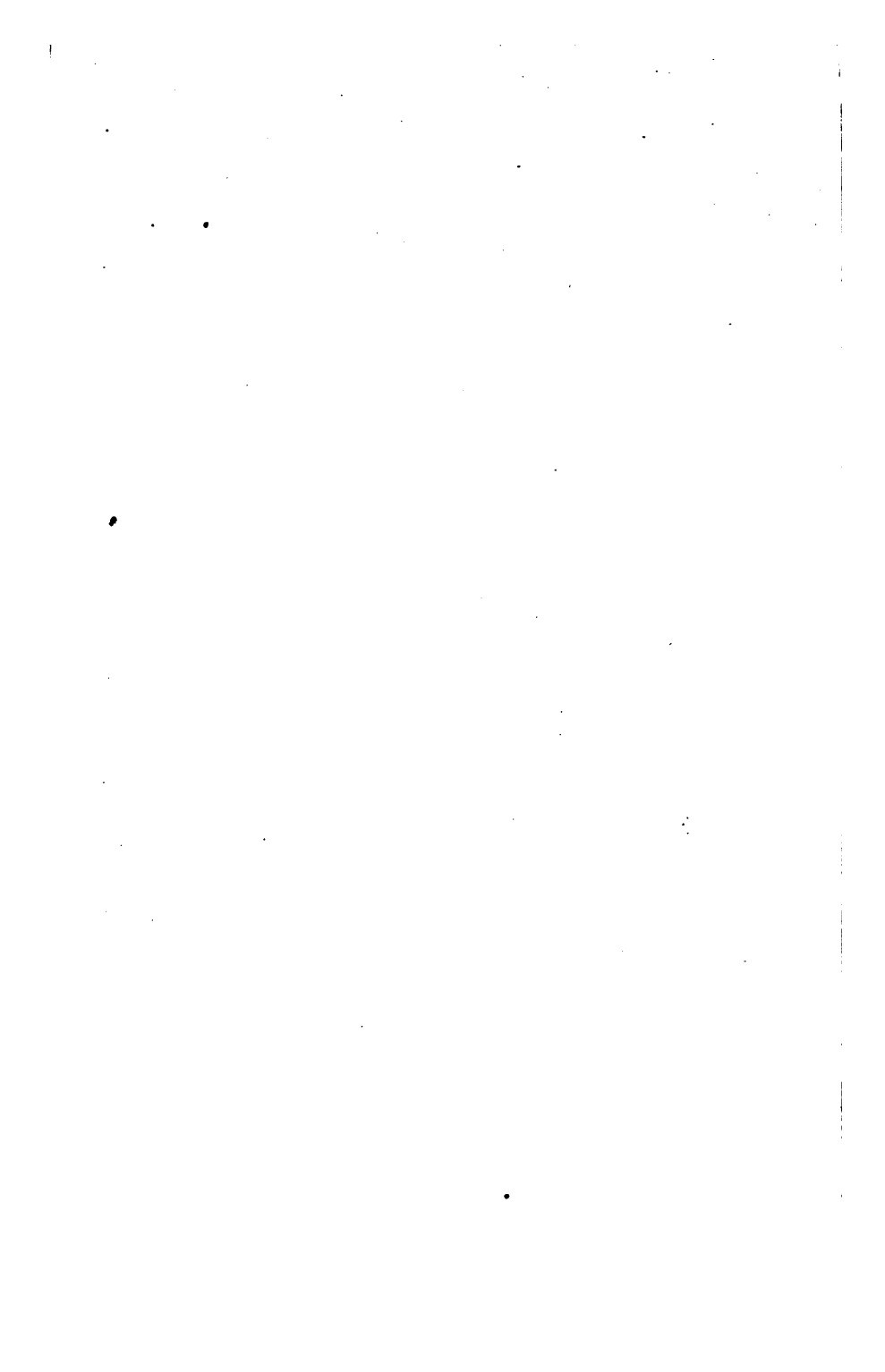
VIVID. — Dark trousers, blue coat buttoned up, boots, black hat, gloves.

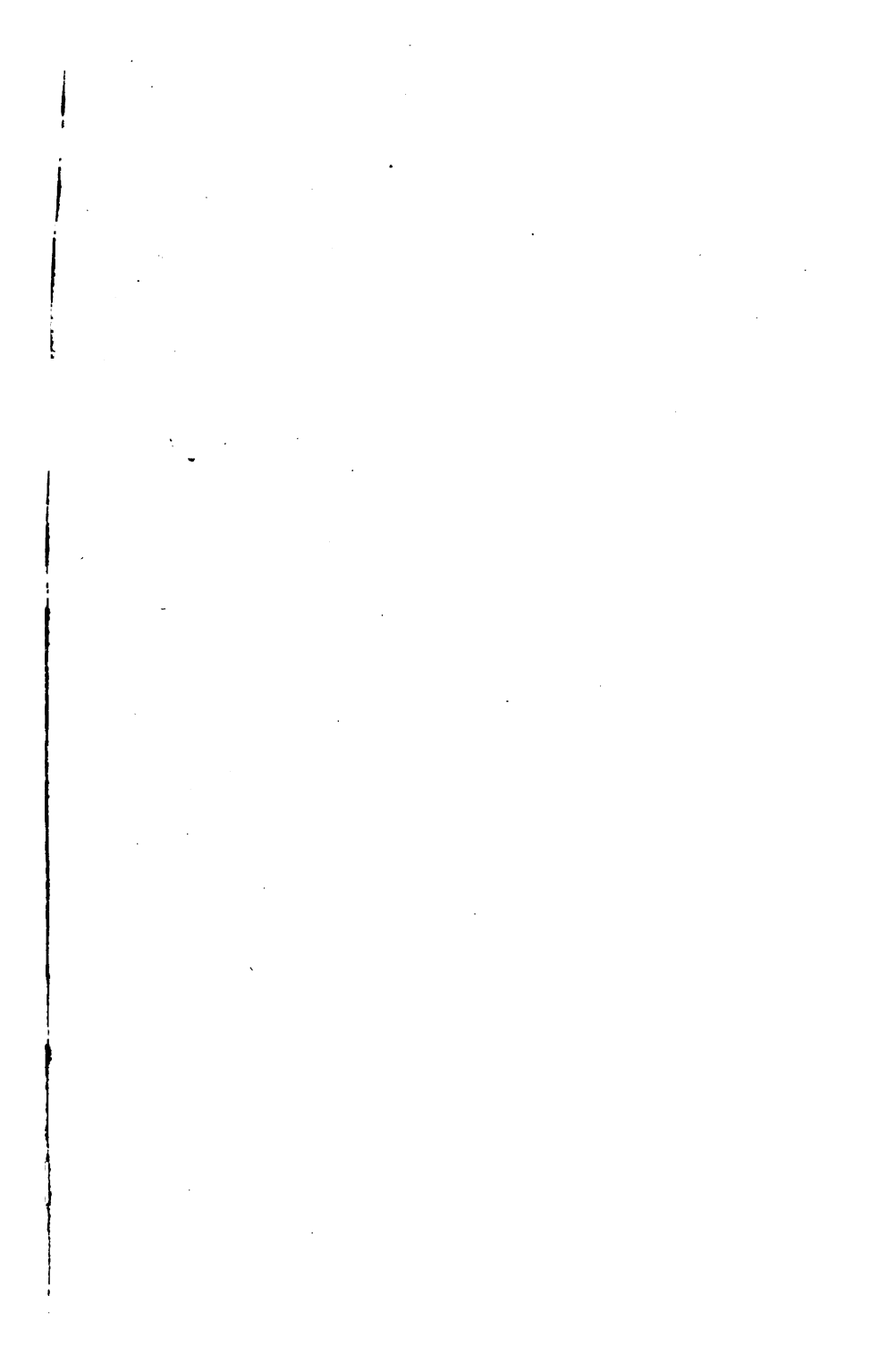
ANTONIO. — Black smalls and stockings, shoes with buckles, black vest, brown straight-cut coat, stick, gloves.

NINA. — A handsome but plain white dress, bonnet, etc.









This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

~~MAY 25 '59 H~~

AUG 4 '67 SS

~~CANCELLED~~
1119-360

~~CANCELLED~~